May 26, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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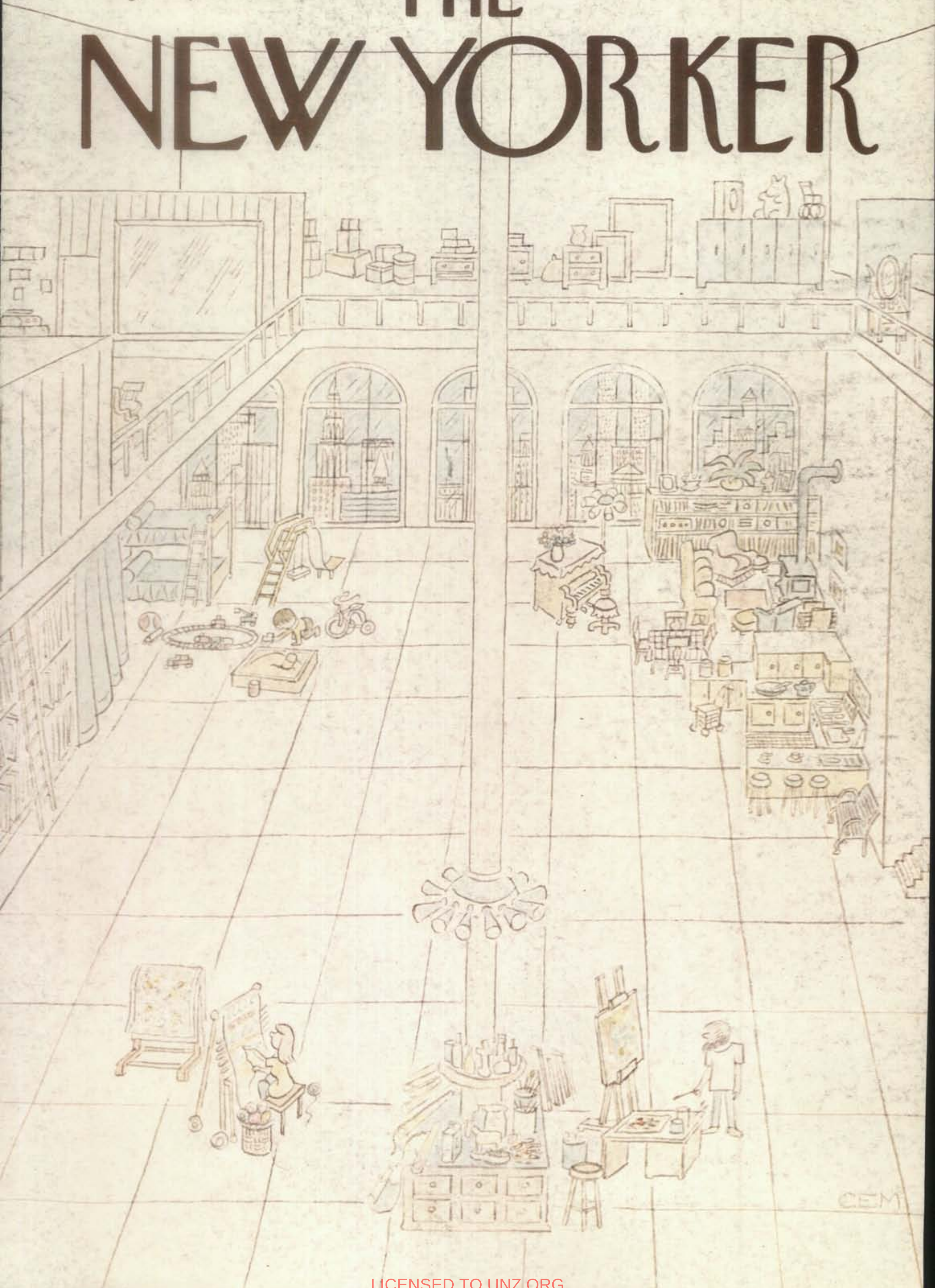

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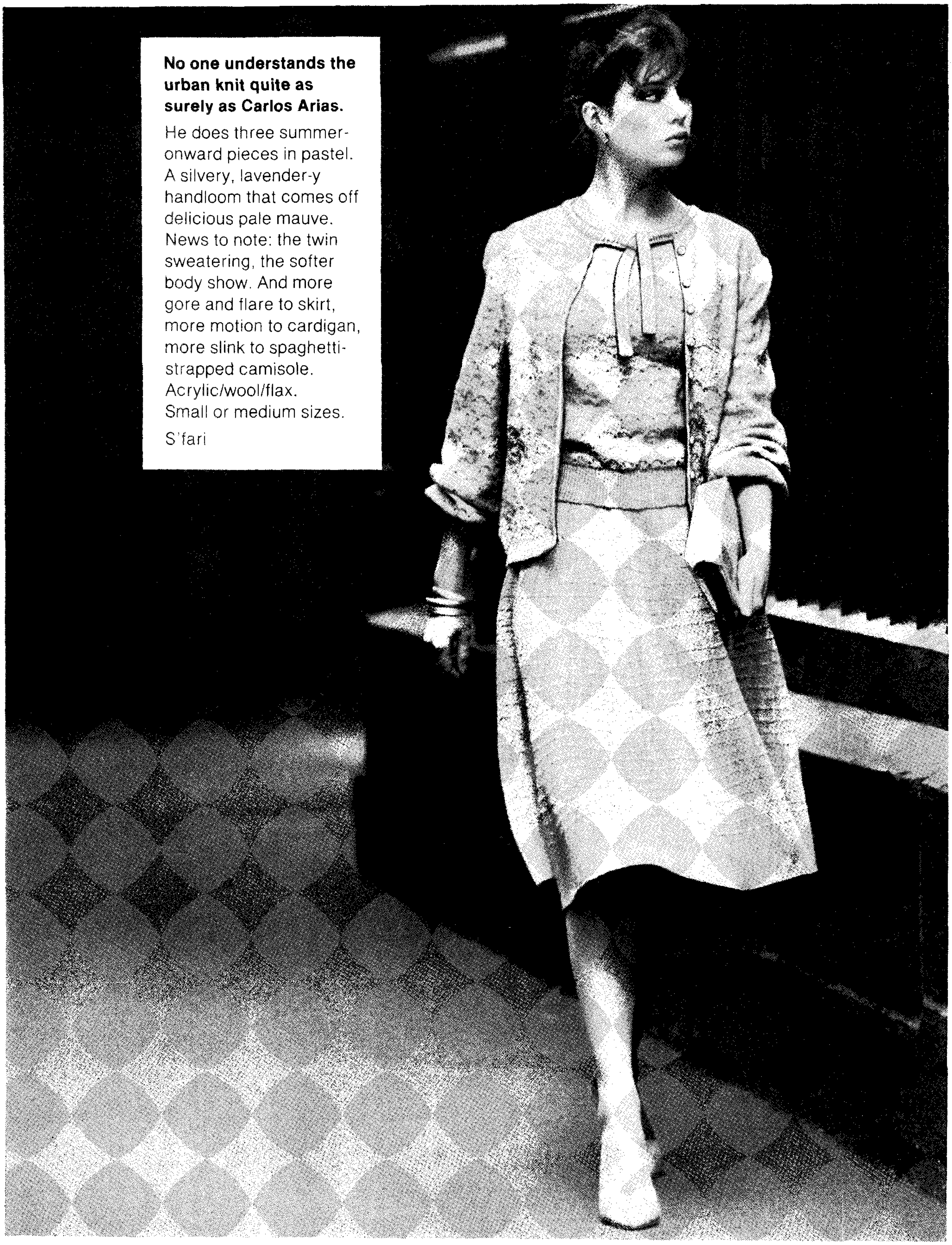

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Memorial Day, Monday, May 26. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Dance Machine—A potpourri of dance numbers from Broadway musicals of the past ("Walking Happy," "Bye Bye Birdie," and "The Sound of Music," among others). (Harkness House, 4 E. 75th St. Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, at 7:45. For information about tickets, call 879-5750.)

Bam Theatre Company—Two plays in repertory. A revival of Rachel Crothers' 1911 play **HE & SHE**, with Gerry Bamman and Laurie Kennedy at the head of the cast. Thursday through Saturday, May 22-24, at 8; Sunday, May 25, at 2 and 7; and Tuesday, May 27, at 8 (previews); Wednesday, May 28, at 8 (opening); Thursday and Friday, May 29-30, at 8; and Saturday, May 31, at 2 and 8. . . . **THE MARRIAGE DANCE: AN EVENING OF FARCE BY BRECHT & FEYDEAU**, is the final offering of the season, and takes the form of two one-act plays. Previews Tuesday through Saturday, May 27-31, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bent—Richard Gere and David Dukes give superb performances in an exceptionally well-written play by Martin Sherman. The time is the nineteen-thirties, the setting is the concentration camp at Dachau, and the subject matter is homosexual love. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 28, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

Betrayal—Three adults who prove to be as selfish as so many spoiled six-year-olds bicker over their not very gratifying adulteries in the latest dark comedy by Harold Pinter. Raul Julia, Roy Scheider, and Caroline Lagerfelt are the principals. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—A two-man musical entertainment by John Gray that has Eric Peterson in the title role and Mr. Gray at the piano. Previews Thursday through Wednesday, May 22-28. Opens officially on Thursday, May 29. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Blackstone!—Magic and illusion by Harry Blackstone, Jr., and a troupe of thirty, which includes a disappearing 6,500-pound elephant. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blood Wedding—The Lorca play in an English adaptation (with incidental music) by Maria Irene Fornés. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Le Centre International de Créations Théâtrales—The fertile theatrical imagination of the English director Peter Brook is here on display as his Paris-based, international company presents four plays in repertory through Sunday, June 15. Two one-acters (in English and French), **L'OS** and Alfred Jarry's **UBU**: Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **THE IK** (in English, based on Colin Turnbull's book "The Mountain People"): Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS** (in English): Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5 and 8. (5/19/80) (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

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Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 4:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Mar Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. Wha a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/8o (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightl except Sundays and Memorial Day, at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of eig one-act plays, running through Saturda June 7. "On the Fritzz," by Lewis Black ar Grace McKeaney; "An Arrangement of Co venience," by Rosemary Frisino Toohey; ar "Landscape With Waitress," by Robert Pin Wednesday through Friday evenings, Ma 21-23. . . . ¶ "Sittin'," by Christopher Ceras and "Bella Figura," by Brother Jonatha Ringkamp: Tuesday through Saturday ev nings, May 27-31, and Sunday matinée ar evening, June 1. (Ensemble Studio Theatr 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matiné at 2. For information about tickets, call 24 4892.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 194 Irving Berlin musical **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN** the final production of the season. (Equi Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside D Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sa urdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunda June 1. For information about tickets, f which contributions are requested, call 66 2028.)

Evita—A sung version of the life of E

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. Terri Klausner substitutes for Miss LuPone at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—A mingling of music, dance, puppetry, and Biblical texts, in what Elizabeth Swados—composer, compiler, and director—calls "a Passover cantata." The marvellous scenery, costumes, masks, and puppets are by Julie Taymor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

Heartbreak House—A revival of Bernard Shaw's play, with Rachel Gurney, Frank Hamilton, Louise Troy, Michael Lipton, and David Sabin. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, May 25.)

Home—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospects. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

It's Wilde!—A musical evocation of Oscar Wilde, with a book and lyrics by Burton Wolfe, and music by Randy Klein. The cast includes Ross Petty, Betsy Jamison, Allan Stevens, Peter Toran, and Carol Cass. Opens Wednesday, May 21, at 6:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 355-7025. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

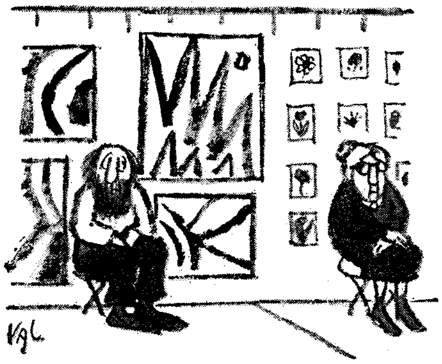
A Kurt Weill Cabaret—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 25: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, May 28-June 1: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Marlon Brando Sat Right Here—A play by Louis La Russo II. Starring Paul Sorvino (who also directed) and Janet Sarno. (Boltax, 22 Wooster St. 226-4487. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

Mass Appeal—Bill C. Davis's play about a middle-aged priest and an earnest young seminarian who comes to him for instruction has a good first act but tends to fall apart in the second. Milo O'Shea is, as usual, splendid as the priest, and Eric Roberts does well as his pupil. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (5/19/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Mecca—A play by Ted Whitehead. Directed by Kevin Conway. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 581-1810. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)



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Morning's at Seven—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mother Courage and Her Children—In this adaptation by Ntozake Shange, Brecht's Mother C. pulls her cart around Oklahoma and Texas during the skirmishes among blacks, Indians, and whites in the decade after the Civil War. For many reasons, the show doesn't work, in spite of strong lines by Miss Shange and very strong performances by Gloria Foster, Robert Christian, Morgan Freeman, and Hattie Winston, among other black actors in the good company assembled. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Musical Chairs—A musical about theatre audiences, with music and lyrics by Tom Savage, and a book by Barry Berg, Ken Donnelly, and Mr. Savage. Lee Meredith, Ron Holgate, Brandon Maggart, and Patti Karr head the cast. Directed by Rudy Tronto. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—A courtroom melodrama distinguished by Anne Twomey's affecting performance as a woman accused of manslaughter and being tested for sanity. The author is Tom Topor. (5/12/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Of the Fields, Lately—A play by David French, with William Cain, Christopher W. Cooper, Mary Fogarty, and John Leighton. Directed by Jamie Brown. Previews Friday through Monday, May 23-26. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 27. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

Oklahoma!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Past Tense—After twenty-odd years, a marriage is coming apart, and yet nothing better is likely to take its place. Much domestic bicl ering and bantering, carried out by Barbai Feldon and Michael Miller. (5/5/80) (Ci cle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 58 0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

The Penultimate Problem of Sherlock Holmes–A play by John Nassivera, with Keith Ba ter as Holmes. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 44 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays throug Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Su days at 3.)

Peter Pan—A cheerful revival of a twenty-fiv year-old musical version of a play that is sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Ham let." (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46 St. 586-5555. Wednesdays, except May 2 and Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturda at 8; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wedne days, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; speci matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

The Puerto Rican Obituary—A play by Ped Pietri based on his autobiographical poem Opens Thursday, May 22, and will ru through Sunday, June 1. (Henry Street Se tlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Gra St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3

Romantic Comedy—A lifeless exercise in si com, starring Mia Farrow and Antho Perkins. The author is Bernard Slad (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47 St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sunday Thursdays, and Memorial Day, at 8. Mat nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, a Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial D at 3.)

Speakeasy—A musical entertainment set in t twenties, conceived by Et Rocklin. With cast of five. (Frank's Place Theatre, 41 58th St. 752-6538. Tuesdays through Thur days at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8: and 10:30; and Sundays at 7 and 9. Matiné Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Sugar Babies—This mock tribute to old-tim burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, A Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dol rous springer spaniel, and they all perfor splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinge 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, exce Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays a Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright nam James Lapine has written a compassionat hilarious account of family life in Ne York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wi derness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/8 (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd S 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memori Day at 3.)

Talley's Folly—A charming short play by La ford Wilson about the coming together two troubled people, one of whom is f braver than the other. Marvellously enact by Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkin (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th S 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3. Special performance f the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 25.)

Tintypes—*An enchanting small revue about t* turn of the century in this city, with songs around fifty songwriters of the period, a with a cast of five young singers/dancer actors, who are as gifted as any in tow They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Ma Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, a Trey Wilson. The show was conceived Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearl Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrang ment by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54 St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographe by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondhei Laurents classic is in tip-top shape afte twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45 St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednes days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb smal company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-

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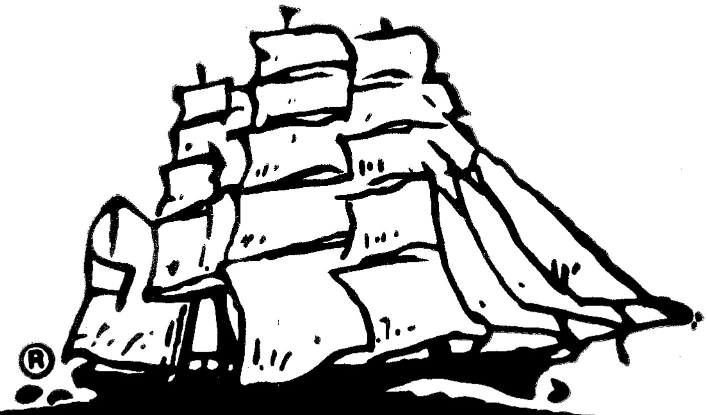

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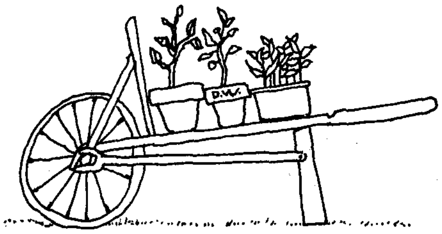
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1760. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)... **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,344 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 28, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and twenty-odd songs by Stephen Sondheim. Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn are the stars. Directed by Harold Prince. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-tenth year under the big tent. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays and Memorial Day at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

BLACK BROADWAY—Town Hall is alive with song and dance these days. Bobby Short, Nell Carter, Gregory Hines, John W. Bubbles, Adelaide Hall, Edith Wilson, and Elisabeth Welch make up a merry company. Originally presented as a one-day event at last summer's Newport Jazz Festival. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 787-2020. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Through Saturday, May 24.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Singer-dancer Ginger Rogers has joined the Rockettes in the current show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8; on Memorial Day at 2:30 and 6.)

INTERNATIONAL PERFORMING ARTS FESTIVAL—A five-week engagement in which theatre companies from Nigeria and Great Britain as well as black and Hispanic groups from New York will perform at Lincoln Center. At the **MITZI NEWHOUSE:** Through Sunday, May 25: "Mzilikazi" and "The Jolly Green Soldier," two one-acters by Steve Wilmer, performed by the Group Three Theatre of London.... ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 27-June 1: "Fanlights," by Rene Marques, performed by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 799-2800. Tuesdays at 7, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Sunday, June 8.)... At the **VIVIAN BEAUMONT:** A jazz concert headed by Billy Taylor, with Victor Gaskin, Jimmy Owens, Keith Copeland, Frank Wess, Seldon Powell, and others, in a program of works by Dr. Taylor. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 799-2800. Sunday, May 25, at 7.)

BENEFIT SHOW—Maureen Stapleton, E. Y. Harburg, Helen Gallagher, George Rose, and Ben Bagley are part of the lineup for an evening of songs and anecdotes centered on Mr. Bagley's achievements as an album producer during the last twenty years. The beneficiary is the musical-theatre group Bandwagon. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. Thursday, May 22, at 9. For reservations, call 594-2869.)

CLAUDE KIPNIS MIME THEATRE—In a program comprising "The Circus," "The Apple," "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," and "The Body." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, May 21 and Friday, May 23, at 8, and Saturday an Sunday, May 24-25, at 2.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Iolanthe." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, Ma 29-30, at 8; Saturday, May 31, at 2 and 8 and Sunday, June 1, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule— Wednesday evening, May 21: "In the Night, "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Ballade," an "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 22: "Allegro Brillante," "Pas d Deux," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (company première), and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Friday evening, May 23: "Apollo," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," an "Chaconne."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 24 "Allegro Brillante," "Episodes," and "Vienn Waltzes."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 24 "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Fancy Free," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 25: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Wester Symphony."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 25 "Symphony in C" and "Vienna Waltzes.". ¶ Tuesday evening, May 27: "Swan Lake, "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," an "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 28: "Allegro Brillante," "Opu 19/The Dreamer," and "Brahms-Schoenber Quartet."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 29 "Jewels."... ¶ Friday evening, May 30 "Square Dance," "Suite of Dances," "Wal purgisnacht," and "The Four Seasons.". ¶ Saturday matinée, May 31: "Jewels.". ¶ Saturday evening, May 31: "Mothe Goose," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," an "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New Yor State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-472 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sur days at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sur days at 1. Through Sunday, June 29.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—"La Bayadère" (première of a full-length version): Wednesda evening, May 21 (a benefit performance; fo tickets, call 757-7035); Thursday and Frida evenings, May 22-23; Saturday matinée an evening, May 24; and Monday throug Wednesday evenings, May 26-28... ¶ Thursday evening, May 29: "Three Vi gins and a Devil," "Fall River Legend," an "Rodeo."... ¶ Friday evening, May 30: "Rc deo," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes."... ¶ Sa urday matinée, May 31: "Rodeo," "Volu taries," and "Etudes."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 31: "Miss Julie," "Voluntaries, and "Etudes." (Metropolitan Opera Hous 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at Through Saturday, July 12.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final pe formances of the engagement—Wednesda May 21, and Saturday, May 24 at 8, and Su day, May 25 at 7:30: "Flowers," "Cry, "Memoria," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thur day, May 22 at 8, and Saturday, May 24 2: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Fi Sermon," and "District Storyville."... ¶ Fr day, May 23 at 8: "Later That Day," "I side," "Les Noces," and "Memoria.". ¶ Sunday, May 25 at 2: "The Mooche, "Masekela Langage," and "Suite Otis. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

TRANSITION—A company of dancers, led by Kath Duncan. (Washington Square Methodi Church, 133 West Fourth St. Wednesda through Friday, May 21-23, at 8. For ticket call 966-5877.)

BERTRAM ROSS DANCE COMPANY—A program o modern dance. (Theatre of the Riversid Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-292 Wednesday through Saturday, May 28-31, a 8; and Sunday, June 1, at 2 and 8.)

ANDREW DEGROAT AND DANCERS—A program o modern dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St 673-2207. Saturday, May 31, and Sunday June 1, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-fac type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians an night-club proprietors live complicated lives at are subject to last-minute change; it is erefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: On Thursday, May 22, South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** (still known to many of his admirers and to his record company as **DOLLAR BRAND**) will perform along with Caribbean musician Exuma, the Obeah Man; on Friday, May 23, the Aztec Two-Step will alternate with Rodney Crowell; Sunday through Tuesday, May 25-27, will be claimed by folkie **WILLIE NILE**; on Wednesday, May 28, rock singer Christopher Cross will trade sets with Scott Jarrett, Keith's folkish little brother; on Thursday, May 29, guitarist **JOHN MCLAUGHLIN** will be onstage; and on Friday, May 30, the Cretones—the Linda Ronstadt backup band with a witty name (it's a wittier name, at least, than the Eagles, who used to back her up) will play rock and roll. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

adley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant that specializes in first-rate piano-bass duos. **ROLAND HANNA**, a vigorous, percussive, and occasionally rhapsodic pianist, is present with his bassist, **SAM JONES**, through Saturday, May 24. On Monday, May 26, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will move in. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

achaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—More passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

arlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the enthusiastic singer-pianist with enthusiastic audiences, performs with his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER**, and his drummer, **ROBBY SCOTT**, in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** romps over the keyboard and sings a little. She's on nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty.

arnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant with a variety (alive and plastic) of hanging plants. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed up Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

BGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The schedule: Wednesday, May 21, 2-Timers and Zeros; Thursday, May 22, Revelons and Delinquents; and—at one time or another between Friday, May 23, and Sunday, May 25—Slander Band, Cheetah Chrome, the Scruffs, Cheap Perfume, the Chase Manhattan Band, Big Spender, Luigi & the Wiseguys, Public Problems, the Ultimates, the Cooties, Brenda & the Realtones, Helen Wheels Band, the Buicks, the Frequencies, and Militia. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

ty Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—Hootin', hollerin', chicken-fried steaks, chili, the Texas two-step, and designer jeans. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

e Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you like watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply enjoy gazing at the park trees. Farther inside the room are the musical attractions—singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and his bassist, **JACK SIX**—who perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

ookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**NELLIE LUTCHER**, as cheerful and preoccupied as a pecking hen, squeaks, mutters, and sings "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "This Can't Be Love," "Princess Popoli Has Plenty Papaya," and a dash of the "Hawaiian War Chant." Her accompanists are guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, the center of the room is turned over to singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK** and pianist **BEN ARONOV**, who do three sets—at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty. On Sunday, May 25, cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** and a fine sextet—pianist **RAY BRYANT**, drummer **MEL LEWIS**, bassist **JAY LEONHART**, saxophonist **SAM MARGOLIS**, and guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT**—will perform from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz-stars room. The jazz stars: **GERRY MULLIGAN**, who plays baritone and soprano saxophones, and his combo, through Saturday, May 24. On Tuesday, May 27, **BARNEY KESSEL** and **HERB ELLIS**, who are both fine, swinging guitarists and who both came up during the Charlie Christian era, will begin playing together for five nights. Sets begin after nine-thirty. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large, square, multi-tiered room on the ground floor of a typical older upper West Side apartment house. **BARBARA COOK'S** clear, ringing soprano voice can be heard here through Saturday, May 24; Tuesday, May 27, through Sunday, June 1, two wonderful blues interpreters, **IRENE REID** and **JIMMY WITHERSPOON**, will be performing. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty.

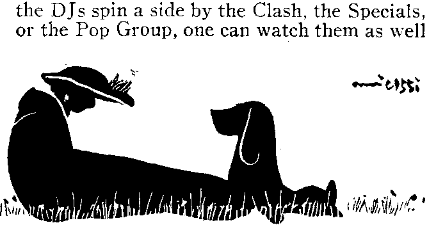
Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—No, it isn't a movie set; it's a SoHo night club. The music lineup: alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** leads a drummerless trio through Sunday, May 25; on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 27-28, Neva Small will be singing onstage; and on Thursday, May 29, singer **SHEILA JORDAN** will move in with pianist **STEVE KUHN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER'S** trio, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Every night but Sunday, from seven to ten, is given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished oaken bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that appears to be in the process of being refurbished itself. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players: **ADAM MAKOWICZ**, a Tatum-inspired keyboardist, works through Saturday, May 24; **DAVE FRISHBERG**, a West Coast jazz singer and pianist, and kooky-song composer—he wrote "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Hip," and "I Got to Get Me Some Z's"—will come in on Tuesday, May 27. Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio supply music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by the Clash, the Specials, or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The live bands: Joy Division and Mutants Wednesday, May 21; Joy Division and Crash Course in Science Thursday, May 22; Joy Division and Bongos Friday, May 23; Raybeats and Insect Surfers Saturday, May 24; Mission of Burma and Student Teachers Sunday, May 25; and Mutants and Target Video Tuesday, May 27. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.



Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. Singer **JOE LEE WILSON** and his quartet are the guests on Friday and Saturday, May 23-24; on Sunday, May 25, drummer **CHARLIE PERSIP** will guide a big band; and on Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, alto saxophonist **MONTY WATERS'** quartet will be on hand. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight. Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **ROY ELDRIDGE** is the resident legend, and he's buoyed by a quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and with good reasons. **LOU LEVY**, a West Coast musician and Peggy Lee's pianist for years, collaborates with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, May 24. Pianist and composer **DON FRIEDMAN** has taken over the Sunday and Monday positions, and he'll be here with a bassist, Bob Bodley, from Tuesday, May 27, too. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded but authentic in its Texasness. Bobby Bare, a country-pop crooner, will sing on Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22; on Sunday, May 25, Kinky Friedman, an urban-Jewish-cowboy folkie, will perform; Monday and Tuesday, May 26-27, will belong to rock-and-roll patriarch **BO DIDDLEY**; and on Wednesday and Thursday, May 28-29, Nashville fiddling legend **VASSAR CLEMENTS** will drop by with his band. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"Styne After Styne," a tribute to Jule Styne (with Paul Hecht, Florence Lacey, Pauletta Pearson, Larry Riley, John Sheridan, and Neva Small), is being presented Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty, and Sundays at three and seven-thirty. Admission by ticket only.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A complex of dining rooms, with one room set aside for former big-band or pop singers. **ANITA O'DAY** is here through Saturday, May 24; and then, on Monday, May 26, **MEL TORMÉ**, who doesn't often perform in the intimate setting of a club, will be singing and playing piano. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, crowded in the eighties, and it will probably be crowded in the nineties. The lineup: Wednesday, May 21, Hooks and 2nd Thoughts; Thursday, May 22, **DEFUNKT** and Lisa & the Lost; Friday, May 23, Rockats and Buzz & the Flyers; Saturday, May 24, Billies and Cells; Sunday, May 25, Joe Bidewell Group, Teds, and Pandemonium; Monday, May 26, Lust and Come to Papa; and Tuesday, May 27, Jane Hamburger & Mass Appeal. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**SYLVIA SYMS** is engaged in a singing tribute to Frank Sinatra. She delivers some of the songs associated with him with a taste of the Sinatra swagger, but some of her between-song remarks get a little sentimental. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Thursday through Saturday, May 22-24, R. & B. drummer **BERNARD PURDIE** will be at the helm of a ten-piece band. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Folkie Shawn Phillips will appear on Thursday, May 22, at ten; Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, will be two nights of standup comedy; and on Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, African-funk trumpeter Hugh Masekela will lead his quintet. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. **SY OLIVER** guides his bounce septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—Hal Prince, the producer who gave us "West Side Story," "Cabaret," "The Pajama Game," "Damn Yankees," and many more, is being honored in the King Cole Room. Millicent Martin, John Cunningham, Paige O'Hara, and Catherine Cox are performing numbers from his shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Wednesday, May 21, **DENISE DELAPENHA** sings Brazilian jazz with her quartet; Thursday through Sunday, May 22-25, will be claimed by trumpeter **MIKE LAWRENCE** and his quintet; on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 27-28, Vicki Sue Robinson will sing with a backing crew; and on Thursday, May 29, drummer **BERNARD PURDIE** will bring in a rhythm-and-bluesy band. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the French Quarter, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON'S** quartet performs through Saturday, May 24; on Monday, May 26, cornettist and columnist **DICK SUDHALTER** will arrive with a quintet. Music from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A sturdy bebop quintet, co-led by tenor saxophonist **CHARLES ROUSE** and trumpeter **LONNIE HILLYER**, is present through Saturday, May 24; and starting Tuesday, May 27, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** will collaborate with bassist **RED MITCHELL**. Music from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent of the old Five Spot. Wednesday, May 21, will belong to drummer John Lewis, pianist Rahn Burton, and singer Grace Testani's trio; Thursday through Saturday, May 22-24, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** will guide a trio; and Tuesday through Saturday, May 27-31, pianist **DWIKE MITCHELL** and **WILLIE RUFF**, on bass and French horn, will renew their collaborations from fifteen years back. Sundays are the property of drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his animated hard-bop quartet—saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER**, bassist **CLINT HOUSTON**, and pianist **HAROLD MABERN**. Music from about nine-thirty.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and it's not surprising. Jazz of the highest order is usually presented every night after ten. Baritone saxophonist Charles Davis and his quintet work on Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22; Friday through Sunday, May 23-25, have been reserved for the Roy Burrows quintet. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. The partial lineup: Thursday, May 22, **JUMPUP**, a dissonance-and-blues band headed by saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE**; Saturday, May 24, the **OTIS RUSH BLUES BAND**; and Sunday, May 25, John Ogle's "Radio Radio" interview program—Robyn Lane & the Chartbusters, Dirty Looks, and the Nails are the interviewees. Shows usually begin at eleven and one. Dining and dancing.

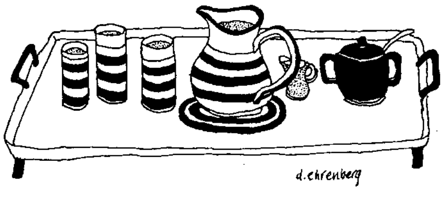
TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. The schedule: Wednesday, May 21, Vōg; Thursday, May 22, Neighbors & Allies and Boy Friends; Friday, May 23, Elevators and Randy Gun; and Saturday, May 24, La Pest, Dots, and Stimulators. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the capacious downstairs room: Friday, May 23, at eleven and one, the **COUNT BASIE BAND**, perhaps the most sublime large-scale blues machine ever devised, will be rejoined by singer **JOE WILLIAMS**; on Monday, May 26, at eight and ten-thirty, the musical fare will be Hector La Voe's orchestra and the Charanga '76 Orchestra; and on Friday, May 30, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his salsa-jazz band will let loose. On the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio works on Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Singer **YOLANDE BAVAN** has joined up with a quartet led by tenor saxophonist and arranger **FRANK FOSTER**, and they'll be working here through Sunday, May 25; on Tuesday, May 27, pianist **BILL EVANS** will bring in his trio. The **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. John Weiss plays piano Monday through Wednesday; Robert Condor has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing (mostly) musicians; enthusiastic students. The swing musicians: trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22; tenor saxophonist Percy France's quintet Friday and Saturday, May 23-24; pianist **DILL JONES**, Sunday, May 25; guitarist Snags Allen Monday through Thursday, May 26-29; and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** Friday and Saturday, May 30 31. Music nightly from about nine.



JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JAMES BROWN—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., a 15th St. 473-5421. Wednesday and Thursda May 21-22, at 8.

JONATHAN RICHMAN—Irving Plaza. Friday, Ma 23, at about 10:30.

JOHN CLARK ENSEMBLE—In a program of musi by Fred Tompkins and John Clark. (Jazz Ga lery, 55 W. 19th St. Saturday, May 24, at For tickets, call 924-5026.)

NANCY WILSON—With Ray, Goodman an Brown. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sa urday, May 24, at 8:30.)

SUN RA ARKESTRA—In a benefit concert. (Pul lic Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Sa urday, May 24, at 10.)

GIL SCOTT-HERON—Avery Fisher Hall. Satu day, May 31, at 8:30.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Frida and Saturday, May 23-24: Kenny Barro Quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 28: Jam se sion, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Friday an Saturday, May 30-31: Ray Mantilla & Spac Station. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Ast Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhe around nine.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fift floor loft. Friday, May 23, at 8:30: Tatsuy Nakamura. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 24, at 8:3 Prism. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 27, at 9:30: Ne Rican Village—Libre & Friends. . . . ¶ Fr day, May 30, at 8:30: Nana Vasconcelos. . . ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 8:30: Duet and qua tet improvisations. (Soundscape, 500 W 52nd St. 581-7032.)

SQUAT THEATRE—Thursday, May 22, at 9:30 an 11:30: Sun Ra Arkestra. . . . ¶ Friday an Saturday, May 23-24, at 11 and 1: Joh Cale. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 30-3 at 11 and 1: Defunkt, with Nora Hendry (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

"AN EVENING WITH SAMMY CAHN & HIS FRIENDS"—A benefit program. (Sutton Place Synagogu 225 E. 51st St. Saturday, May 31, at 9:1 For tickets, call 593-3300.)

BENEFIT CONCERTS—At Symphony Space—Thur day, May 22, at 8: Dizzy Gillespie, Kenn Barron, George Coleman, Tommy Flanaga Slide Hampton, and others. . . . ¶ Frida May 23, at 8: Barry Harris, Ted Curso Jimmy Cobb, Ryo Kawasaki, and other Proceeds of the concerts will go to the Lou Armstrong Jazz Center. (Broadway at 95t St. For information about tickets, call 92 5026.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are ope Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

LELAND BELL—Recent paintings, showing grou of figures with a cat, a bird, or a butterfl plus scenes of Reykjavík. Through Saturda May 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., 69th St.)

VANESSA BELL (1879-1961)—A retrospective paintings and drawings by the Bloomsbur ornament, complete with portraits of Lytto and Morgan and Virginia and Clive an Aldous and the others. Through Friday, Ma 23. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., 65th St.)

OSCAR BLUEMNER (1867-1938)—Small, deft w tercolors and pencil drawings, mostly lan scapes and cityscapes, by a pioneer America abstractionist. Through Saturday, May 3 (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

EUGENIO CARMI—Abstract paintings and em broidery work. Through June 13. (Italia Cultural Center, 686 Park Ave., at 68th S Closed Saturdays.)

ROY CARRUTHERS—Paintings and drawings tha combine distorted figures (they resemble in flated dolls), crazy perspectives, and socia commentary. Through Saturday, May 24 (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

XAVIER CORBERÓ—Elegant, wafer-thin abstrac tions worked out in polished marble by thi Spanish sculptor. Through Saturday, Ma 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOHN DIGBY—Surrealist black-and-white col-

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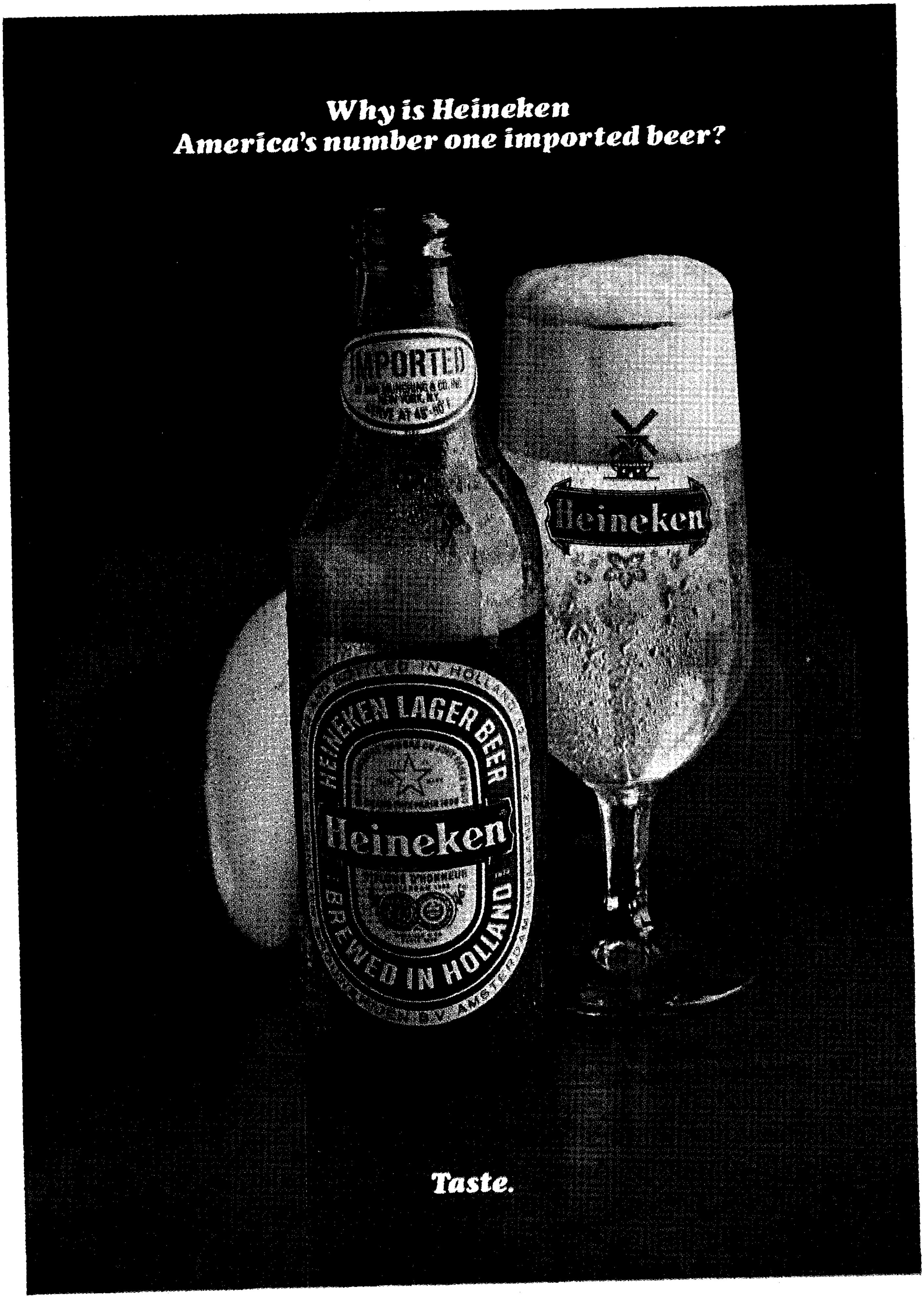
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lages. Through Saturday, May 31. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Anne Elliott—Rock formations in Colorado, India, and China are the inspiration for these large-scale wall sculptures in paper. Also the preparatory drawings for them. Through June 6. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Antonio Escobar—Impressionist paintings of the industrial scene along the East River by a young Spanish artist. Through June 7. (Walter, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at noon; closed Saturday, May 24.)

Joseph Floch (1895-1977)—Interiors, among them studio scenes, and cityscapes concentrating on the steel skeletons of skyscrapers under construction. Through Thursday, May 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Jean-Michel Folon—Fantasy figures and landscapes done in delicate watercolors by an artist who has contributed a number of covers to this magazine. Through Saturday, May 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Forty aquatints. Through Saturday, May 31. (Horn, 503 Sixth Ave., at 13th St. Weekdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Memorial Day, 3 to 6.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through July 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Margaret Harrison—Broadsides by a British feminist, incorporating paintings and printed messages protesting the mistreatment of women, among them Rosa Luxemburg, Annie Oakley, Bessie Smith, Janis Joplin, and pieceworkers in England. Through Saturday, May 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Saturday, May 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Frank Holmes—Large, mysterious realist paintings, in several of which a reclining figure, often on a balcony or terrace, is seen against a background of water. Through Saturday, May 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Budd Hopkins—One large painted-wood structure and several wall pieces that are meant to convey the reverential quality of a temple interior. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Rodger Mack—Cast-bronze pieces that seem to have been inspired by the sunbonnets worn by Amish women in Ohio, where the artist was reared. Through June 6. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Ben Mahmoud—Recent figurative paintings that have the quality of snapshots, even to the blurring when the subject is in motion. Through Sunday, May 25. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St. Open daily; the Sunday hours are 1 to 6.)

Cynthia Mollod—Recent abstract paintings in several of which the artist adds messages in a cryptic, ancient-looking alphabet of her own. Through Saturday, May 24. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Two shows in recognition of the artist's eightieth year: Fifteen wood constructions from the sixties and seventies, and two dozen recent wood-and-paper collages, at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (closed Saturday, May 24); and several large-scale welded-aluminum sculptures, and models for monumental outdoor sculptures, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (closed Saturday, May 24). Both shows through June 27.

James Rosenquist—New works, including a triptych entitled "Dog Descending a Staircase," and a large, dead-white paper-pulp casting of a brick wall, meant as a metaphor for frustration. Through June 14. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Roth—New works, among them three floor pieces involving a hundred thousand painted one-inch tiles, plus the wall hangings of colored string that the artist is best known for. Through June 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Smith—Drawings with color. Through June 13. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

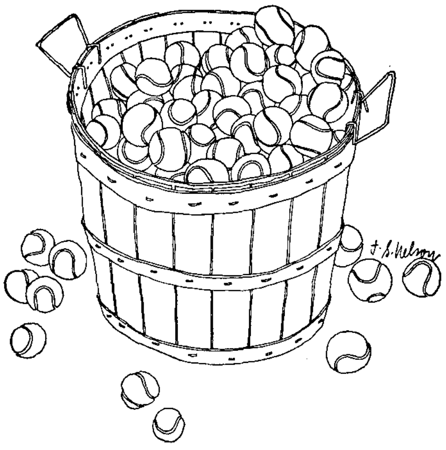
Bill Sullivan—Misty Colombian landscapes depicted in low-key colors, with mountains and trees almost in silhouette. Through June 7. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Anne Tabachnick—Recent landscapes as well as interiors and still-lifes. Through June 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Thornton Willis—Works on paper in which a richly colored quadrilateral form, done in oils and pastels, is seen against a neutral ground. Through Friday, May 23. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—An awe-inspiring display of a hundred masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas—whose work shows transcendent artistry and imagination. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through July 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At **A. M. ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Small characteristic sketches by twenty-odd European masters, among them Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through June 7. (Closed Saturday, May 24.) . . . **ADLER-CASTILLO**, 55 E. 86th St.: Works by avant-garde Russian artists of the early twenties, including Suprematist pieces by Malevich, Chashnik, and Larionov, and a large abstract oil, dated 1919, by Rodchenko. Through Saturday, May 31. . . . **CARUS**, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: Works on paper by well-known Expressionists—Kirchner, Nolde, Feininger, Pechstein. Through Saturday, May 24. . . . **DAVIDSON**, 43 E. 78th St.: The influence of Surrealism on the New York School is the proposition on which this show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Baziotes, Matta, Motherwell, Calder, and others is based. Through June 14. (Closed Saturday, May 24.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Central Park from 1860 to the present, as viewed by painters (Prendergast, Avery, Hopper, Vickrey) and photographers (Strand, Arbus, Orkin). A benefit show. Through Friday, May 30. (Closed Saturday, May 24.) . . . **MCKEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: New drawings by Jake Berthot, Stuart Diamond, Philip Guston, Loren Madsen, and Katherine Porter. Through June 6. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some recent acquisitions by modern masters—Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Pascin, and so on—including a cheerful portrait of the sculptor Oscar Mechan by his friend Modigliani and a Léger depicting four heavy-duty butterflies. Through June 27. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper (by Picasso, Braque, Laurens, Gris, Masson, and Léger) that were once shown at the gallery of the Parisian art dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, who died in 1979. Through June 14. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Edward Renouf and Lisa Hyatt, and ceramic trucks by Dennis Clive. Through Friday, May 30. (Closed Saturday, May 24.) . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Drawings by Joan Thorne, Donald Sultan, and others. Through Saturday, May 31. (Closed Saturday, May 24.)



Sculpture—Fifteen Italian Renaissance bronzes, including a classical male nude statuette by Bandinelli. Through June 27. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jean Arp (1887-1966)—Forty-one works on paper and six sculptures from the artist's estate; about half of the former were seen at the Museum of Modern Art in 1978. Through June 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Francis Bacon—Recent paintings, mostly the distorted, agonized figures this English painter is noted for. Through June 7. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Bladen—Large black-wood models for monumental sculptures, including one called "Black Lightning," which looks like a captured thunderbolt. Through June 7. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Susan Crile—Abstract paintings based on aerial views and on carpet patterns. Through Saturday, May 31. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bruce Currie—Representative oil paintings—mostly reclining female figures and still-lifes—by an artist new to this gallery. Through Saturday, May 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Frances Gershwin Godowsky—Nonobjective paintings and collages. Through June 5. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

José Guerrero—New abstract paintings. Through June 6. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Landscape paintings of the Delaware River Valley at dusk. Through June 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Color-field paintings, some on diamond-shaped canvases. Through June 7. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Simeon Lagodich—Large watercolors of exotic plants and flowers: partly imaginary, partly based on sketches the artist made in botanical gardens. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Louis Legrand (1863-1951)—Prints of music-hall dancers, Parisian night life, etc., by a contemporary of Toulouse-Lautrec. Through June 28. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Hubert Long—A retrospective of this artist's individualistic wooden sculptures. Through Saturday, May 24. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Michael Malpass—Iron and steel sculptures. Through June 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Michael Mazur—A series of skillfully executed oils and pastels turning on violence (rape) in a pastoral setting. Through Friday, May 23. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Twelve painted bronzes from the years 1967-69, and seven ceramics (done in collaboration with Josep Llorens Artigas) dating from 1955 to 1968. Through June 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings from throughout her exhibiting career, which began around 1938, and three ceramic tiles. Starts Friday, May 23. (Hammer, in a new location at 33 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Eleven heads (1906 through 1924) and other sculptures. Also drawings and prints. Through Saturday, May 24. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Meret Oppenheim—Works in various mediums—ceramics, pen and ink, oils, bronze—by this Surrealist artist best known for that furlined teacup. Through Saturday, May 24. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Massimo Scolari—Small drawings, mostly in colored inks or with colored pencils, that illustrate the workings of an unfettered archi-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tectural mind. Through June 6. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.) . . . ¶ Additional drawings, plus etchings and watercolors. Through July 3. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St.)

SEM (Georges Goursat) (1863-1934)—Eighty color lithographs by the French caricaturist. Through June 27. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)

Joe Shannon—Paintings and drawings depicting macabre little dramas in hospital corridors, police stations, and on the streets. Through Thursday, May 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Dee Shapiro—Pattern paintings worked out in tiny watercolor strokes on graph paper or in tiny acrylic strokes on canvas. Through June 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Charles Sheeler (1883-1965)—A selection of paintings, drawings, and photographs dating from 1910 through 1955. Through Friday, May 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Richard Smith—Overlapping kitelike shapes, made of canvas laced to wooden frames and painted in bright colors, by a British artist. Through Saturday, May 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Michael Steiner—New abstract sculptures in cast bronze and Corten steel, some of them seven feet tall. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Surls—Large fanciful sculptures—wagons, treehouses, winged figures—some carved from wood found on the artist's own land in Splendora, Texas, and others from telephone poles. First one-man show in New York. Through June 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)—More than a hundred and twenty-five lithographs, posters, book illustrations, and song-sheet covers from 1891 to 1899. Through Saturday, May 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Scott Wixon—Large abstract paintings of simple forms arranged in a bright-colored jigsaw pattern. Through Saturday, May 31. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Aesthetic Movement in America—A small-scale exhibition built around the furniture of Christian Herter (1840-83), one of the most important American (New York) designers, decorators, cabinetmakers of the third quarter of the nineteenth-century. In addition to the Herter pieces, the show includes contemporaneous paintings, silverware, wallpaper, ceramics, and fabric designs. Through Saturday, May 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander**, 20 W. 57th St.: Eight artists, among them Ken Goodman, Won Sook Kim, and Robert Longo, in a show called "Illustration and Allegory." Through June 14. (Closed Saturday, May 24.). . . **del re**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Braque, Dubuffet, Ernst, and Matta. Through Saturday, May 24. . . . **gladstone**, 38 E. 57th St.: Interiors, expressed in a number of mediums, by fourteen artists, including Richard Artschwager, Jedd Garet, and Susan Williams. Through June 6. (Closed Saturday, May 24.). . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: About sixty paintings and drawings (plus two sculptures) by Americans, dating from 1840 to the present. Six Demuth and three Homer watercolors and a seated bronze figure by Leonard Baskin are standouts. Through Friday, May 23. . . . **protetch**, 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Gary Bower, Farrell Brickhouse, Pinchas Cohen Gan, Denise Green, David Reed, and Pat Steir. Through June 6. (Closed Saturday, May 24.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Rita Baragona—Landscapes and still-lifes, mostly small-scale works. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Susanna Bergtold—Oils and colored drawings in which the artist's unusual concept of various animals (a goat, a tiger, an elephant, horses, wolves) is built up with countless infinitesimal strokes on paper or canvas. Figures and landscapes are similarly treated. Through Saturday, May 31. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Carolyn Brady—Large and meticulously exact watercolor renditions of flower arrangements and table settings. Through June 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

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Sari Dienes—Recent works, mostly collages made of leaves and other objects put between sheets of gauze. Through Saturday, May 31. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Jeanette Fintz—Paintings of landscapes and country houses in Maine, for the most part. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Charles Ginnever—Three large multifaceted Corten-steel sculptures in this artist's Gothic series. Two are painted and the third is not. Through Saturday, May 31. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jan Hildebrand—Graphite drawings of Colorado mountains, including a panorama, forty inches high and seventeen and a half feet long, of the Sneffels Range, in the San Juan Mountains. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Bill Jameson—Recent works, mostly Minimalist collages, plus a large wall piece, twenty-two feet long, made of molded hardware cloth and some haphazard netting, ornamented with a small neon cross and the letters "A," "B," and "C." Through Saturday, May 24. (22 Wooster, on Wooster St., between Grand and Canal Sts.)

Les Levine—Two video presentations, in one of which four actors representing unsavory art-world hangers-on tell a rambling story on four different screens (the viewer sees only the lips of the speakers, and they're all talking at once), and the other a documentary in which nine blind people discuss their handicaps. Through Saturday, May 31. (Feldman, 351 West Broadway.)

Peter H. Mackie—Airbrush paintings of figures, mostly female nudes, seen through a filmy material. Through Sunday, May 25. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

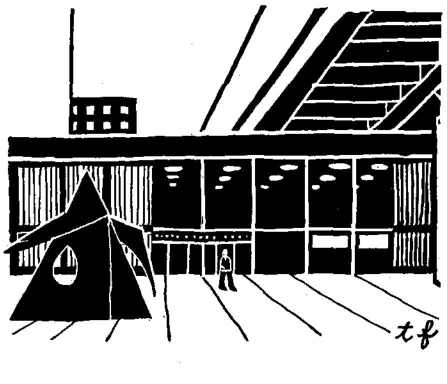
David Nash—This artist quarries wood the way others quarry marble, slicing up fallen timbers—oak, elm, sycamore—into geometric shapes and making spindly, freestanding sculptural pieces out of the lesser branches. Through June 10. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Donald Newman—Large works in which outsize photographic blowups (a budding twig, for instance) are paired with abstractions done in charcoal. Through Thursday, May 29. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Rodney Ripps / Nicholas Africano—A dozen panels, eight and a half feet tall and shaped like Gothic church windows, covered with multicolored artificial leaves and flowers, which are this artist's hallmark. / Three self-portraits of the artist, done in acrylic high relief (which is *this* artist's hallmark), talking to none other than Rodney Ripps. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Lila Ryan—A single large wooden sculpture, plus models and drawings. Through June 1. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Barry Tinsley / Carolee Thea—Large Corten-steel sculptures that suggest three-dimensional cuneiform characters. / Small wall pieces made of wood, plaster, paint, and plastic mesh, most of them resembling doorways. Through Saturday, May 24. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)



Anton Vanderperk—Hemispherical wall pieces made of canvas or cheesecloth stretched over a Masonite frame, ranging in diameter from a foot and a half to six feet, each painted in a rich, solid color—red, yellow, orange, black. Through Saturday, May 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

C. J. Yao—Photo-Realist paintings focussed largely on glass buildings and their reflections. Some of the works are fragmented, like old-fashioned photomontages. Through Saturday, May 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Sixty-two works on paper by twelve contemporary artists. Included are cardboard maquettes by Dennis Leder, charcoal landscapes by Peter Wise, large abstract oil pastels by Laura Russell, and a floor drawing, intended to be walked on, by John Fekner. Through Saturday, May 31. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: In this show of drawings by eighteen artists are a crowd of outsize iguanas done in ink and charcoal by Janet Culbertson; charcoal figure drawings touched with pastels by Sideo Fromboluti; small mystical figures in graphite by Helen Miranda Wilson; and some fantasy drawings in mixed mediums by Christin Couture. Through June 7. (Opens at 11:30.). . . **toll**, 138 Prince St.: "Eccentric Representation" is the title of a group show of paintings by five artists—Don Fritz, Marilyn Holsing, Sandra Perlow, Milo Reice, and Randy Stevens. Through June 14. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **ward-nasse**, 178 Prince St.: Figurative paintings by Ariane R. Berman, portraits by Jeri Drucker, and abstract acrylics by Marjorie Hoffman-Fernandez. Through Thursday, May 29. (Open Sundays, 1 to 4.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Thomas Aquinas Daly—Small, delicately handled watercolors of hunting, fishing, and trapping scenes, plus landscapes around Lake Huron. The artist lives in Buffalo. Through Friday, May 30. (Grand Central, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Closed Saturdays.)

Steven Glucksberg—Large, energetic abstract paintings that seem to represent the interiors of complicated electronic equipment. Through Saturday, May 31. (Abreu, 286 Eighth Ave., at 24th St.)

Rosalind Shaffer—Painted-wood cutouts of realistically portrayed figures—taking a bath, swimming, at table, dancing. Through Thursday, May 29. (Contemporary Arts, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Closed Saturdays.)

New York Clay—Functional and decorative ceramics by twenty-six New York residents. Through June 12. (Clayworks Studio Workshop, 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **donnell library**, 20 W. 53rd St.: Six artists (Michelle Stuart, Charlotte Brown, and Lois Polansky among them) showing handmade books that come close to being sculpture. Through June 2. (Mondays, except Memorial Day, and Thursdays, 9:30 to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **lowenstein library gallery**, 113 W. 60th St.: Ten artists (Louise Bourgeois, Miriam Brumer, and Diane Kaiser among them) showing semi-abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures based on nature. Through Thursday, May 29. (Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 to 5.). . . **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Samplings of work in a wide variety of mediums by eleven young Ohio artists who are industriously extending the frontiers of art. Through June 26. (Opens daily, except Friday through Monday, May 23-26, at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—More than fifty vintage prints. One set of five interiors was taken in sequence; the inscription Atget wrote on the back gives the location as "Hôtel de Villars, 116 rue de Grenelle." Through June

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Eldée Elisabeth Duschnitz and Alain Sabatier—Photographs of Provence; hers are black-and-white and date from the forties and fifties, while his are all in color and are dated 1966. Through Friday, May 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Robert Fichter—20 x 24 Polaroids of the artist's drawings with various objects placed in front of them. A number of the drawings themselves are also on view. Through June 21. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Fritz Henle—A fifty-year retrospective. Through Saturday, May 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Gernot Kuehn—Flash pictures of Hollywood night life, and black-and-white photographs of Europeans who live in isolated areas. Through Tuesday, May 27. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Helen Levitt—New York street photographs of the forties, subway prints from the seventies, and other subjects. Through Saturday, May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Art Sinsabaugh—35-mm. color prints of English landscapes dated 1979, together with view-camera and banquet-camera landscapes dated 1961 to 1971. Through June 7. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 24.)

Clara Sipprell (1885-1975)—Thirty still-lifes, landscapes, and portraits (of Käsebier, Stieglitz, and others) by a Pictorialist whose 1932 work "New York—Old and New" was one of the first photographs acquired by the Museum of Modern Art. Through Friday, May 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Eve Sonneman—Color diptychs of still-lifes and landscapes. Through Saturday, May 31. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

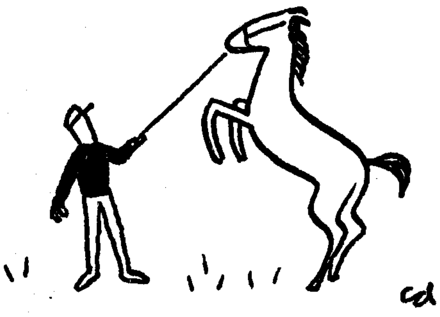
Group Shows—At **ex libris**, 160A E. 70th St.: Vintage prints by thirty artists whose works were included in a 1929 exhibition of avant-garde photography in Stuttgart. Among the thirty are Renger-Patzsch, Weston, Kertész, Abbott, and Piet Zwart. Through June 6. (Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Thirty-one photographers associated with Chicago's Institute of Design between 1937 and 1978, either as teachers or students. They include Harry Callahan, Linda Connor, Arthur Siegel, Aaron Siskind, and the Institute's founder, László Moholy-Nagy. Through Saturday, May 31. (Closed Saturday, May 24.). . . **salander-o'reilly**, 41 E. 78th St.: More than thirty photographs of artists, primarily from the thirties and all vintage, by, among others, Beaton, Van Vechten, and Abbott. Through Saturday, May 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty African sculptures from Katanga; three of the works are by the Buli Master. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective opens Thursday, May 22, and runs through Tuesday, Sept. 16. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art, sixty of them—by Kandinsky, Mondrian, Duchamp, Brancusi, and others—installed in a new gallery off the fourth ramp of the museum's spiral. Starts Friday, May 23. . . . ¶ Nine of Pol Bury's kinetic sculptures, which revolve with the aid of magnets and small motors. One of them was designed for the pool in the museum's rotunda. Through June 7. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Memorial Day, 11 to 5.)



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Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and twenty sculptures and related drawings by Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, Joseph Cornell, Donald Judd, and more than fifty other American artists which were given to the museum over the past twenty-five years by Howard and Jean Lipman. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through Sunday, May 25. . . . ¶ Ten major paintings and a number of prints and drawings by John Sloan, whose work was in the Whitney Museum's inaugural exhibition, in 1931. Through June 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Open Mondays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Turn-of-the-century Belgian art—paintings and decorative objects—by more than forty artists, among them James Ensor, Henri van de Velde, and Léon Spilliaert. Through June 29. . . . ¶ "The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A show of figurative paintings, drawings, and prints by twenty-six artists (Lennart Anderson, Robert Bidner, Pat Mainardi, and Laura Shechter are four of them) who live near the museum. Through June 8. . . . **photography:** "Photographic Surrealism," a show that ranges from nineteenth-century photomontages to twentieth-century advertising prints. Among the photographers are Man Ray, Brassaï, Lucas Samaras, and Deborah Turbeville. Through July 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, William Maxwell, John Ashbery, Galway Kinnell, Josephine Miles, Grace Paley, and Vivian Fine. Also, paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by Jim Dine, Sam Francis, Buckminster Fuller, Marion Lerner Levine, and others. Through June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary utilitarian crafts—furniture, quilts, clothing, and so forth—by seventy-two American artists. Through Sunday, May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Treasures from the Rietberg Museum"—i.e., sixty-six works of Asian art on loan from this Zurich collection noted for its holdings of large stone sculptures from India and China, as well as for bronzes, paintings, and other antiquities. Through June 22. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through Sunday, May 25. . . . ¶ More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27. . . . ¶ A selection of the museum's architectural drawings, dating from the sixteenth century to the present, for projects that are grand in either scale or concept. Through June 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese drawings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, most of them executed in either ink or watercolor, including twenty representative works by Hokusai. Through June 1. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays and Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22; otherwise the hours are Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-five English naïve paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Elegant Eighties," a costume show of fashions worn in the last century by well-to-do New Yorkers. (Open daily except Tuesday, May 27. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of more than a hundred nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century drawings of Paris, on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred nineteenth-century silver pieces designed and made by Tiffany & Co. Through June 1. . . . ¶ A roundup of objects pertaining to thoroughbred racing in New York: paintings, prints, sculptures, and mementos. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Through Aug. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. (Open daily, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Betye Saar, the Los Angeles artist, is showing assemblages, some on view for the first time. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions by Ed Levine (construction) and Reese Williams (eighty-four panels using photographs and text), and a variety of works pertaining to a group show that took place in an empty swimming pool at C. W. Post College. Through June 21.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Larry Miller (performance), Thursday, May 22, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Deborah Gladstein, Anne Hammel, and Christina Svane (dance), Thursday through Sunday, May 22-25, at 8:30; Pauline Oliveros (music), Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8:30; manipulated photographs by Gerald Incandela, through June 7.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, photographs, videotapes, sculptures, and other works by a number of artists, among them Roger Brown, Robert Gordy, John Tweddle, and Joel-Peter Witkin. Through June 15.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

After Dinner Opera Company—Six brief early-American operas under the over-all title of "A Revolutionary Celebration." (Abigail Adams Smith Museum, 421 E. 61st St. 838-6878. Thursday, May 22, at 5:30.)

"And David Wept"—An opera by Ezra Laderman and Joe Darion, based on the story of David and Bathsheba, conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by Dan Bredemann. In English. Jean Erdman provided the choreography. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 31, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 1, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The "Beethoven 1980" series of eight programs presented through Friday, June 6. Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, May 22, at 8, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Christoph Eschenbach conducting and acting as piano soloist on Friday, May 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Klaus Tennstedt conducting on Tuesday, May 27, at 8, with Malcolm Frager, piano, and on Thursday and Friday, May 29-30, at 8, with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin.

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing an all-Brahms lieder program. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, May 28, at 8.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 22, at 8.)

David Behrman—Synthesizer music performed by Mr. Behrman, with George Lewis, trombone. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Friday, May 23, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, in a program of duets by Schumann, with Julia Varady, soprano, and Jörg Demus, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of Renaissance music performed by Symphonia Antiqua, a newly formed thirty-member vocal and instrumental ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Saturday, May 24, at 8.)

Music Before 1800—Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; Mary Springfels, viola da gamba; and Britt Wheeler, harpsichord, in a program of French and Italian baroque music. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, May 25, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano, in a recital postponed from April 7. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 27, at 8.)

Michael Limoli Musicisti da Camera—Chamber music for woodwinds, voice, and strings, performed by Mr. Limoli, clarinet; Mary Elizabeth Poore, soprano; Peter Oundjian, violin; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 27, at 8.)

Chaim Freiberg—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Tuesday, May 27, at 8.)

Zvi Zeitlin and Barry Snyder—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 28, at 8.)

Turan-Mirza Kamal—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 29, at 8.)

Henriette Kristhea—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, May 30, at 8.)

Allan Schiller—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 30, at 8.)

Classical Indian Music—Performed by Shivkumar Sharma, santoor; Hariprasad Chaurasia, flute; and Zakir Hussain, tabla. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, May 31, at 8.)

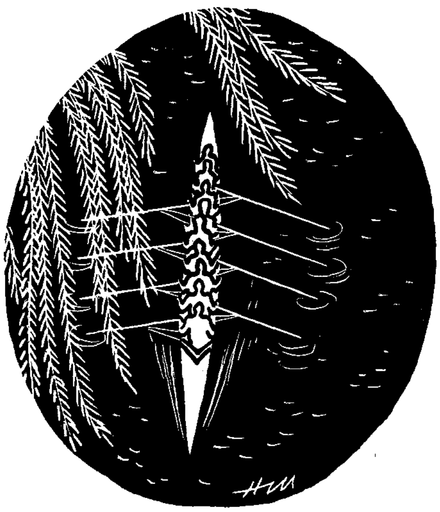
Thruston Johnson and David Garvey—Violin and piano, in a program of French music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 31, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Music in Memory of Ernst Wallfisch—Sergiu Comissiona conducting members of the American Symphony Orchestra in an all-German program, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Luz Leskowitz and Sergiu Luca, violin; Zara Nelsova, cello; and Lory Wallfisch, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, May 31, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Friday, May 23, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, May 24-25, at 2:05. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Monday, May 26, at 2, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 27-28, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto, Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8.



Bicycling—A twenty-four-hour marathon around Central Park, sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company, will get under way at noon on Saturday, May 24, near the Tavern-on-the-Green. It will finish at the same spot however many huffs and puffs later. For information, call 347-8195.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, May 29-31.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup playoffs: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, May 24, at 8, if necessary.)

Racing—At **Belmont**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, May 21, through Monday, July 28. The Shuvee Handicap, Wednesday, May 21; the Acorn, Saturday, May 24; the Peter Pan, Sunday, May 25; and the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day between 10:45 and noon.). . . **Monmouth Park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, May 23, through Monday, Sept. 1. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Memorial Day at 11:15.). . . **Bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, May 26, through Saturday, July 19.

Rugby—Richmond of England vs. a Metropolitan Rugby Union all-star team. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Saturday, May 24, at 1. Admission is free.)

Running—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to six thousand women participating, will start at eleven on Saturday, May 31, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Manchester City of England, Wednesday, May 21, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Roma of Italy, Saturday, May 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Roma vs. Manchester City and Cosmos vs. Vancouver, Monday, May 26, at 12:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Memorial Day, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **Meadowlands Racetrack**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Maureen Owen and Ron Padgett reading from their own work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, May 28, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Park Avenue Antiques Show—A benefit show of furniture, glass, paintings, silver, and other relics assembled by one hundred and sixty-five dealers from thirty-five states. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 22-24, from 1 to 10, and Sunday and Monday, May 25-26, from 1 to 6.)

The Great Outdoors—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 24-26; Saturday and Sunday, May 31-June 1; and Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, May 25, a conducted walking tour of Upper Fifth Avenue, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will meet at Fifth Avenue and 89th Street at 2. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At **Sotheby Parke Bernet**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except May 24, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, at 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 29, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings by such artists as Turner, Corot, and Courbet. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 22. . . . **Christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, May 22, at 10 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"L'Age d'Or" and "Un Chien Andalou." (No performances on Monday, May 26.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
May 21: "Pickpocket" and "The Fire Within."
May 22-24: "La Chinoise" and "Weekend."
May 25-26: "Beware of a Holy Whore" and "Chinese Roulette."
May 27-28: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" and "Perceval."
May 29-31: "Orchestra Rehearsal" and "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 22: "Apocalypse Now."
From May 23: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"All That Jazz."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 22: "The Nude Bomb."
From May 23: "The Long Riders."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Friday the 13th."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 22: "Jesus."
From May 23: "Blood Feud."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 22: "Heart Beat."
From May 23: "The Shining."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"All That Jazz."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Long Riders."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Long Riders."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Soupçon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Fantasia."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 29: "Norma Rae."
From May 30: "Dinner for Adèle."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through May 29: "On the Nickel."
From May 30: "The Canterbury Tales."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 22: "Blazing Saddles."
From May 23: "The Gong Show Movie."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Nude Bomb."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 22: "Love at First Bite."
From May 23: "Friday the 13th."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through May 22: "Being There."
From May 23: "Die Laughing."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Hollywood Knights."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 22: "Best Boy."
May 23-29: "The Black Stallion."
From May 30: "Serial."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

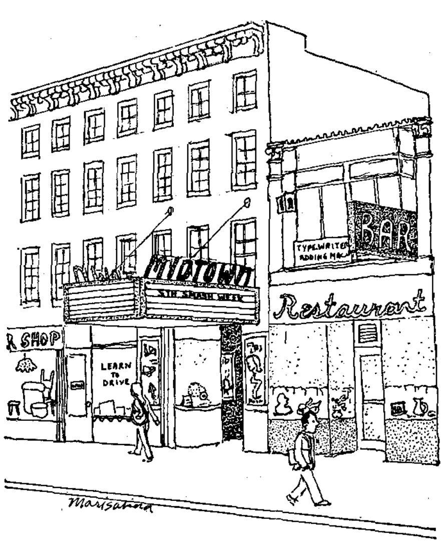
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 22: "Blazing Saddles."
From May 23: "The Gong Show Movie."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 22: "Enter the Dragon."
From May 23: "The Shining."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Long Riders."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 22: "All That Jazz." From May 23: "Tom Horn."
Theatre 2: "The Nude Bomb."



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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through May 22: "Being There."
From May 23: "The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 29: "Simon" and "Sitting Ducks." From May 30: "Dinner for Adèle."
Theatre 2: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."
Theatre 3: Through May 29: "Wise Blood." From May 30: "Clair de Femme."
Theatre 4: Through May 22: "Best Boy." From May 23: "The Black Stallion."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fame."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Charles and Lucie."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through May 22: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
From May 23 (tentative): "Cousin, Cousine" and "Bread and Chocolate."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Home Movies."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 22: "Eboli."
From May 23: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 22: "Heart Beat."
From May 23: "Tom Horn."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Knife in the Head."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through May 22: "Love at First Bite."
From May 23: "Being There."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 22: "Little Darlings." From May 23: "Die Laughing."
Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Best Boy." From May 23: "Tom Horn."
Theatre 3: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
Theatre 4: Through May 22: "All That Jazz." From May 23: "The Black Stallion."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through May 29: "Being There."
From May 30: "Dinner for Adèle."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 22: "Apocalypse Now."
May 23-29: "The Black Stallion" and "Corvette Summer."
From May 30: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through May 22: "Enter the Dragon." (†) From May 23: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 2: Through May 22: "The Rose." From May 23: "Tom Horn." (†)
Theatre 3: "Little Darlings." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
Theatre 5: Through May 22: "Where the Buffalo Roam." From May 23: "Die Laughing." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through May 22: "Love at First Bite." (†)
From May 23: "Fist of Fear, Touch of Death."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: "Being There." (†)
Theatre 4: "Norma Rae." (†)

Embassy 5 (formerly called the Victoria), B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"All That Jazz." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Long Riders." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Hollywood Knights." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through May 22: "Penitentiary" and "The Hills Have Eyes."
From May 23: "The Gong Show Movie." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through May 22: "Blazing Saddles." (†)
From May 23: "Lady and the Tramp."

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through May 29: "Friday the 13th." (†)
From May 30: "Don't Go in the House."

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Nude Bomb." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through May 22: The final two days of a four-day program of homosexual films.
May 23: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
May 24-25: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "Punking Out" (1978), a documentary on punk-rock.
May 26: "Traffic" (1971), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati; and a program of short films—"The Rink" and "The Pawnshop," both directed by Charlie Chaplin, and eleven films by Stuart Sherman (who will be present at 7:30).
May 27: "Samurai Rebellion" (†); and "Naniwa, Yakuza Legend" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Makino, with Ken Takakura.
May 28: "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (1933), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolph Klein-Rogge; and "The Horrible Dr. Hitchcock" (1962), in Italian, directed by Robert Hampton, with Robert Flemying, Barbara Steele, and Teresa Fitzgerald.
May 29: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt"

(1956), directed by Fritz Lang, with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine; and "In a Lonely Place." (†)

May 30: "Deliverance" (†); and "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.

From May 31: "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "The Misfits." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

May 21: "Intolerance" (1916), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh and Constance Talmadge.

May 22: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966) and "Mouchette" (1966), both films in French, directed by Robert Bresson.

May 23: "Luna" (1979), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "Monika" (1952), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Lars Ekborg.

May 24: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari; and "Pretty Baby" (1978), directed by Louis Malle, with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

May 25: "Under Milk Wood" (†); and "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970), directed by Christopher Miles, with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham.

May 26-27: "La Plaisir" (1952), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid." (†)

May 28: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923), a silent film, directed by Wallace Worsley, with Lon Chaney.

May 29: "Providence" (1977), directed by Alain Resnais, with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

May 30: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (†); and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.

May 31: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Roseland" (1977), directed by James Ivory, with Christopher Walken and Don De Natale.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 22: "Stay As You Are" (1979), in Italian, directed by Alberto Lattuada, with Marcello Mastroianni and Nastassia Kinski; and "Immoral Tales" (1976), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk.

May 23-24: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

May 25-26: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (†) and "The Lavender Hill Mob." (†)

May 27: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring.

May 28-29: "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; and "Coup de Grâce" (1976), in German and French, directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich.

May 30-31: "Cruising" (1980), directed by William Friedkin, with Al Pacino, Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen; and "The Panic in Needle Park." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 22: "The Stewardesses" (1970), directed by Alf Silliman, Jr., with Christina Hart; and "Prison Girls" (1973), with Robin Whitting. Both in 3-D.

May 23-29: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.

From May 30: "Phantom of the Rue Morgue" (1954), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Karl Malden, Claude Dauphin, Patricia Medina, and Steve Forrest. In 3-D.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 21: "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" (1937), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, and Frank Morgan; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Alan Hale, and John Miljan.

May 22-24: "The Prisoner of Zenda" (1937), directed by John Cromwell, with Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Raymond Massey; and "King Solomon's Mines" (1950), directed by Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton, with Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson.

May 25-27: "The Talk of the Town" (†); and "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

May 28-31: "Now, Voyager" (1942), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "The Razor's Edge." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 21: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948), directed by Max Ophuls, with Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan, and Mady Christians; and "Caught" (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan.

May 22: "The Spiral Staircase" (1948), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith; and "Portrait of Jennie" (1949), directed by William Dieterle, with Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and Ethel Barrymore.

May 23-24: "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Women in Revolt" (1972), directed by Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey, with Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, and Jackie Curtis.

May 25: "Billy Liar" (†); and "Darling" (1965), directed by John Schlesinger, with Julie Christie, Laurence Harvey, and Dirk Bogarde.

May 26: "Johnny Guitar" (1954), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge, and Ernest Borgnine; and "Dark Command" (1940), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Walter Pidgeon, Claire Trevor, and John Wayne.

May 27: "Stalag 17" (†) and "The First Circle." (†)

May 28: "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles; and "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

May 29: "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York; and "The Gay Deceivers" (1969), directed by Bruce Kessler, with Kevin Coughlin, Larry Casey, and Brooke Bundy.

May 30-31: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Red Desert." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 21: "The Three Faces of Eve" (1957), directed by Nunnally Johnson, with Joanne Woodward, David Wayne, and Lee J. Cobb; and "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958), directed by Martin Ritt, with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, and Orson Welles.

May 22: "Lifeboat" (1944), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, John Hodiak, and Canada Lee; and "Tarnished Lady" (1931), directed by George Cukor, with Tallulah Bankhead, Clive Brook, Osgood Perkins, and Alexander Kirkland.

May 23-24: "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock" (1947), directed by Preston Sturges, with Harold Lloyd; and "Professor Beware" (1938), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Harold Lloyd.

May 25-26: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Mar-

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lowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

May 27: "I Loved a Woman" (1933), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Edward G. Robinson, Kay Francis, and Genevieve Tobin; and "Mandalay" (1934), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Warner Oland, and Lyle Talbot.

May 28: "The Guardsman" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Roland Young, and Ann Dvorak; and "The Royal Family of Broadway." (†)

May 29: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Possessed." (†)

May 30-31: "Murder She Said" (1962) and "Murder at the Gallop" (1963), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—There will be no film showings until Monday, June 2.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three programs of short films by Robert Breer—six films made between 1972 and 1978 will be shown May 21-23 at noon, May 24-25 at 3:30, May 27 at noon and 6, May 28-30 at noon, and May 31 at 3:30; fourteen films made between 1952 and 1960 will be shown May 21-22 at 3:30; and ten films made between 1960 and 1970 will be shown May 23 at 3:30, May 24-25 at 12:30, May 27-30 at 3:30, and May 31 at 12:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—May 22-25: "Max" (1921-22), a feature-length film that includes three Max Linder shorts—"Be My Wife" (1921), "Seven Years' Bad Luck" (1921), and "The Three Must-Get-Theres" (1922). . . . ¶ Starting May 29: Two documentaries by Peter Davis—"Generations of Resistance" (1980) and "This Bloody, Blundering Business" (1975). Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Mekas, Méliès, Murnau, Nelson, Ozu, Pudovkin, Renoir, Noren, Rossellini, Richter, Man Ray, Rice, Riefenstahl and others. Showings May 21 at 8; May 22 at 7 and 9; May 23 at 7; May 24-25 at 2, 7, and 9; May 27 at 8; and May 28-31 at 7 and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, May 26.)

All That Jazz—*Almost nothing has been left out* of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Gramercy, Plaza, and Embassy 5. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews 83rd Quad; through May 22.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a *final attempt to show the unshowable—not* just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through May 22.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1, and Waverly; through May 22. . . . ¶ New Yorker 1; through May 29. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 23.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl. (3/10/80) (72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through May 22.)

Beware of a Holy Whore (1970)—With Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Art; May 25-26.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop *telling* disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia; May 25.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; May 23-29. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting May 23.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Gemini 1, U.A. East, and Rivoli; through May 22.)

Blood Feud—Lina Wertmüller wrote and directed this sensual, shallow period drama about bloody skirmishings among Sicilian peasants and padrones and rising Fascisti in the early nineteen-twenties, but the picture is more notable for the presence of Sophia Loren (as a vengeful widow), Marcello Mastroianni (as an idealistic, self-doubting lawyer), *and Giancarlo Giannini (as a bluster*ing gangster, back from New York). The three vivid stars are observed in immense closeups, which are balanced by stunning panoramas of the sun-wasted countryside, but these pleasures appear to have distracted the director away from that special ludicrous and serious consideration of human difficulties that has distinguished her previous work. Wertmüller is always excessive, and this time she is excessively entertaining. In Italian. (3/3/80) (Eastside Cinema; starting May 23.)

Bread and Chocolate (1974)—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (57th St. Playhouse; starting May 23, tentative.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Canterbury Tales (1972)—With Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Cinema II; starting May 30.)

Charles and Lucie—A middle-aged Parisian couple is victimized by swindlers and bad luck, at last reaching the point where they must wander the highways wearing nothing but their love to keep them warm, but *les vrais misérables* are the moviegoers who must swallow this drab and treacly soufflé. With Daniel Ceccaldi and Ginette Garçin; directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Festival.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, May 26.)

Chinese Roulette (1977)—With Margit Carstensen, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Art; May 25-26.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Art; May 22-24.)

Clair de Femme—Yves Montand and Romy Schneider meet on a street in Paris and exchange miseries as if they were gifts. Much woebegone talk and little action, in a movie written and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (4/7/80) (Quad Cinema; starting May 30.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through May 22.)

Corvette Summer (1978)—This film, which marked the directorial début of Matthew Robbins (and which he wrote with his partner, Hal Barwood, who was the producer), was released without much publicity, and very few people saw it. It's about a Southern California boy's love for an automobile: Kenny (Mark Hamill) scrounges parts from an automobile graveyard, and he and his high-school shop class build a shiny Corvette Stingray. On the night the class takes the car out for a trial run, it is stolen. The rest of the picture is Kenny's obsessive pursuit of the car, which he tracks to Las Vegas; the movie doesn't ridicule this quest and doesn't romanticize it—it treats Kenny's passion with gentle respect. The picture doesn't have a snappy enough rhythm, and the repartee is often too slow, and the story takes a bad turn

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

just past midway by making a melodramatic villain out of a likable character. But until then it's generally fresh and friendly, and visually it has a lovely soft quality, with unusually pleasing camera placement. (The cinematography is by Frank Stanley.) As the hero, Hamill takes a little getting used to: this picture was made between "Star Wars" and "The Empire Strikes Back," after the car accident which disfigured him, and he also seems unsure of himself vocally; however, this disturbing element dwindles in importance when Annie Potts enters the story. As a teen-ager who's on her way to Vegas to become a hooker, she's charmingly funny in her distinctive, stylized way until the last ten minutes, when she is turned into a dingbat. The picture has other lapses of judgment—a gay chief villain, mushy music, and an overeagerness to make banal points about corruption. Yet a radiant lyricism comes through it all. With Eugene Roche, Kim Milford, and Philip Bruns. (Olympia; May 23-29.)

COUSIN, COUSINE (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; starting May 23, tentative.)

DELIVERANCE (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 30.)

THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID (1945)—Jean Renoir parodies historical romances in this wildly improbable divertissement. Chambermaid Paulette Goddard loves gloomy master Hurd Hatfield, but his Freudianized mama, Judith Anderson, and a whole lot of other people get in the way. The screenplay is by Burgess Meredith, from a novel by Octave Mirbeau; Meredith also contrived to find a part for himself, as a demented gent who eats his way through a rose garden. Francis Lederer, meant to be a menacing servant, is the most elegantly turned-out actor in the movie; probably he just couldn't resist looking his best. It's slightly crazy but highly entertaining. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 26-27.)

DIE LAUGHING—With Robby Benson and Linda Grovenor, directed by Jeff Werner. (Loews New York 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center; starting May 23.)

DINNER FOR ADÈLE—With Michal Docolomansky, Olga Schoberova, and Rudolf Hrusinsky; directed by Oldrich Lipsky. In Czech. (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker 1; starting May 30.)

EBOLI—Francesco Rosi's thoughtful, modulated adaptation of Carlo Levi's celebrated "Christ Stopped at Eboli" carefully re-creates the physical and social textures of a remote mountain hamlet in south-central Italy to which Levi was sent as a political prisoner by the Mussolini regime in the nineteen-thirties. Gian Maria Volonte looks exactly right as the book-worn, thoughtful intellectual in exile, and the picture, like the original work, centers on Levi's wondering consideration of the silent, black-clothed local peasants, whom he saw as being equally cut off from the state, the church, and the harsh land itself. With Irene Papas, François Simon, and Paolo Bonicelli. In Italian. (5/5/80) (Cinema 3; through May 22.)

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK—A sequel to "Star Wars," with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, and Carrie Fisher. Directed by Irvin Kershner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

ENTER THE DRAGON (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of schlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. But it's not all schlock: the slender, swift Bruce Lee was the Fred Astaire of martial arts, and many of the fights that could be merely brutal come across as lightning-fast choreography. With Jim Kelly, Ahna Capri, Bob Wall, Shih Kien, An-

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gela Mao Ying, Yang Sze, Betty Chung, Geoffrey Weeks, and Peter Archer. Directed by Robert Clouse. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Criterion Center; through May 22.)

Fame—With Irene Cara and Lee Curreri, directed by Alan Parker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Coronet.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Art; May 21.)

The First Circle (1973)—Alexander Ford, once head of the Polish film industry, made this version of the Alexander Solzhenitsyn novel in Denmark. It's not a great film, but it's good enough to raise the issue of the moral and intellectual choices left open when political freedom is gone. Gunther Malzacher plays Nerzhin-Solzhenitsyn—the lean, ironic gadfly-hero who is sent to Siberia to starve and die but who feels morally triumphant. Because the Scandinavian, Polish, and German actors spoke in accented English, nonaccented voices have been dubbed in for them. Under the circumstances, this seems a sensible solution, and the somewhat impersonal voices make the argument of the film easy to follow. (Thalia; May 27.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer (1971)—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color, and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with this sort of facetiousness is a mistake; the picture borders on deadpan absurdity. In French. (Art; May 27-28.)

Friday the 13th—With Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; directed by Sean Cunningham. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through May 29. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting May 23.)

The Gong Show Movie—Directed by, and with, Chuck Barris. (Gemini 1, U.A. East, and National; starting May 23.)

Heart Beat—Almost everything has gone wrong with this clunky romance based on the early wanderings and drinkings of the novelist Jack Kerouac and his friend Neal Cassady, who became the model for the hero of Kerouac's "On the Road." The picture, which was written and directed by John Byrum, ends up with Kerouac famous but *unhappy*, man, and it keeps giving off the wrong signals, causing us to groan or giggle by turns at the self-conscious sufferings of these pioneer beats. John Heard is Kerouac, Nick Nolte is Cassady, and Sissy Spacek (in some great-looking Joan Crawfordy dresses) is Carolyn Cassady—attractive performers all, but utterly unable to make this sashweight take wing. (5/12/80) (Sutton, and Paramount; through May 22.)

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The Hollywood Knights—With Tony Danza, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Loews New York 2, and Loews State 1.)

Home Movies—Brian De Palma (who directed "Carrie" and several other vigorous, hyperbolic films) has enrolled some of his students at a Sarah Lawrence College film workshop in the making of this dopey cut-rate farce about sex, ugly parents, and filmmaking—which may account for its air of self-congratulatory amateurism and its fitful but mostly just irritating charm. With Keith Gordon, Nancy Allen, Vincent Gardenia, and Kirk Douglas (hamming horribly as an egocentric, with-it professor). (5/19/80) (Little Carnegie.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a cynical, tired Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but disappointingly hollow murder melodrama directed by Nicholas Ray. In talking to a hat-check girl, Steele discovers that she has read the book he is supposed to adapt to the screen; not wanting the bother of reading it himself, he invites her to his place so he can grill her about it. When the girl is murdered, the police think he did it. Steele is in love with Gloria Grahame, but he's under so much pressure because of the police that he almost kills her in a jealous rage. That makes her queasily fearful—maybe he actually did in the other girl. And she leaves him. Ray doesn't seem to have an adequate budget or enough ideas to play with; he keeps the thing going, but the dialogue is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast—Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid, Jeff Donnell, Art Smith, Robert Warwick, Steven Geray, and Hadda Brooks as the singer in the night-club sequence. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes, adapted by Edmund H. North and Andrew Solt; cinematography by Burnett Guffey; music by George Antheil. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29.)

Jesus—With Brian Deacon, directed by Peter Sykes and John Kirsh. (Eastside Cinema; through May 22.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. This film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (Art; May 29-31.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—This tart black comedy on the craving for social position and the art of murder has a brittle wit that came as a bit of a shock: such amoral lines were not generally spoken in forties movies. The film is heartless, and that is the secret of its elegance. Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the insouciant young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—a snob, a general, a photographer, an admiral, a suffragette, a clergyman, a banker, and the duke—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Secure in the knowledge that Guinness will return in another form, the audience suffers no regret as each abominable D'Ascoyne is coolly dispatched. And as the murderer takes us further into his confidence with each foul deed, we positively look forward to his next success. With purring little Joan Greenwood as the minx-nemesis Sybilla, Valerie Hobson as the high-minded Edith, Miles Malleson as the poetasting executioner. Based upon the 1907 novel "Israel Rank," by Roy Horniman, adapted by Robert Hamer and John Dighton. Hamer directed. (Cinema Village; May 25-26.)

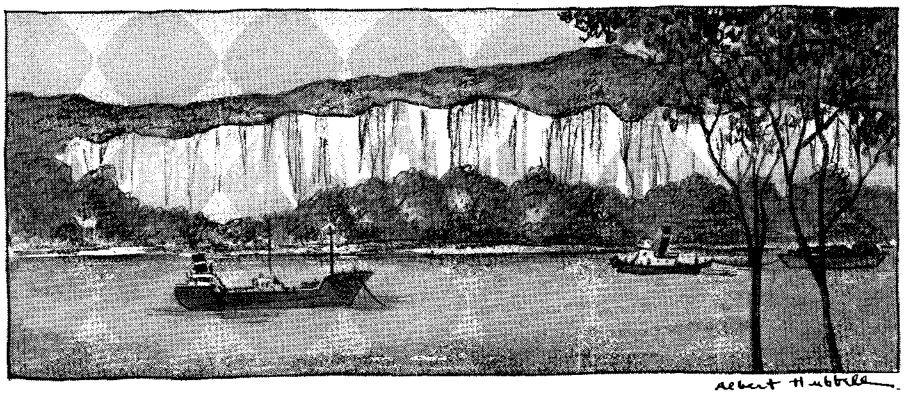
Knife in the Head—A sociopolitical thriller from West Germany about a scientist who is physically and psychically incapacitated when he is accidentally shot in the head during a scuffle between radical leftists and the police, and is then further victimized by the cynical efforts of left and right to exploit him during his excruciating recovery. The picture, which was directed by Reinhard Hauff, eventually wears us down with its relentlessly earnest exploration of all the ironies and moral dilemmas of the case, but it is worth seeing for the extraordinary sustained performance of Bruno Ganz as the stricken and degraded patient, who gains a new sense of himself, against all the odds, as he creeps back to life. With Angela Winkler and Carla Egerer. In German. (4/28/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 2.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—As the prim, innocuous civil servant with a hidden spark of nonconformity, Alec Guinness carries out a dream of larcenous glory: robbing the Bank of England. A man who steals three million in gold bullion may be permitted to coin a word: Guinness describes his gleaming-eyed, bowler-hatted little man as the "fubsy" type, and he's an image of Everyman. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, and Georges Auric's music contribute to what is probably the most nearly perfect fubsy comedy of all time. It's a minor classic, a charmer. Stanley Holloway is the genteel, artistic accomplice; Alfie Bass and Sidney James the professional assistants, and one of the beneficiaries of Guinness's wrongdoing is a bit player, Audrey Hepburn. (Cinema Village; May 25-26.)

Little Darlings—A repellent comedy about two teen-agers seeking to lose their virginities as a result of a bet. With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol. (3/31/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 22.)

The Long Riders—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. We have seen all this before, but Walter Hill's straightforward direction and the picture's elegant camerawork (by Ric Waite) and design (by Jack T. Collis) make it fresh again and stirring indeed. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy



and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys—and their group efforts are just about the best thing in this American beauty, which droops a bit only in its final scenes. With Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (5/19/80) (Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2. 86th St. East, and Forum. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; starting May 23.)

Love at First Bite (1979)—A rowdy burlesque of the Dracula movies, set in Manhattan, with dilapidated stuffed bats and a large assortment of gags; some of them are funny in a low-grade, moldy way, and some are even stupidly racist, but many are weirdly hip, with a true flaky wit. The scriptwriter, Robert Kaufman, will never be called a man of fine discrimination: he takes equal--almost obscene—relish in them all. Yet it's this relish—which the director Stan Dragoti seems to share—that fuels the movie, and, except for a wearying chase sequence toward the end, it bumps along entertainingly. As Count Dracula, George Hamilton uses the self-parody he first demonstrated in "Once Is Not Enough;" his Dracula is a swooningly romantic, ingenuously prurient gigolo with an indeterminate Transylvanian accent—his declaration of love sounds like "I lob you." His lady is a famous model, played by Susan Saint James; she isn't well photographed, but she has such great inflections that she hits her lines for every nuance of wacked-out comedy that's in them. And in the Van Helsing role, Richard Benjamin has some good silly moments as the model's whiny-voiced psychiatrist. With Dick Shawn as a cop, Arte Johnson as Renfield, and Ronnie Schell in a bit. Score by Charles Bernstein. (Beekman, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1; through May 22.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting May 23.)

Meetings with Remarkable Men—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussions of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal-in-the-wrong-way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. Arthur Miller wrote the screenplay (from a story he'd published in *Esquire*) about contemporary cowboys—"misfits" in the film's symbolism—who hunt down wild horses and sell them to be butchered for dog food. Marilyn Monroe is a lonely, emotionally unstable divorcée who is deeply upset by the men's determination to capture the horses. Monroe had never worked her vulnerability so excessively before; the film has an uncomfortable element of fake psychodrama—she's pushy about her own sensitivity. Clark Gable plays an aging cowhand who falls in love with her, and Montgomery Clift is particularly engaging in the smaller role of a cowhand-rodeo rider with mother troubles. If there is a right tone in which to play the Miller script, the director, John Huston, doesn't find it. Much publicity attended the making of the film (in Nevada); it was plagued by delays caused by Monroe's psychiatric disorders, and these delays, plus the heat and the arduous actions required of him, are widely believed to have caused Gable's heart attack and death just after shooting was finished. At a final cost of four million dollars, it was one of the most expensive black-and-white movies made up to that time. The score is by Alex North; the cinematography is by Russell Mitty. With Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, Kevin McCarthy, Marietta Tree, James Barton, and Estelle Winwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting May 31.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through May 29.)

Nosferatu, the Vampyre—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his ferocious magnetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (10/15/79) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30.)

The Nude Bomb—Don Adams as Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86. Directed by Clive Donner. (Gemini 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through May 22.)

On the Nickel—Some earnest intentions may have gone into this fictionalized excursion among the winos of the Los Angeles skid row, but the movie, which was written and directed by Ralph Waite (who also appears as one of the derelicts) is so gummily sentimental that it only seems to make us party to their further degradation. With Donald Moffat, Penelope Allen (as a gallant bag lady), and Hal Williams. (5/12/80) (Cinema II; through May 29.)

Orchestra Rehearsal—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Art; May 29-31.)

The Panic in Needle Park (1971)—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema Village; May 30-31.)

Perceval (1978)—Directed by Eric Rohmer. In French. (Art; May 27-28.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's celebrated, influential film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Art; May 21.)

Possessed (1947)—" 'I love you' is such an inadequate way of saying I love you," the impassioned Joan Crawford murmurs to her sweetheart (Van Heflin). When Heflin, who is an engineer as well as a coldhearted lady-killer, points out, in a passage of technological ecstasy, that he finds a girder he has devised more beautiful than Miss Crawford, she whimpers, "Why don't you love me like that? I'm a lot nicer than a girder." Heflin can't see it her way, and presently, in despair, she marries Raymond Massey, a big oil man with a lively daughter (Geraldine Brooks). Watching Heflin fall in love with her stepdaughter proves too much for Crawford, who comes down with a case of schizophrenia that really rattles the walls of the Massey homestead. Then psychiatrists take her in tow. In terms of suspense, this picture, directed by Curtis Bernhardt, is often very striking, and, clearly, he and the cast are giving it all they've got. Insanity is used, in the usual forties Hollywood manner, to provide an excuse for high-on-the-hog melodrama; there isn't a trace of believability—that's part of what makes it enjoyable. With Stanley Ridges,

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Moroni Olsen, John Ridgely, and Monte Blue. Cinematography by Joseph Valentine; music by Franz Waxman; art direction by Anton Grot; editing by Rudi Fehr. The script by Silvia Richards and Ranald MacDougall is based on Rita Weiman's "One Man's Secret." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 29.)

The Razor's Edge (1946)—Almost as irresistibly funny and terrible as "The Fountainhead." Tyrone Power plays the Somerset Maugham hero who journeys all the way to India and figures that he has hit upon a mystical bonanza when he hears a bewhiskered yogi murmur. "There is in every one of us a spark of the infinite goodness." Nobody in the film seems to be very agile mentally, from the Chicago débutante (beautiful Gene Tierney) whom the hero leaves behind when he sets out in pursuit of an inscrutable gleam to the girl he almost marries—poor, sad Sophie (Anne Baxter), who has tried to forget the death of her husband and child by surrendering herself to half the male population of the Parisian underworld. There are quantities of Chicago mansions and country clubs, French *bistros* and Indian lamaseries, and thousands of extras to keep the sets from looking bare. The performers move about in a vague, somnambulistic manner befitting a literary masterpiece, especially Herbert Marshall, who plays Maugham himself. Clifton Webb does a high-camp number as an expatriate snob. Edmund Goulding directed. (Regency; May 28-31.)

Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's fuzzy illustrations of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Thalia; May 30-31.)

The Royal Family of Broadway (1931)—Fredric March in one of his best comedy roles—a flamboyant burlesque of great-lover actor John Barrymore. The gossipy, thinly disguised satire of the Barrymore-Drew clan was a Broadway hit in 1927; Herman J. Mankiewicz and Gertrude Purcell adapted (and improved) the Kaufman-Ferber play, and the young George Cukor (co-directing with Cyril Gardner) had the right theatrical instincts for the material. The film presents actors as childishly vain and narcissistic; as Cukor has said, "It represented what people at that time liked to believe about the theatre." The picture is stagebound and awkward, but good fun anyway. As Ethel Barrymore, the expert, sophisticated stage comedienne Ina Claire doesn't come through fully on screen (she did only once—in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"), but some of her legendary technique is in evidence. With Henrietta Crosman as the family matriarch, Frank Conroy, Mary Brian, and the stodgy juvenile Charles Starrett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 28.)

Samurai Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed sword fight. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 27.)

Serial—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. (4/14/80) (72nd Street East; starting May 30.)

The Shining—With Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (Sutton, Loews Orpheum 2, and Criterion Center; starting May 23.)

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Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at the Institute for Advanced Concepts almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Other fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

Sitting Ducks—A very funny movie by Henry Jaglom, starring Michael Emil, Zack Norman, and Patrice Townsend. It claims to be about sex, money, and vitamins, but vitamins are the least of it. (4/21/80) (Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

Soupçon—Married love and some unmarried lovemaking in contemporary Paris, with Jean Carmet and Marie Dubois. Amusingly written and directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, who gained fame with "Cousin, Cousine." In French. (4/21/80) (Baronet.)

Stalag 17 (1953)—In this rowdy comedy about Americans in a German prisoner-of-war camp during the Second World War, William Holden's high-voltage performance as the crafty cynical heel who turns into a hero won him a new popularity, as well as the Academy Award for Best Actor. He had been a sensitive but milder actor before, and even the despairing range he demonstrated in "Sunset Boulevard" hadn't prepared audiences for the edge and distinctively American masculine energy he showed in this role, which is rather like the roles that catapulted Bogart to a new level of stardom in the early forties. The melodramatics of the plot are low-grade, and the material, taken from a play by Donald Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski—two ex-G.I.s who were interned in the actual Stalag 17—is still structured and performed like a play, but the gallows humor is entertaining, despite some rather broad roughhouse effects. Billy Wilder directed and had a hand in the adaptation, and it's a safe bet that he'd taken a long look at "Grand Illusion;" Otto Preminger does an Erich von Stroheim-*Kommandant* number. With Don Taylor, Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Neville Brand, Peter Graves, and Sig Ruman. (Thalia; May 27.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—The combined writing talents of Irwin Shaw and Sidney Buchman resulted in a script about one Leopold Dilg (Cary Grant), a vaguely radical factory worker falsely accused of arson and manslaughter by the management. He breaks jail and is hidden in the home of a vacationing judge (Ronald Colman) by the judge's softhearted, fuzzy-headed landlady (Jean Arthur), who is convinced of Dilg's innocence. The judge takes a more dogmatic, legalistic view, but is persuaded to relax his scruples. Did the authors think they were writing a Shavian comedy of ideas? The ideas are garbled and silly, but the people are so pleasant that the picture manages to be quite amiable and high-spirited anyway. George Stevens directed; with Glenda Farrell, Edgar Buchanan, Rex Ingram, Emma Dunn, and Charles Dingle. (Regency; May 25-27.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part (1974)—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Cinema 3; starting May 23.)

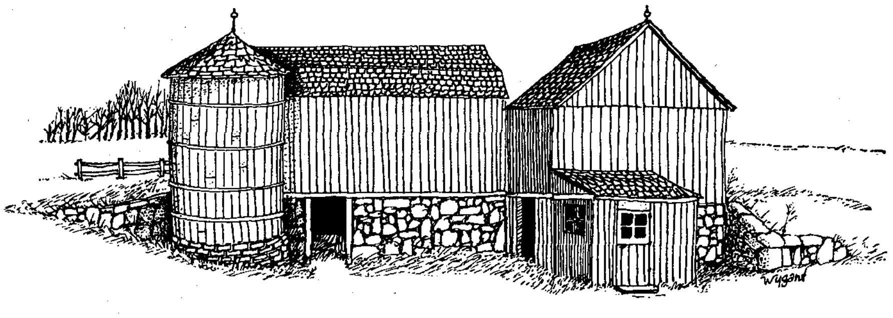
The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema I.)

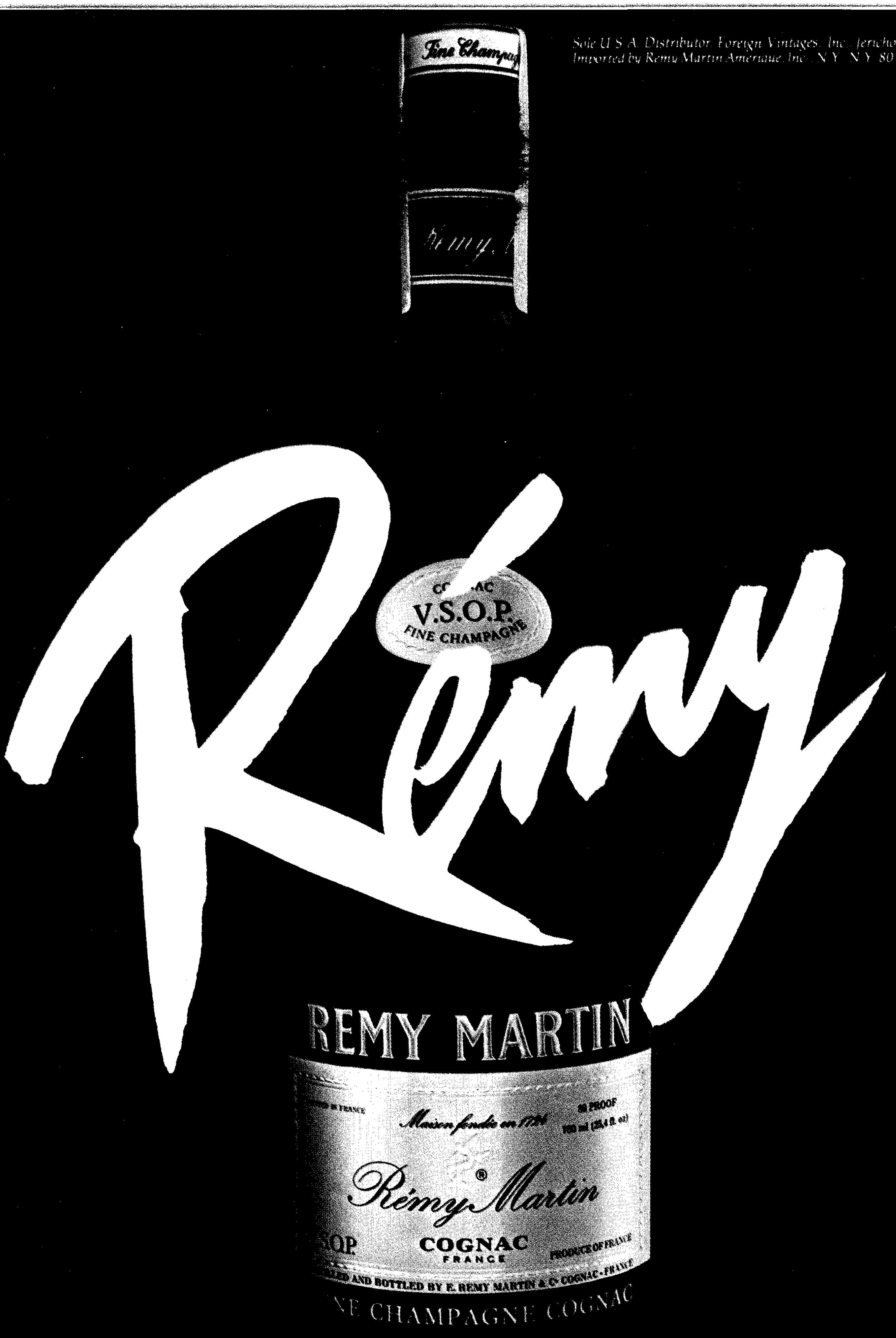
Tom Horn—With Steve McQueen, directed by William Wiard. (R.K.O. 86th St., Paramount, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center; starting May 23.)

Under Milk Wood (1973)—An affectionate and beautiful reading of Dylan Thomas's radio play—a celebration of the originality and eccentricity in "ordinary" life. Andrew Sinclair, who adapted and directed, provides a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; Peter O'Toole is the blind Captain Cat; Elizabeth Taylor is the Captain's lost love Rosie Probert. Also with Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, Sian Phillips, Ann Beach, and Vivien Merchant, in a cast of about seventy. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. The play was already complete in its original form as a radio play—a play for voices. For some of us, it took place nowhere but in the poet's unruly head, and the disembodiment played a part in its glorious windiness. Who could handle the sensations this language produces and take in rich visual imagery, too? The only strong visual images in the movie—some superb dark shots of seals—may, on one level, extend the poetry, but they also add something foreign, because they, too, have a life of their own. The adaptation includes a bit lifted from Thomas's short story "Just Like Little Dogs." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 25.)

Weekend (1968)—Only the title of this extraordinary poetic satire is casual and innocent. The writer-director Jean-Luc Godard has a gift for making the contemporary satiric and fantastic. He begins with just a slight stylization of civilized living now—the people are more adulterous, more nakedly mercenary, touchier. They have weapons, and use them at the slightest provocation, and it seems perfectly logical that they should get into their cars and bang into one another and start piling up on the roads. The traffic jam is a prelude to highways littered with burning cars and corpses. As long as Godard stays with cars as the symbol of bourgeois materialism, the barbarity of these bourgeois—their greed and the self-love they project onto their possessions—is exact and funny. The picture goes much further—sometimes majestically, sometimes with surreal details that suggest an affinity between Godard and Buñuel, sometimes with methods and ideas that miss, badly. There are astonishing passages, such as a bourgeois wife's erotic confession, and a long virtuoso sequence of tracking shots of cars stalled on the highway, with the motorists pressing down with all their might on their car horns, which sound triumphant, like trumpets in Purcell. Though deeply flawed, this film has more depth than any of Godard's earlier work. It's his vision of Hell, and it ranks with the greatest. As a mystical movie, "Weekend" is comparable to Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" and "Shame" and Ichikawa's "Fires on the Plain" and passages of Kurosawa, yet we're hardly aware of the magnitude of the writer-director's conception until after we are caught up in the comedy of horror, which keeps going further and further and becoming more nearly inescapable, like "Journey to the End of the Night." With Mireille Darc and Jean Yanne. Score by Antoine Duhamel. In French. (Art; May 22-24.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

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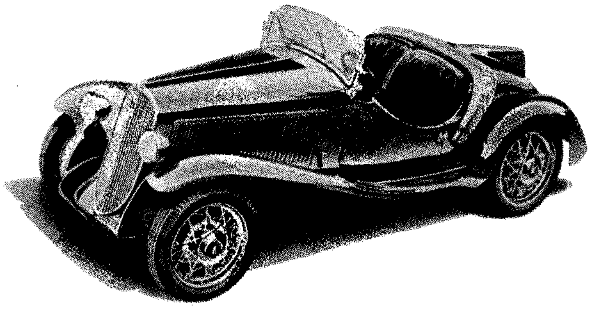

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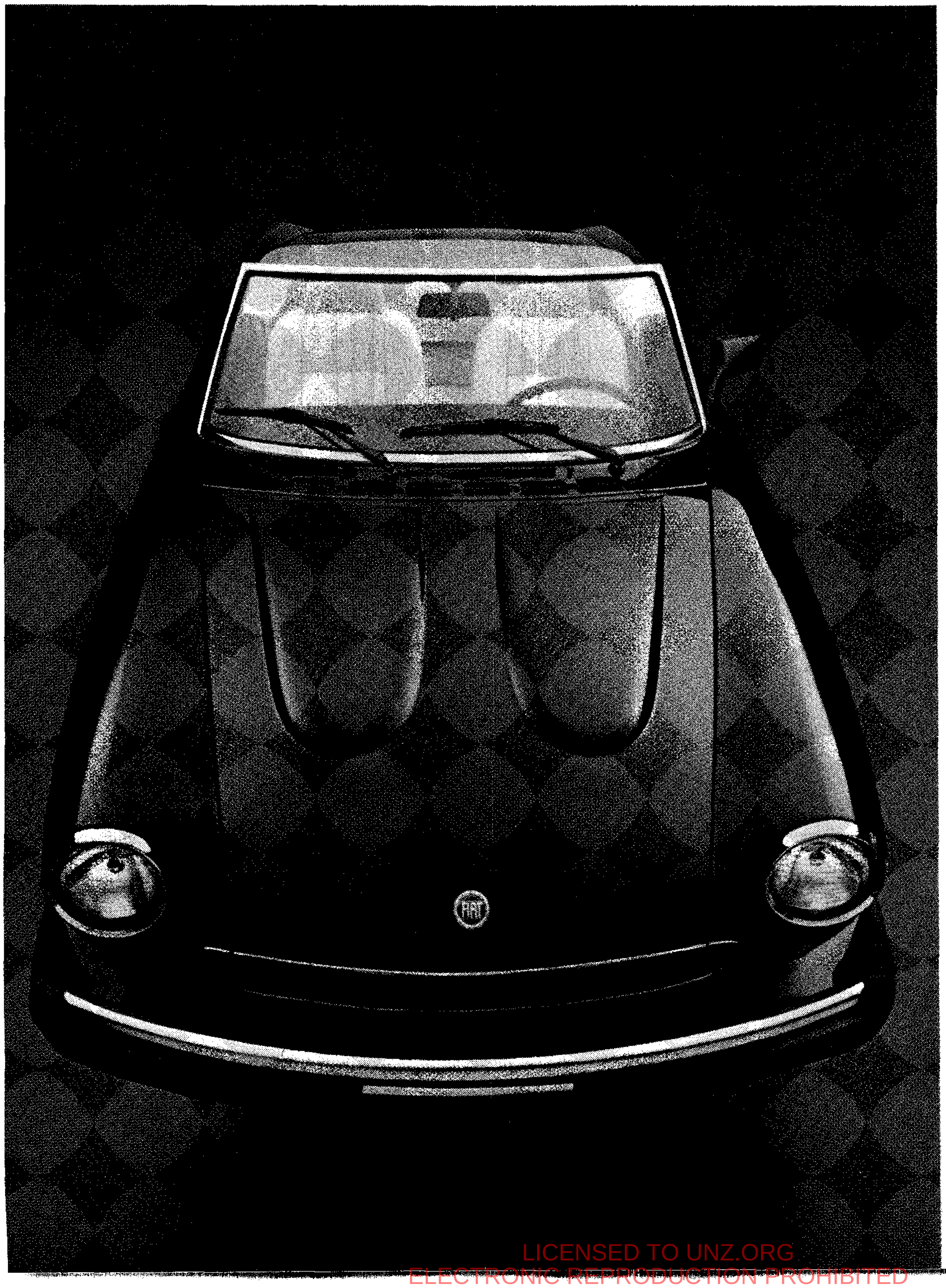

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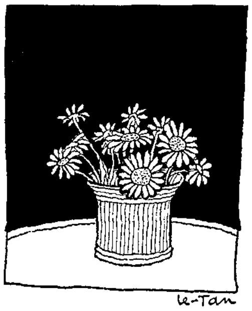
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the pleasures of spring, especially sharp after the confinement of winter, is sitting outside in the early evening, absorbing the beauties of nature while sipping a drink and nibbling cheese. Last week, we were doing just that on a hillside porch overlooking a narrow estuary neither near New York nor far from it. As the light turned rosy on the water, our host and hostess told us about the herons, egrets, and Canada geese that stop off in the estuary on their way north, and pointed out the swans and ducks that are permanent residents. Through the new foliage we could also see the houses on the opposite shore—structures of various sizes with interlocking lawns: a placid settlement that looked across at us with an air of contentment matching our own. If we remarked on the peacefulness of the scene a trifle monotonously, it was because our sense of bucolic serenity was so novel. A touch of human interest was added by a young man on the road along the shore below who was trying to make his motorcycle go. He would push the unwieldy vehicle down a slight slope, causing the motor to turn over in a reluctant, unpromising way, then jump on the bike, whereupon the motor would die and he would sit for a few seconds in a dejected posture before pushing it up the slope for another try. He lived nearby, we learned, and went through this every evening. As his efforts seemed ever more hopeless, we became ever more keenly aware of the ecstasy it would be for him if by some miracle the motor started. The benign adult irony with which we observed this spectacle of adolescent dream and frustration completed the enveloping complacency of our mood.

Then, slowly but irrevocably, the rocking chair in which our host was seated started to collapse, splintering into pieces as it went, until he lay on the floor amid kindling wood. Unharmed but shaken, he struggled to his feet. "It was a rocking chair," he said protestingly. "I leaned back." With his eyes on the ruined chair, he let the raincoat that he had been wearing across his shoulders fall over the railing of the porch, where it landed behind a dense hedge. As he picked up the remains of the chair, his wife scrambled beneath the hedge to retrieve the raincoat. He went into the house with the wreckage. We found another chair on the porch for our host, he returned from the house, his wife came up from under the hedge, and just as we were all about to sit down again, a shot rang out. It was unmistakably a shot from a gun. It came from the populated opposite shore. There was no explanation for it. Gazing in that direction, we all stood immobile, in the manner of wild animals who have been alerted to danger. The ducks, on the other hand, were undisturbed. Meanwhile, the young man once again started down the slope with his motorcycle. This time, the motor caught. With a roar, he was off, and he was soon out of sight—though without his helmet, which he had removed in the course of his efforts, and which now sat abandoned on the edge of the road. "He left his helmet behind," we said. The party chuckled. Another shot rang out. The party moved inside.

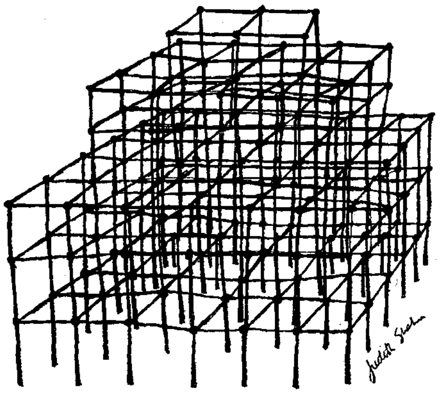


EARLY maps of North America, with their pliant shapes and tenderly felt coastlines, with their little fringes of place names along the edges of the continent and their vast, empty interiors, remind us of how far up the centuries the fog bank of prehistory reaches in our country. They remind us that America is a place to which people came, a place whose only antiquity is the primeval forest. Often on these maps there are drawings of ships plying the blue oceans around the continent, and the ships make the oceans seem like more civilized, hospitable, and known places than the great, blank, speculatively conjured mass of land, in which the most clearly delineated shapes are the waterways. The ships give an impression of America as a place perceived from the outside, a huge secret in an extended process of discovery. Although we have long since learned to draw scientifically accurate maps of the land, although we have long since given names to even its tiniest and its most secretive parts, there is a sense in which we must constantly rediscover our country. For its short life, our country has continued to be a place to which people come, and, coming, change what is here, while at the same time changing themselves. The immigration of people to America from all over the world, with its long and far-reaching effects upon our cultural map, has been for us a way of being. This changingness has been our substitute for the antiquity we lack—a counter-tradition, based upon philosophical beliefs that were designed to rectify the rigidity and inequity of older orders—and so at any given point in our history our attitude toward immigration has a much greater significance for us than that of most Old World countries has for them.

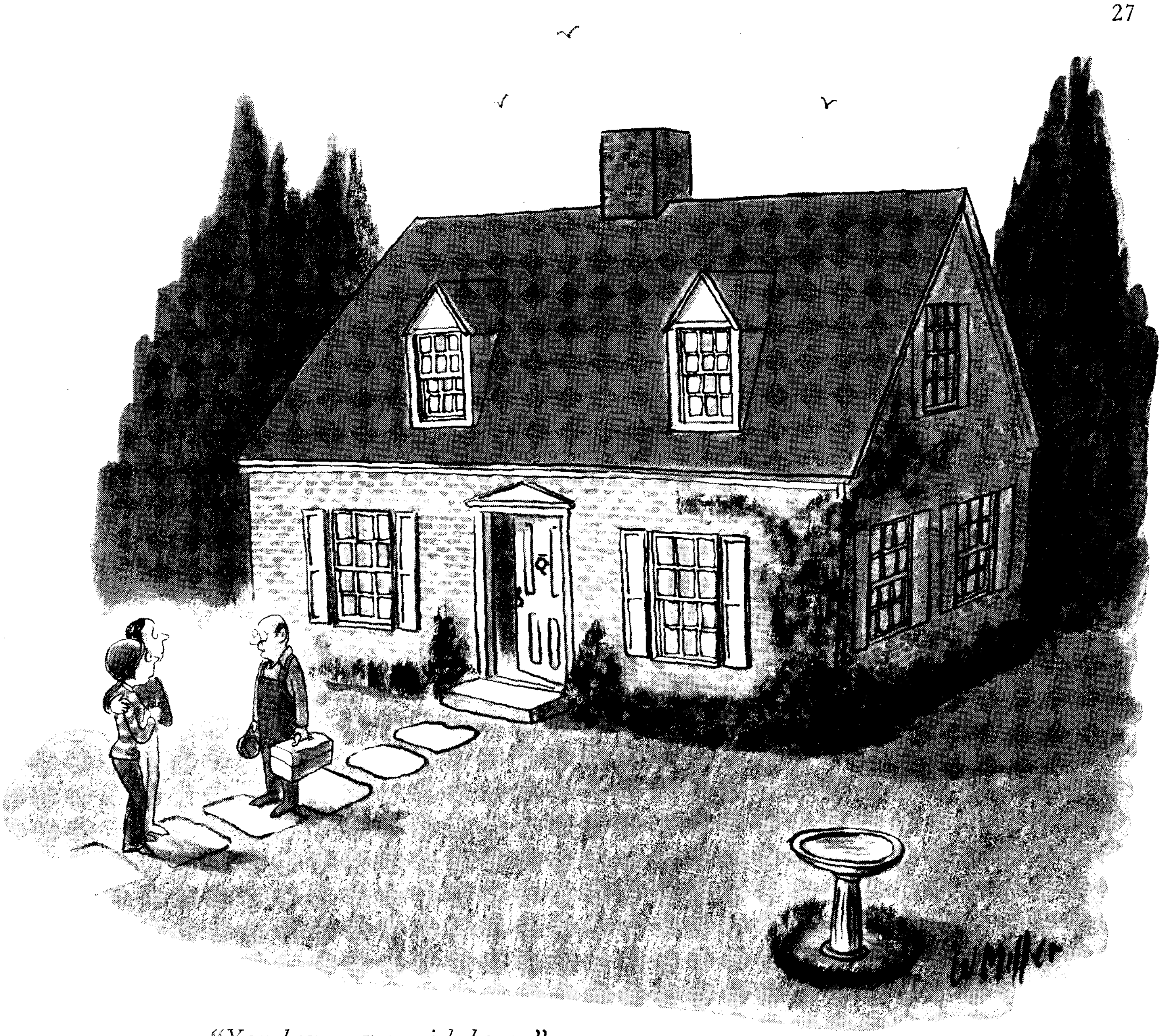
Now our erstwhile wilderness, which was once both forbidding and inviting in its emptiness, has become a fortress, within which a large population has achieved such a high standard of living that in order to maintain the standard it must consume resources in the world beyond and at the same time keep out the millions of people in the world beyond who would like to come in and share the prosperity. The primary reason for our highly restrictive policy on immigration is the certainty that unrestricted immigration would simply destroy our way of life: inundated by poor people whom the economy could not absorb, the country would itself sink into poverty and thus provide prosperity for no one. But even if this did not happen, even if we opened our doors and, miraculously, the masses of newcomers were successfully integrated into our economy and became prosperous, too, it is probable that the resulting growth would put such a strain on the Earth that the planet would quickly become, ecologically and in terms of natural resources, burned out. Since we would not be able to absorb the newcomers in the first place, this hypothesis has little practical meaning—it only puts our wildly inequitable use of the world's resources in perspective. Despite the essentially fortresslike character of our present policy, however, we remain sensitive to questions of immigration in a way that other nations are not. The sensitivity is given paradoxical forms of expression: sometimes it spurs us to spontaneous gestures of welcoming generosity, and at other times it provokes excessively defensive, jealous, and xenophobic reactions.

The most recent reminder of our confusions about immigration is the thousands of refugees who in the last month fled Cuba for Florida. In an unprecedented spectacle, large numbers of Americans set out in small boats for a foreign country to fetch people who wanted to leave it, and brought them back to the United States, illegally, yet often with actual aid, however indirect, from our government, and with reasonable certainty that the government would allow the fugitives to stay. At the same time, thousands of Haitians, also entering the United States illegally in small boats, were greeted by the government with efforts to deport them. The difference between the two sets of would-be immigrants is that the Cubans were looked upon as political refugees, whereas the Haitians were regarded as falling into that large group of people from the Caribbean, Mexico, and South America who leave their countries to escape from poverty, and whom we tend to refer to as "illegal aliens." The split in our attitude toward the two categories is not at all new, but rarely have we been presented with such stark side-by-side manifestations of the contradiction.

The pattern of acceptance of certain types of political refugees formed over the last few decades. It started in 1956, when we admitted forty thousand Hungarians who fled their country after the Hungarian revolution failed; it was continued in 1962, when we admitted six hundred thousand Cubans who fled their country after the Cuban revolution succeeded; and last year, with the acceptance of what may turn out to be half a million Southeast Asians in flight from one of the most brutal and chaotic situations in living memory, the pattern became established. Our openness to political refugees reflects the generous side of our nature. In sending the Navy out to scour the South Pacific for fugitives, for example, we made a strong statement against political oppression, and of belief in the value of every human life. Also, in doing so, we declared to the world our willingness to take the risk of inviting large numbers of very foreign people into our midst. We declared that our common humanity is a reality more powerful than our cultural and racial differences; and our declaration stood in stark contrast to the racial self-protectiveness of countries like Australia and Japan. There is another dimension to this impulse, however. The pattern of taking in political refugees has developed in the period of the Cold War and détente. It comes into play in situations in which the refugees are victims of the gulf between our idealistic vision of ourselves and our pragmatic approach to world politics. We had led both the Hungarians and the Cubans of the first exodus to believe that we would back them in their crusades, but at the critical moment, in order to avoid a confrontation with the Soviet Union, we had let them down. By the end of the Vietnam War, we had few remaining illusions about the nobility of our motives, but, as in the Hungarian and Cuban episodes of the fifties and sixties, helping more recent victims of our policy has enabled us to redeem a portion of our self-respect. It has enabled us to recapture a little bit of that old feeling of the United States as a good nation, pure in its motives, committed to the ideal of freedom, and a haven for the persecuted, as it was in its earliest days. When situations arise in which we are not particularly guilty, we are far less likely to be moved. We shed few tears for the many people who are dispossessed for political reasons in Africa, for example. We feel no need to invite them into our country. Up to now, the admission of political refugees has been improvisatory, but a new law has been passed that formally gives the President the power and the funds to admit fifty thousand political refugees a year, and more with the consent of Congress. The new law expresses the expectation that in the unstable world of the late twentieth century situations are likely to arise regularly in which large numbers of people become political refugees—people for whose condition the United States in some way feels responsible. This, too, says something about who we have become.



As for the other set of immigrants, the very term by which they are so often known—"illegal aliens"—conveys, with its negative overtones, the utterly different quality of the American attitude toward them. Even though many of them are in fact legal residents and, having been here for years, could hardly be called alien—surely not more alien than the people whom we have lately welcomed—the people who come here from the lands to the south of us seem to be lumped together in the public mind as a single dark, parasitic growth upon our society. This attitude also fits into a historical pattern—a much longer-standing pattern, of prejudice against immigrants who come to America for economic rather than political or religious reasons. A desire to escape from poverty seems to be associated in the American mind with an inferior, or even sinister and predatory, sort of person—despite the fact that the experience of previous economic refugees (who suffered the effects of the very same pattern) has become conventional material for heroic sagas in books and movies and television shows. The immigrants from Haiti, Mexico, and other impoverished nations to the south of us are no different from these earlier groups. For the sake of their families' future, they are willing to work desperately hard, for very low pay, all their lives. The added perils of illegal entry and subsequent illegal status which many of them must endure create a process of selection whereby the ones who are willing to brave these obstacles are the most ambitious and persevering of the aspirants. Further, not only do they fill jobs that most Americans won't take but, it has been estimated, they con-



"You have a very sick house."

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tribute far more to the government in taxes than they draw from it in benefits. Yet they enjoy neither identification with those groups whose trials have become the stuff of a great American myth nor even a grudging acknowledgment that they actually contribute something we need in our economy—let alone an acknowledgment that they also bring to our country the kind of nerve and stamina we like to applaud in our ancestors, or that their addition of a Latin tone is an enrichment of our proudly acclaimed cultural bouillabaisse. In fact, the "respectable" case against Latin-American immigration centers on the immigrants' tendency to retain cultural traits, including their language. This, it is argued, will undermine our political system, which works only because Americans enjoy a common heritage. If this were so, our system would have broken down completely long, long ago.

The argument against immigration on the basis of cultural differences is not a new one, although in its previous form it was overtly racist. When, in the twenties, we first adopted a highly restrictive policy, we did so partly because people believed that European genes carried a special, equality-loving trait, and that if our country were swamped by the genes of non-European peoples—genes that were unequal in not bearing a love of equality—our equality-loving political system would break down. And it was argued then, too, that the new immigrants were inferior to the ancestors of Anglo-Saxon Americans because they came here for economic rather than political or religious reasons. These beliefs found expression in a system of selecting immigrants according to nationalities that were considered genetically attractive (German, Scandinavian, English), and this system remained in effect until 1965, when it was finally replaced by a hemisphere quota, which in 1978 was replaced by a world quota—albeit a small one, since by that time our economic reasons for restriction had become compelling. Yet the change in policy, though it represented a repudiation of a racist philosophy, did not really replace that philosophy with a new, well-thought-out, consistent attitude toward immigration in general. What we have ended up with, then, is an over-all policy that is still improvisatory, ever re-created by the politics of the moment—by the surge of public feeling for the Southeast Asians, for example, or the mixture of antagonism and readiness to engage in exploitation which has produced our half-vigilant, half-lax policy toward the immigrants from Latin America. Without a clear philosophy behind it, our policy is vulnerable to the often violent and opposite vagaries of American feeling about immigration: its improvisatory character reflects the unresolved conflicts within us—our generosity versus our instinct to hoard, our belief in equality versus our xenophobia, our identity as passionate defenders of democracy versus the strong prejudices that reveal how shaky that identity, at times, can be.

Economic realities dictate that we cannot open our doors to the world without restriction; but we can and do admit far more immigrants than the two hundred and ninety thousand a year allowed by our current law. Though there has been no formal proclamation, the United States is slipping into a new chapter in the story of immigration to this country: one dominated by Latin-American and Oriental peoples, whose special gifts and qualities—whatever our xenophobic opinion at the moment—will in time, no doubt, become an integral part of the American cultural flavor, just as the special gifts and qualities of other groups have in the past. And economic realities, while they do impose some degree of restraint, also press for a loosening of restraints. Drawing back from twentieth-century America in order to discover its current identity in relation to the rest of the world, one is struck first of all by our country's extraordinary economic privilege. We and the people in the world beyond us are becoming ever more conscious of the contrast between our way of life and that of most of humanity, and ever more aware that this state of affairs is untenable and cannot last. In the next fifty years or so, we will have to alter our assumption that our disproportionate prosperity is an unquestionable right; and a less self-protective attitude toward immigration—especially toward economic immigrants—is a small but natural area in which this alteration can be partly effected. In the meantime, the only possible way to rationalize our advantage is to remember that we are a nation built by many peoples of the world—a nation that has been willing (with marked deviations) to take the risk of change entailed in accepting large numbers of immigrants, to take the risk of acting upon our stated belief in universal human worth. If we lose the willingness to take even such comparatively small risks as we are faced with today, we lose one of the justifications for our existence.

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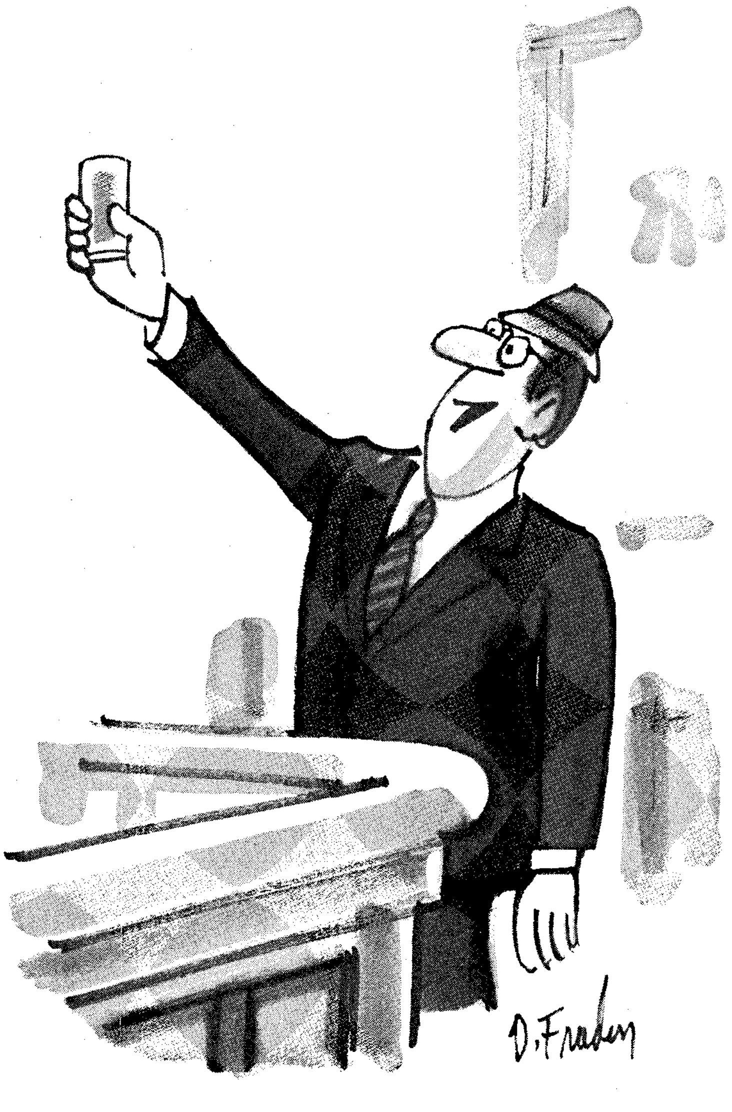
Conference

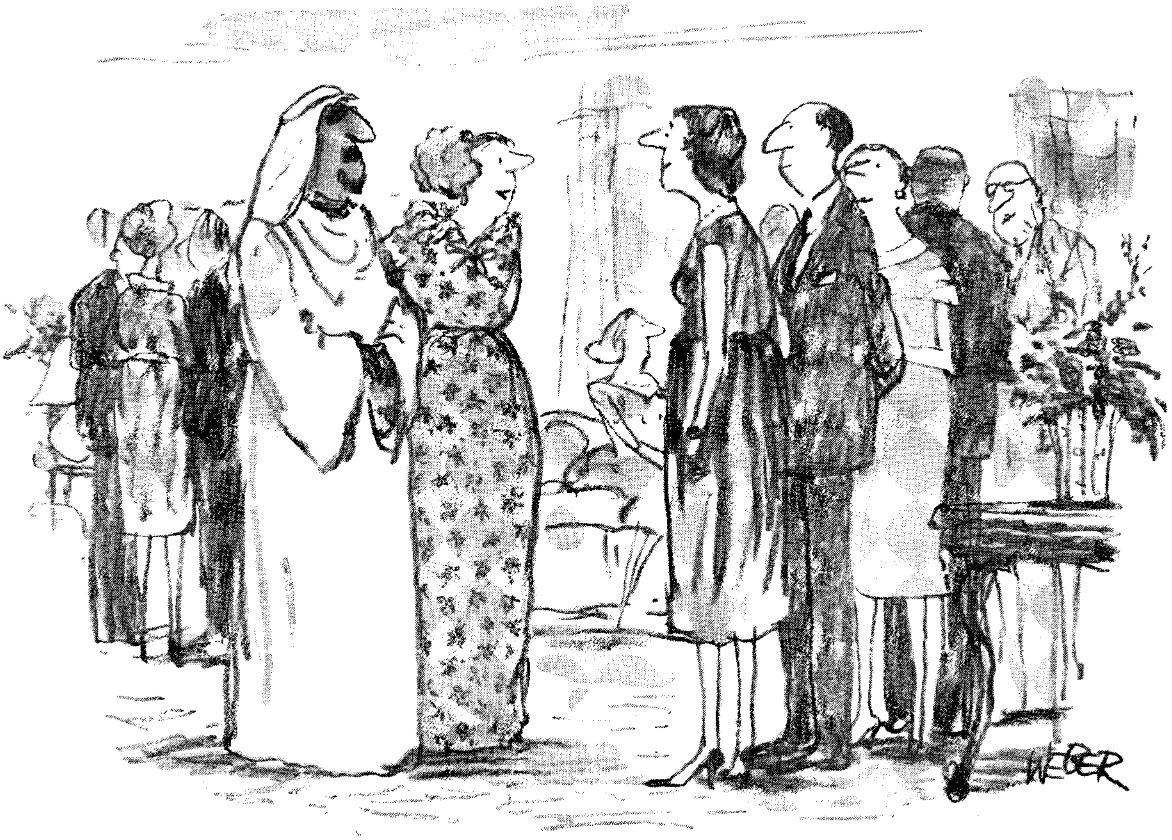
CAN scientists speak to apes? Can apes speak to other apes? Can scientists speak to other scientists? In our opinion, the jury is still out on all three questions. Our "data base," to use one of the scientists' own phrases, was a three-day conference entitled "The Clever Hans Phenomenon: Communication with Horses, Whales, Apes, and People," which was recently held at the Roosevelt Hotel under the auspices of the New York Academy of Sciences.

There is no question that the subject of interspecies communication—palaver between people and other mammals—arouses fierce emotions in normally cool-minded observers. Behind the emotion lies what might be termed the unfinished business of the Great Evolution Debate that began with the publication of Darwin's "The Origin of Species," in 1859; namely, just how close are we to our cousins the apes? In the view of many people, it is precisely the acquisition and elaboration of language that set *Homo sapiens* apart—not quite up there with the angels, perhaps, but hardly in the same grunt-and-screech league as our fellow-primates. Other people find a sense of comfort, a speculative antidote to alienation, in the thought that we may someday teach enough language to chimpanzees or gorillas to have a conversation with them about the meaning of life. To anyone who dabbles in these matters, the history of science offers one classic cautionary tale—the story of Clever Hans, a famous stallion who amazed the savants of Europe around the turn of the century by his apparent ability to solve mathematical problems and chat with his owner, a German schoolteacher named Wilhelm von Osten. Hans "spoke" by tapping a front hoof on a wooden board; von Osten had assigned a number to each letter of the alphabet, and, using this code, Hans had no trouble tapping out words, and even sentences (in German, of course), in response to questions posed by his owner or other people. Skeptics were confounded until a young psychologist named Oskar Pfungst discovered the truth: Through inadvertent head and body movements, the questioners themselves were cuing Hans to stop tapping at the right moment. If a correct answer required four taps, the person would unwittingly cock his head in anticipation after the third tap and relax slightly after the fourth. Clever Hans responded to these subtle shifts in posture by tapping no more. While this certainly demonstrated great powers of observation on the part of the horse, it required no more intelligence than dogs exhibit when they roll over or sit up in response to a hand or voice signal. Yet von Osten was apparently no fraud; he was simply unaware of the cues that



"To the new chairman of the board—Luciano Pavarotti!"

he had unintentionally trained the horse to respond to. Indeed, he never accepted this explanation, even after Pfungst proved that Clever Hans could be "fooled" consistently when the person standing in front of him did not know the right answer. Pfungst had reason to sympathize with von Osten's confusion: the young investigator found that he himself could not help cuing Clever Hans' responses, no matter how much will power he exerted. The moral of this tale—for psychologists, at least—is that you can't be too suspicious. Two creatures who seem to be communicating with each other may simply be responding to each other's nonverbal cues. As a starting point for a conference on communication, "the Clever Hans phenomenon" might seem to be ideal. The trouble is, once you start looking for Clever Hans you can find him almost anywhere—even among scientists discussing the Clever Hans phenomenon.



"Mr. Hashmi is an Arab."

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For example, the principal organizer of the conference was Thomas A. Sebeok, director of the Research Center for Language and Semiotic Studies at Indiana University. Dr. Sebeok is an outspoken, not to say vituperative, critic of ape-language studies. Not surprisingly, many of the leading researchers in the ape-language field took Dr. Sebeok's role in the conference as a nonverbal signal that the meeting would be stacked against them, and therefore turned down invitations to attend. R. Allen and Beatrice T. Gardner, who spend their time at the University of Nevada in Reno trying to teach American Sign Language to chimpanzees, agreed to come, but when they got a look at the printed program they backed out. Duane M. Rumbaugh, of George State University in Atlanta, and Sue Savage-Rumbaugh, of the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center, also in Atlanta, did show up. The Rumbaughs use computer consoles to try to teach an artificially constructed symbolic language—called Yerkish—to chimpanzees, and they recently claimed success in an experiment that required one chimp to tell another, using only Yerkish, how to retrieve a favorite food from a sealed container. Appearing on a panel chaired by Dr. Sebeok, Dr. Rumbaugh kept referring jocularly to Dr. Sebeok as "my brother," but his face was pale when he spoke, and he did not smile; and Dr. Savage-Rumbaugh's voice trembled as she sought to refute, point by point, the objections that Dr. Sebeok had raised against their work. Both Rumbaughs publicly deplored the fact that Dr. Sebeok had never accepted their invitation to come to Atlanta to see their chimps for himself. Dr. Sebeok replied that he would visit their lab only if they agreed to certain "conditions," which included permission to interview all their present and former employees, among them those "who have been fired for insubordination." Since neither side seemed to be paying any attention to the other's scientific arguments—there were repeated references to "total ignorance" and "lying"—we wondered if narrowing communication to the issue of the invitation would reveal any point of contact. After the panel, we asked Dr. Savage-Rumbaugh if she would be willing to meet Dr. Sebeok's conditions, and she said that he had never even mentioned them before this conference. When we asked Dr. Sebeok why he had never mentioned these conditions to the Rumbaughs, he replied that they had never even invited him.

The tone of the rest of the conference was summed up by a participant who said that "the tide had turned" against the ape-language studies. The various investigators in the field were more critical of each other than any outsider; many of the earlier, more provocative claims had been retracted by prominent researchers, like David Premack, of the University of Pennsylvania; and while just a few years ago most people believed in the possibility of exciting breakthroughs, skepticism was now the order of the day. We might have been more impressed by this consensus if we had not noticed that Dr. Sebeok and his co-chairman, Robert Rosenthal, of Harvard University (who is interested in the kinds of things that can make an experiment go wrong), had invited to the conference—in addition to animal psychologists—experts in the psychology of lying and self-deception, debunkers of psychic research, an authority on the placebo effect in medicine, and several people who specialize in the study of self-fulfilling prophecies in science, which refers to experimenters who manage to find whatever they are looking for, even if it isn't there. In retrospect, the most illuminating example of the Clever Hans phenomenon may have come at the beginning

Sweethearts Since Childhood

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of the conference, when Dr. Heini Hediger, of the University of Zurich, an authority on the psychology of zoo animals, gave the opening address. Dr. Hediger, who speaks with a strong German accent, expressed serious doubts about the language capacities of apes. During the discussion period at the end of his talk, he admitted that he could not understand some of the questions from the floor, and these he simply passed by. It soon became apparent—at least to us—that Dr. Hediger had much more trouble comprehending people who disagreed with his position than he had with people whose views closely matched his own.

Barbie's Birthday

THE occasion: The twenty-first birthday of the Barbie Doll.

The event: A fashion show of twenty-one life-size Barbie Doll outfits.

The place: Hurrah, a rock-and-roll disco.

The time: 9 P.M.

The scene: A room outlined with wall-length mirrors and slashed diagonally at the far end by a red-carpeted runway. Gray metal folding chairs on one side, for invited guests; gray banquettes and standing room on the other side, for paying customers. The invited guests included fashion coördinators and buyers from the major department stores, designers, press, slim young men in tailored tuxedos. The paying customers included many young women in their twenties. Elite Model agency girls were dressed in Barbie outfits that looked like Audrey Hepburn's movie wardrobe of the nineteen-sixties. Some invited guests found this funny. The show was videotaped.

Backstage: A young man named William Lively, who looked like a young Ray Bolger with a Ron Duguay haircut, checking off the models' assignments. "Now, who is doing Barbecue Barbie and who is doing Fashion Editor? If you do American Airlines Stewardess, then she's got to do Friday Night Date." He also choreographed Ballerina Barbie's variation to accompany a disco version of "Swan Lake." He squatted in the midst of four models. "O.K., kids," he said, pencil poised.

The models: "Who's Ken?"... "Some guy I don't know."... "He only makes a brief appearance."

The designer: A young man named Timothy Dunleavy, medium height, partly bald, soft-spoken, from the North Carolina School of the Arts. "It's really an incredible directional thing. All these sixties things coming back. Big, wide bateau collars, Balenciaga cowls, a tailored look, pegs at the waist and the bust, draped shoulders. Some of the Barbie outfits look new, don't they? They're not. They are precise copies. I made the proportions a little more dollish, maybe. I sewed rhinestones onto Ballerina Barbie's tutu, and I painted the fabric on the Gay Parisienne dress to re-create the original print. The original Barbie pieces were knockoffs of Paris originals, you know. That's why these clothes are so exciting. Their silhouettes are pure, they have such a sense of style. What a tiny reality! I think Barbie Dolls mirror an era of Americana—it might have been Paris-inspired, but it had American vitality."

A Barbie Doll collector who brought her pieces for display: A tall and thin blond woman named Sara, who was accompanied by her boyfriend, a bleach blond with a black eyepatch, named Spacely. "I have a lot of the pieces now. The clothes, the accessories, the Dream House, even Midge, who was Barbie's friend, and Allan, who was Ken's friend until they discontinued him. But I don't have my childhood collection. I gave it away, because I was into the Rolling Stones and I didn't need Barbie anymore."

A mother who was taken to the show by her daughter: "I remember some of the dresses. I remember that black mermaid dress. Solo in the Spotlight, it was called. It cost five dollars to buy that one. I remember that. I don't know what people here are laughing about. Do they think these clothes look weird? I remember that look very well. The people in the audience look weirder to me."

Two people who were sitting next to the mom: A middle-aged woman with a shaved head and heavy gold earrings, and a young man with plastered hair, a Ronald Colman mustache, and a leopard-print tunic worn over a toreador shirt and high-waisted pants. And Bass Weejuns.

A Barbie Doll enthusiast: A young woman named Wendy Ginsberg, who recalled every Barbie outfit on the program. "This is where my interest in clothes came from. Barbie was my first sophisticated doll. The fabrics they used for this show are very similar to the originals, and they were careful about the details. The Fashion Editor really had that Jackie Kennedy look, and did you see the Brownie camera the model held? That came with that outfit. The Sweater Girl actually came with that basket and three balls of colored wool. The Solo in the Spotlight girl was missing her little microphone and pink scarf, though. The Gay Parisienne bubble dresses looked wonderful. They didn't do Registered Nurse. Wasn't it great when Ken came out at the end and Barbie was in her wedding dress? Actually, I think Barbie Dolls represented my first female role models. Barbie was all the things a woman could be."

CALL ME RALPH

July 10, 1850

WITH great joy I record herein that the ink is now drying upon the fair copy of my final page—"And I only am escaped to tell thee"—and that presently I shall pack up the manuscript entire and sally out to the Pittsfield post office, whence my book journeys to the good city of old Manhatto & the offices of one Mr. Craighead, my esteemed publisher! This portrait upon which I have so long labored will, I warrant, hit the mark with some degree of exactness. Mr. C. has promised to remit payment promptly upon receipt of the manuscript, as ours is a standard agreement and he is aware that I have no money in my purse. What delight & satisfaction to earn one's bread thus—and more books are soon to flower, as I have set down only a trillionth part of what I wish to write!

July 23

A letter from Mr. Craighead proclaims his enthusiasm—"Let us enjoy a midday repast together"—and notes that he has given the manuscript over to his attorney-at-law, a Mr. Duncan. Perhaps Mr. D. is a lover of sea romances. No cheque enclosed—thanks due, most likely, to a forgetful subaltern. However, my wife has persuaded various of the town merchants of my imminent success, thus securing a temporary furtherance of credit.

July 30

A missive from Mr. Duncan, Esq., informing me that in light of a recent decision of our nation's great Supreme Court, a decision whose result is that the most fictitious of fiction may now be considered defamatory, my manuscript must undergo "a few emendations." He has engaged a clerk for the purpose of discovering amongst my words those few which may be deemed libellous.

Wrote Mr. Craighead inquiring whither my cheque. Some trouble with eyestrain, as I have pawned my pince-nez.

August 12

Have been forced to conceal my person in the cellar to-day, as creditors have begun to call at all hours & I would fain not greet them empty-handed. But from Craighead the news that I have only to set forth the requisite changes & all contingencies of the case shall be met, etc., etc., & a cheque dispatched by the very next post.

From the diligent clerk of the firm of Duncan, Esq., comes a citation of several items. Quite by coincidence, there is, it seems, a rather litigious retired seaman named Ismail Tarbosch now living on Nantucket. At the clerk's behest, I am to change my narrator's name to "Ralph." Made this correction throughout my copy today.

August 20

No fewer than four innkeepers named Coffin in various New England whaling ports will be able to show severe damage to their livelihoods if my description of the be-smoked & dilapidated Spouter-Inn is published, and thus Duncan bids me alter the location of same to "St. Petersburg." Have written Craighead: "Your Mr. Duncan is a madman; I know nothing of the Russian whale fishery."

August 22

A billet from Craighead: "Enamored of your new opening. Let us break bread together posthaste." He courteously warns that if my alterations are not received immediately, publication will have to be postponed.

August 29

Clarification from Duncan: "I meant St. Petersburg, *Florida*."

August 30

Misgivings have begun to obtrude upon my usually undistrustful good nature. News has reached me that the singular "Khan of the plank," on whom I modelled my Captain, is not only still breathing but his son-in-law, a barrister, has seen fit to pay a call on Mr. Craighead. I have assured C. & Duncan that the personage in my romance bears naught but a purely fanciful resemblance to that overbearing, willful monomaniac.

Meanwhile, I am told by the ever-industrious law clerk that there are actual craft afloat named the Piqued, the Piquet, & the Hon. P. Codd, & that their lineaments conform too closely to those ascribed to my own noble, melancholy vessel. Thus, the commerce of these ships might well be injured if a prospective investor were to attribute to them what the clerk calls the "shoddy manufacture & maintenance" of my creation. He has acquired an assistant, who adds a postscript: "Why not change it to the Peapod? No seagoing ships registered in that name."

Again have I petitioned Craighead for an advance on the monies due me, but thus far have received no reply. 'Tis enough to drive a nervous man to distraction.

September 12

Forcefully worded briefs from Messrs. Craighead & Duncan: Under no circumstances may my moody, stricken Captain be portrayed as an adult male with a peg leg carved from the jawbone of a whale. Furthermore, I am to eschew all mention of his origins, his relations, his idiosyncrasies, & his profession, and am particularly enjoined from reporting that he has "been in colleges, as well as 'mong cannibals."

Nothing will content these pettifoggers but that I chase to the extremest limit. I am resigned: there is naught for it but to undertake a complete revision.

Craighead adds that I must certainly join him for "a small libation upon settlement of these trivial considerations."

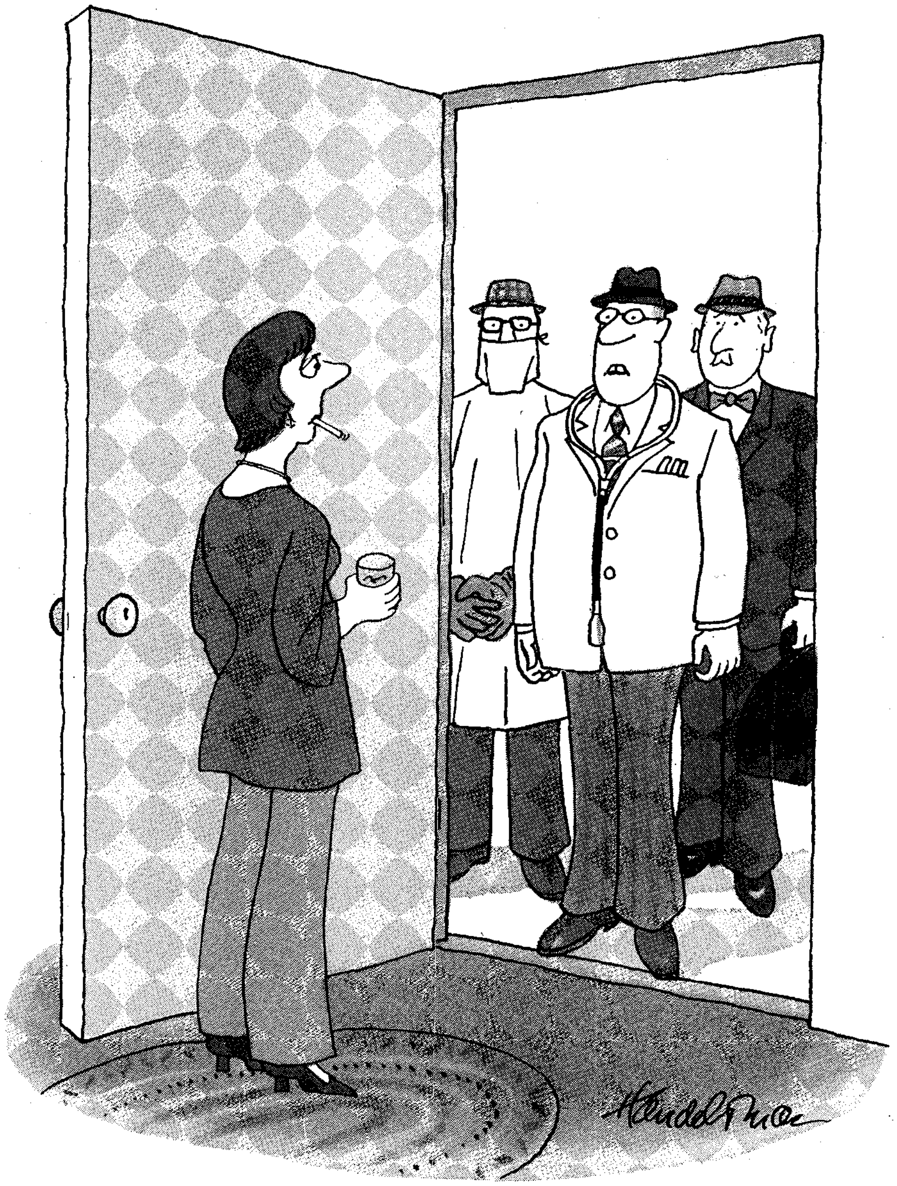
My everlastingly patient wife has been forced to sell her fichu.

September 28

With dolorous industry and weakening eyesight, I continue my toilsome pen labor in this dank cellar, attempting to console myself with the prospect of rapidly completing the revision and collecting payment, though my letters to Craighead go unacknowledged.

October 12

Letter from Duncan's indefatigable lackey: "My dear sir, there is no small number of whaling seamen in the American whale fishery, and in addition there is a vaster number of relatives of deceased whalemen, so that I am compelled to advise you that in order to avoid a suit by an entire class of nautical persons, you must eliminate from your text the first, second, and third mates, as well as all the harpooners, foreign-born and otherwise. Our best protection would be for you to delete references to the crew alto-



"We're from the A.M.A., Mrs. Schlecker. We have been given to understand that you are not taking proper care of yourself."

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gether and set the adventure at a considerable remove from any seagoing population."

OCTOBER 30

Toiling nigh twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four for two weeks entire, I have succeeded in rewriting nearly half my book. I mean to give the truth of the thing, in spite of all.

My dear wife had to sell cordwood she had split for our winter's supply. But if I continue at this rate I shall write "FINIS" before the first snowfall and thereupon receive my "ounce of gold."

NOVEMBER 5

Duncan's lascar has hired him a second myrmidon who apprises me of a new discovery: "Most passages of dialogue are clearly actionable. Please remove or put into Scottish dialect." This much shall I oblige and no more. I have made a multitude of concessions to these scurvy oakum-pickers. But never, never, never shall I abandon my great white whale. Thank God cetaceans are unschooled in matters of the law.

To-day we burned the anti-macassars to keep warm.

JANUARY 25, 1851

Near to dawn, with trembling hand, I scrawled the final lines. "And I only am escaped to allege to thee." I now prepare to leave the cellar & trudge through the high drifts to the post office with this many-paged tribulation.

My wife has hired herself out as a bootblack. But with the cheque soon to be in the post, our miserable plight shall end forthwith.

MARCH 23

From Craighead not a word. My book has disappeared into the maw of Babylonish New-York without a trace. Perhaps the postal service has ceased to function. I am wearied by the long delay & wasting anxieties.

APRIL 6

I have taken employ in a Pittsfield hassock factory making tucks in chenille upholstery.

JUNE 10

At last a response from Craighead—or, to be accurate, from an assistant clerk, one Miss Radcliffe: "While there are many interesting things in your ms., I am sorry to report that we felt that the story of a neurasthenic youth with water on the knee who pursues a white whale over the Great Salt Lake in a rowboat whilst soliloquizing in Scottish dialect would probably appeal to but a few. And I might add, if you will be kind enough to pardon my being so forward and forthright, that your style is altogether too agitated and bombastic for my taste. I have taken the liberty of enclosing a copy of the Reverend Beeton Bracewell Hooke's 'Views of Certain Rectories and Manses in Middle Devon'—a most serene and exemplary text. Mr. Craighead has instructed me to say that he would like to offer you some token payment but that the Hester Prang case has nearly bankrupted him and he has been forced to bring suit against you to recover those legal fees incurred on your behalf."

Fortunately, I have been promoted to the job of second foreman at the hassock factory. 'Tis a job of great, simple-hearted charm: only eighteen hours per day, with Sundays my own, & *being paid*—what can compare with that? I now close this journal & set aside my pen forever.

—GWYNETH CRAVENS

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The programe will include a homage to the legendary Nijinsky whose 100th birth anniversary falls on the 13th of this month. Nijinsky's Afternoon on a farm and Nauriene Bejant's Clown of God which is based on the lives of Nijinsky and Diaghilev will be performed.—*Colombo (Sri Lanka) Sunday Observer.*

With many an airy leap from the tractor seat.

THE SHAWL

Stella, cold, cold, the coldness of hell. How they walked on the roads together, Rosa with Magda curled up between sore breasts, Magda wound up in the shawl. Sometimes Stella carried Magda. But she was jealous of Magda. A thin girl of fourteen, too small, with thin breasts of her own, Stella wanted to be wrapped in a shawl, hidden away, asleep, rocked by the march, a baby, a round infant in arms. Magda took Rosa's nipple, and Rosa never stopped walking, a walking cradle. There was not enough milk; sometimes Magda sucked air; then she screamed. Stella was ravenous. Her knees were tumors on sticks, her elbows chicken bones.

Rosa did not feel hunger; she felt light, not like someone walking but like someone in a faint, in trance, arrested in a fit, someone who is already a floating angel, alert and seeing everything, but in the air, not there, not touching the road. As if teetering on the tips of her fingernails. She looked into Magda's face through a gap in the shawl: a squirrel in a nest, safe, no one could reach her inside the little house of the shawl's windings. The face, very round, a pocket mirror of a face: but it was not Rosa's bleak complexion, dark like cholera, it was another kind of face altogether, eyes blue as air, smooth feathers of hair nearly as yellow as the Star sewn into Rosa's coat. You could think she was one of *their* babies.

Rosa, floating, dreamed of giving Magda away in one of the villages. She could leave the line for a minute and push Magda into the hands of any woman on the side of the road. But if she moved out of line they might shoot. And even if she fled the line for half a second and pushed the shawl-bundle at a stranger, would the woman take it? She might be surprised, or afraid; she might drop the shawl, and Magda would fall out and strike her head and die. The little round head. Such a good child, she gave up screaming, and sucked now only for the taste of the drying nipple itself. The neat grip of the tiny gums. One mite of a tooth tip sticking up in the bottom gum, how shining, an elfin tombstone of white marble gleaming there. Without complaining, Magda relinquished Rosa's teats, first the left, then the right; both were cracked, not a sniff of milk. The duct-crevice extinct, a dead volcano, blind eye, chill hole, so Magda took the corner of the shawl and milked it instead. She sucked and sucked, flooding the threads with wetness. The shawl's good flavor, milk of linen.

It was a magic shawl, it could nourish an infant for three days and three nights. Magda did not die, she stayed alive, although very quiet. A peculiar smell, of cinnamon and almonds, lifted out of her mouth. She held her eyes open every moment, forgetting how to blink or nap, and Rosa and sometimes Stella studied their blueness. On the road they raised one burden of a leg after another and studied Magda's face. "Aryan," Stella said, in a voice grown as thin as a string; and Rosa thought how Stella gazed at Magda like a young cannibal. And the time that Stella said "Aryan," it sounded to Rosa as if Stella had really said "Let us devour her."

But Magda lived to walk. She lived that long, but she did not walk very well, partly because she was only fifteen months old, and partly because the spindles of her legs could not hold up her fat belly. It was fat with air, full and round. Rosa gave almost all her food to Magda, Stella gave nothing; Stella was ravenous, a growing child herself, but not growing much. Stella did not menstruate. Rosa did not menstruate. Rosa was ravenous, but also not; she learned from Magda how to drink the taste of a finger in one's mouth. They were in a place without pity, all pity was annihilated in Rosa, she looked at Stella's bones without pity. She was sure that Stella was waiting for Magda to die so she could put her teeth into the little thighs.

Rosa knew Magda was going to die very soon; she should have been dead already, but she had been buried away deep inside the magic shawl, mistaken there for the shivering mound of Rosa's breasts; Rosa clung to the shawl as if it covered only herself. No one took it away from her. Magda was mute. She never cried. Rosa hid her in the barracks, under the shawl, but she knew that one day someone would inform; or one day someone, not even Stella, would steal Magda to eat her. When Magda began to walk Rosa knew that Magda was going to die very soon, something would happen. She was afraid to fall asleep; she slept with the weight of her thigh on Magda's body; she was afraid she would smother Magda under her thigh. The weight of Rosa was becoming less and less; Rosa and Stella were slowly turning into air.

Magda was quiet, but her eyes were horribly alive, like blue tigers. She watched. Sometimes she laughed—it seemed a laugh, but how could it be? Magda had never seen anyone laugh. Still, Magda laughed at her shawl when the wind blew its corners, the bad wind with pieces of black in it, that made Stella's and Rosa's eyes tear. Magda's eyes were always clear and tearless. She watched like a tiger. She guarded her shawl. No one could touch it; only Rosa could touch it. Stella was not allowed. The shawl was Magda's own baby, her pet, her little sister. She tangled herself up in it and sucked on one of the corners when she wanted to be very still.

Then Stella took the shawl away and made Magda die.

Afterward Stella said: "I was cold."

And afterward she was always cold, always. The cold went into her heart: Rosa saw that Stella's heart was cold. Magda flopped onward with her little pencil legs scribbling this way and that, in search of the shawl; the pencils faltered at the barracks opening, where the light began. Rosa saw and pursued. But already Magda was in the square outside the barracks, in the jolly light. It was the roll-call arena. Every morning Rosa had to conceal Magda under the shawl against a wall of the barracks and go out and stand in the arena with Stella and hundreds of others, sometimes for hours, and Magda, deserted, was quiet under the shawl, sucking on her corner. Every day Magda was silent, and so she did not die. Rosa saw that today Magda was going to die, and at the same time a fearful joy ran in Rosa's two palms, her fingers were on fire, she was astonished, febrile: Magda, in the sunlight, swaying on her pencil legs, was howling. Ever since the drying up of Rosa's nipples, ever since Magda's last scream on the road, Magda had been devoid of any syllable; Magda was a mute. Rosa believed that something had gone wrong with her vocal cords, with her windpipe, with the cave of her larynx; Magda was defective, without a voice; perhaps she was deaf; there might be something amiss with her intelligence; Magda was dumb. Even the laugh that came when the ash-stippled wind made a clown out of Magda's shawl was only the air-blown showing of her teeth. Even when the lice, head lice and body lice, crazed her so that she became as wild as one of the big rats that plundered the barracks at daybreak looking for carrion, she rubbed and scratched and kicked and bit and rolled without a whimper. But now Magda's mouth was spilling a long viscous rope of clamor.

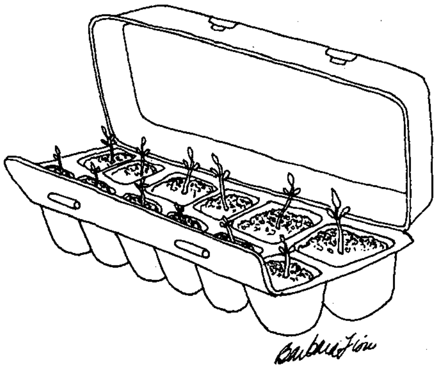
"Maaaa—"

It was the first noise Magda had ever sent out from her throat since the drying up of Rosa's nipples.

"Maaaa . . . aaa!"

Again! Magda was wavering in the perilous sunlight of the arena, scribbling on such pitiful little bent shins. Rosa saw. She saw that Magda was grieving for the loss of her shawl, she saw that Magda was going to die. A tide of commands hammered in Rosa's nipples: Fetch, get, bring! But she did not know which to go after first, Magda or the shawl. If she jumped out into the arena to snatch Magda up, the howling would not stop, because Magda would still not have the shawl; but if she ran back into the barracks to find the shawl, and if she found it, and if she came after Magda holding it and shaking it, then she would get Magda back, Magda would put the shawl in her mouth and turn dumb again.

Rosa entered the dark. It was easy to discover the shawl. Stella was heaped under it, asleep in her thin bones. Rosa tore the shawl free and *flew—she could fly, she was only air—* into the arena. The sunheat murmured of another life, of butterflies in summer. The light was placid, mellow. On the other side of the steel fence, far away, there were green meadows speckled with dandelions and deep-colored violets; beyond them, even farther, innocent tiger lilies, tall, lifting their orange bonnets. In the barracks they spoke of "flowers," of "rain": excrement, thick turd-braids, and the slow stinking maroon waterfall that slunk down from the upper bunks, the stink mixed with a bitter fatty floating smoke that greased Rosa's skin. She stood for an instant at the margin of the arena. Sometimes the electricity inside the fence would seem to hum; even Stella said it was only an imagining, but Rosa heard real sounds in the wire: grainy sad voices. The farther she was from the fence, the more clearly the voices crowded at her. The lamenting voices strummed so convincingly, so passionately, it was impossible to suspect them of being phantoms. The voices told her to hold up the shawl, high; the voices told her to shake it, to whip with it, to unfurl it like a flag. Rosa lifted, shook, whipped, unfurled. Far off, very far, Magda leaned across her air-fed belly, reaching out with the rods of her arms. She was *high up, elevated, riding* someone's shoulder. But the shoulder that carried Magda was not coming toward Rosa and the shawl, it was drifting away, the speck of Magda was moving more and more into the smoky distance. Above the shoulder a helmet glinted. The light tapped the helmet and sparkled it into a goblet. Below the helmet a black body like a domino and a pair of black boots hurled themselves in the direction of the electrified fence. The electric voices began to chatter wildly. "Maamaa, maaamaaa," they all hummed together. How far Magda was from Rosa now, across the whole square, past a dozen barracks, *all the way on the other side!* She was no bigger than a moth.



All at once Magda was swimming through the air. The whole of Magda travelled through loftiness. She looked like a butterfly touching a silver vine. And the moment Magda's feathered round head and her pencil legs and balloonish belly and zigzag arms splashed against the fence, the steel voices went mad in their growling, urging Rosa to run and run to the spot where Magda had fallen from her flight against the electrified fence; but of course Rosa did not obey them. She only stood, because if she ran they would shoot, and if she tried to pick up the sticks of Magda's body they would shoot, and if she let the wolf's screech ascending now through the ladder of her skeleton break out, they would shoot; so she took Magda's shawl and filled her own mouth with it, stuffed it in and stuffed it in, until she was swallowing up the wolf's screech and tasting the cinnamon and almond depth of Magda's saliva; and Rosa drank Magda's shawl until it dried.

—Cynthia Ozick

BUS RIDE

Careless, he cools a sweaty palm
wide out the half-open window—
and then the window frame falls out.
Behind him, in the rush of air, we all feel it.
It has distinctly fallen out.
With a nervous cackle
he signals to the driver:
"You just lost a window, by the way."

A giggle escapes him
as he thinks of all the other windows
against which he has carelessly leaned,
which might have betrayed him
to a less fortunate end.

Now he is tasting his luck,
that bitter blade against the tongue:
on one side delicious knowing,
and on the other delicious fear, as he sits there,
both arms now folded tightly on his chest.

But the girl across the aisle ignores him;
eyes closed to all lessons on the use of faith,
the lovely column of her throat turned up,
she rests on the sticky plastic of the seat,
warmth and dampness

stirring the amber bands of hair
that frame her cheeks,
her wet mouth fallen open;
milk and indigo the flowers
crowding the sleeping calmness of her lap—oh, my
longing, what can I
bargain away for that?

—Lorrie Goldensohn

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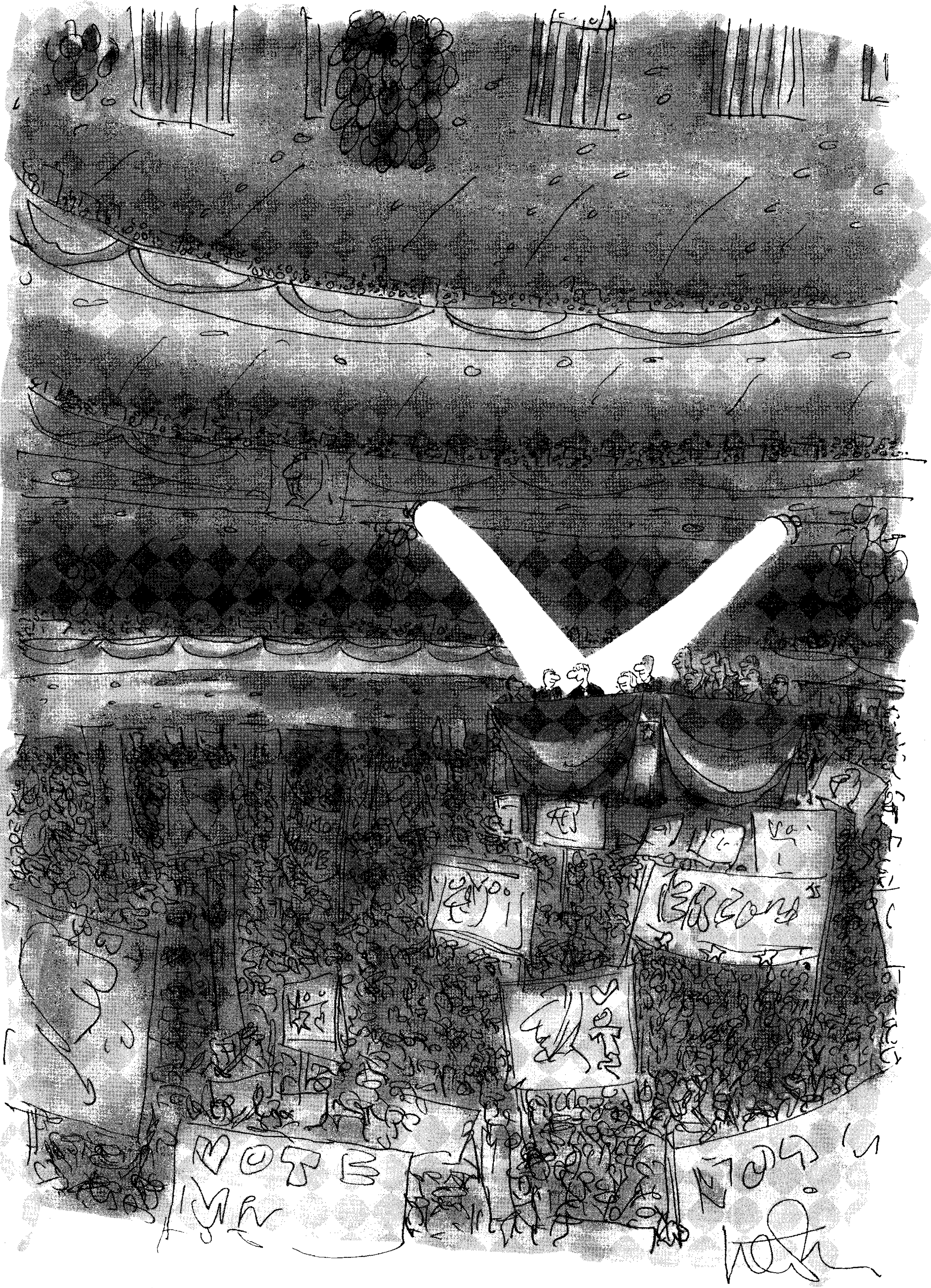


"But, all kidding aside, folks, I accept the nomination."

ONE ASKS ONESELF

DEAR Peter, the Hon. Peter Duncan Borthwick, my first cousin, is a small, thin man packed with interest for anyone who can be troubled to listen to him through his silences. The silences at his house, Clayes, in Gloucestershire, have been very long, but they are worth putting up with, as Peter is worth putting up with. As, indeed, the whole taciturn family has been so long worth putting up with. He inherited Clayes, which is colossal, when his elder brother was killed in the Second World War. He nominally inherited the peerage, too, but formally declined it on the ground that he was a member of the House of Commons and wanted to go on being one, although he has since twice resigned on matters of principle and has had to wait in the cold until a new Government came around to his view. A new Tory Government. He votes the opposing way from me, but he has always listened to the Labour Opposition, to others.

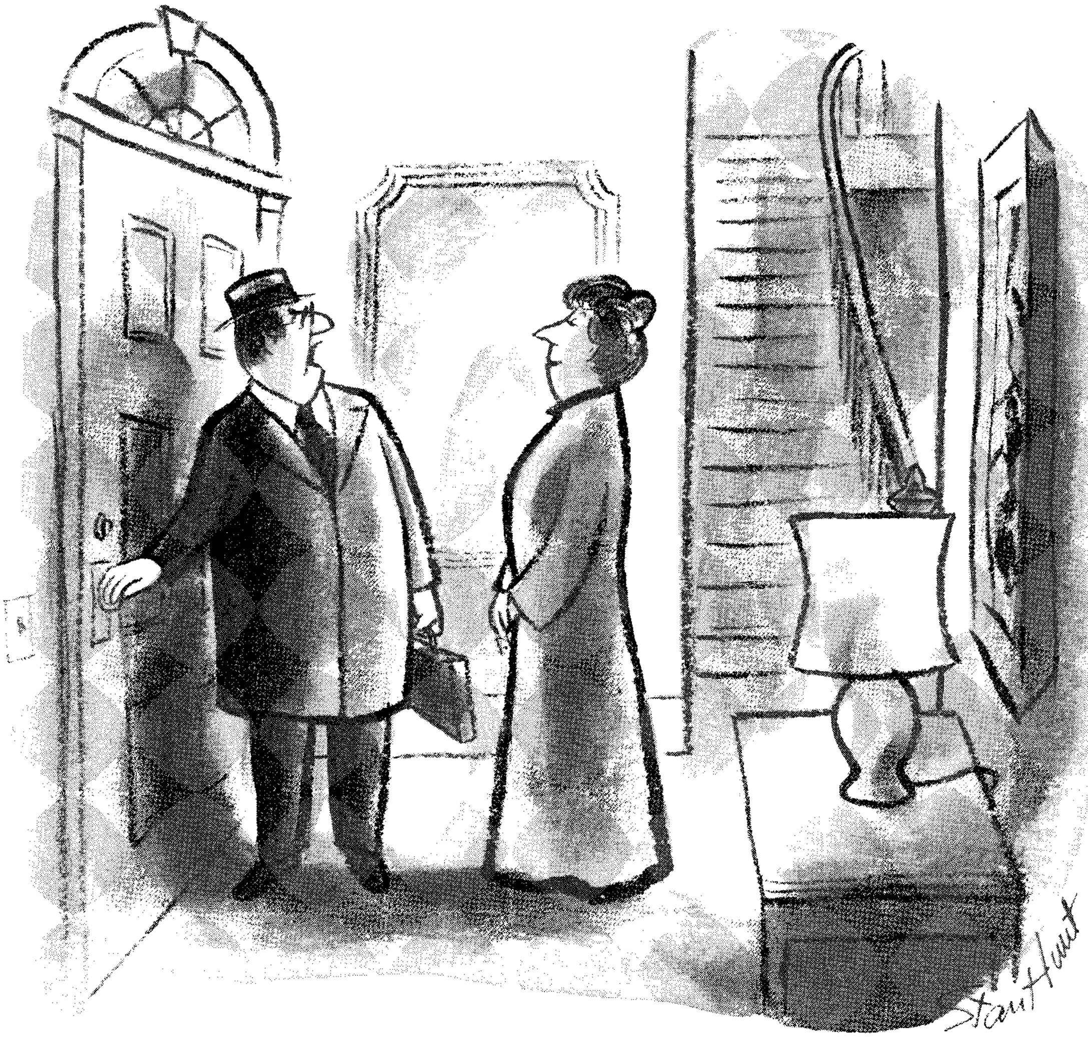
As to this matter of listening: well, Peter pays heed, you see. During those long silences at Clayes when he is putting his napkin back into his silver napkin ring. Or the silences that seemed even longer, when we were both eighteen and he would take me out to have dinner and would spend half an hour between forkfuls of grouse, bread sauce, fried bread, Brussels sprouts, and game chips, raising the forkful to his mouth and then, after a little talk, lowering it again, dampening one's hopes of progress toward bed—as I say, during those silences there is much of interest. When we were eighteen there was even a flicker of eroticism between us. We knew it was forbidden, because of our being first cousins, but it was there. He would talk to me between the delayed forkfuls, having put down the knife and fork to move his wrists in a rowing motion: feathering imaginary oars as they came out of the water. At Eton, being small, he had been the cox of the boat. At Cambridge he was still a cox, and I followed the University boat in the official launch three years running at the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. He wasn't rowing himself, of course, being a cox, but the feathering had told me that he would have loved it. There are probably many other things he would love to do.

Let me try to describe him. He never will, though he writes a good deal on topics of the moment and of history. When he chooses to publish, what he has to say is taken with sobriety and concern, but he never writes about himself. I think he would regard that as near to writing fiction. Fiction is something he would love to dare but won't. Ever, I'm sure. I believe he would think of it as some sort of intrusion by an interloper unequipped. He is never intrusive. Other people's skills are their tended land. He would hate himself if he poached.

And so, to draw a deep breath. As to his looks: he is about six foot, thin, ravenous for starch and sugar. I once, quite lately, put a bar of milk chocolate on his pillow. He came into my room and said, "Provisions for going up Everest," and went out again: to read Surtees, I should think—perhaps "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," his favorite—or a history of the Peninsular War. His life has often been a matter of going up Everest. His shoulders slope downward, like a jug. He has our family's deep-brown eyes. In the way of portraiture, there is something about his face—always has been—that is prescient, an augury of what it is going to look like at eighty. Though I know him to be convivial beyond the reach of most, and so funny that he has often made me gasp for breath as if I were drowning, there is a sternness in his face. The sternness is exerted against himself. When he feels especially disciplinary, he goes for a walk with his dog (or me, which is less anodyne). We are very fond of each other. Whenever I am staying at Clayes he pulls a bath for me, with beautiful scent in it from Trumper, in Curzon Street, and it is difficult for both of us not to share the bath. Because of the past, you see. He finds the present hard to dwell in.

As to Clayes: I must have spent almost as many school holidays there as Peter did. It is sixteenth century and huge, with a matchless library. His first

ENTERING BARBECUEVILLE



"Yes, dear, I'll try not to be late. But, confound it, Audrey, I wish you'd marry me. We can't go on like this forever."

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wife was one of a set of famous beautiful American sisters. She was as tall as he, and almost speechless. Bossy, I thought. The staff didn't take to her. She wanted non-coffee coffee, and monogrammed note pads at Christmas saying "Take to London" in dark brown on pale brown and "Take to country" in pale brown on dark brown. She wanted to be in London, I think, where Peter had a one-room pied-à-terre. She suddenly went to London to have their babies—boy twins—although she had been going for eight and a half months to a perfectly good Gloucestershire gynecologist. She said out of the blue, while she was doing petit point, that she was lonely for the sight of a Hilton. So Peter of course went with her to London, though not, preserve us, to a Hilton, and they sat it out in his single room. She went at ten one night into a nursing home to have the twins, and Peter was told to come back at nine the next morning. After little sleep he set off at seven from the flat, walking the three miles to the nursing home to spin out the waiting time, and the doctor met him on the doorstep and said that she didn't want to see him.

"I'm lonely for the sticks and stones of New York," she said to me at Clayes a few weeks later.

Peter came in and heard. He hears almost everything. He looked concussed. "Oh, sweetheart, always ask for help," he said, holding her, but she turned away. When she left him and England, she took with her a good deal of alimony, but later on, with tacit goodness, she sent it back. She left her babies. Her time in England must have cost her toll. She found the life chilly, I know, and her family-by-marriage bookish in a way that extended to her no companionship. If she had been older, perhaps. If, if. And in the meantime the twins. Peter found a Scottish nanny called Elsie Ross to look after them. Clayes has a gallery on the bedroom floor, circling the double staircase; I remember that I was once staying there when the twins were five, and that I was looking for an empty loo, and that any of the beautiful wooden doors off the gallery seemed to open in turn onto the sight of an identical sailor-suited little boy nearly swallowed up by the antique depths of a mahogany loo with a chain too high for him to reach. Each looked cold and sad.

"Shall we play patience?" I said when I had found the first. "Shall we play double patience?" I said to the second. "All together, starting in thirty seconds, in my room, because of the fur rug, for warmth, and the gramophone? Double patience goes very fast and it also goes very well to Scarlatti."

They were adorable. Are. They are now eleven. Elsie, being Scots, is classless; and Elsie, being Elsie, is a learner. She has become their tutor. She has taught herself Latin and Greek. She is not possessive.

WE are a silent family. Our houses and flats and luggage, wherever we travel, sag with books. I go abroad a lot, always only with hand luggage, but from the weight of the bags no one can ever believe that they hold hardly anything but books and notebooks. Duty-free booze, people think. Heavily wrapped bombs done up in mauve fake-satin bows.

Peter's and my grandmother, the dowager duchess, wears one of two beautifully dry-cleaned couture suits all the year round. She is not someone to pay notice to hem lengths, but she pays a deal of notice to talk. She is tentative and deaf. She rates herself low. Her arthritis is bad. She is ninety-three. She comes often to Clayes, and we spoke about it in London over sherry, very loudly.

"I went up last Friday to Monday to Clayes. Lovely time. Peter does like all his trees, doesn't he?" she said, pouring me a large dollop of the very best sherry, and herself a mixture of sweet Cinzano and Lillet. "Now, what's this in the Middle East?"

I stayed standing, naturally, until she was in her chair. The *Radio*

Times, the *Guardian*, the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Financial Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *International Herald Tribune*, the London junk papers were beside her on one little Chippendale table. The current Hansard of Parliamentary goings on and a pile of White Papers and Blue Books were on another, with a pencil sharpened by her maid, and her lorgnette.

"Clayes is too big," I said.

"That's what I think. Gold going up, everything going up, have to draw in our belts. On the other hand, he does love it. Peter. He thinks there, don't you see."

"So do the twins."

"But they'll be thinking soon at school, darling."

"And there's Elsie, and Annabel."

"Annabel?"

"They're going to get married."

"I thought they already would be. Tell me, what does she do, darling? Does she work and things, like you? I'm so interested." She patted the pile of Government papers and then leaned forward to cup her hand over her ear. "What was that?"

"Annabel writes about cooking and kitchen gadgets."

"Nice girl, is she?"

"Very."

"That was my impression. Good to Peter, I thought. Understood about Clayes. That poor American beauty never did, did she? Very cold, she found it. I think she expected there'd be lots of hunt balls. If it hadn't been for Peter, of course, I daresay there might have been, but hunt balls aren't of much interest, are they? There's a painting of Giorgione's with everybody strewn about that always makes one think of hunt balls. Awfully exhausting and barren, don't you think?"

We talked more about Annabel. "Kitchen gadgets," said my grandmother. "By Jove. Does she get published?"

"Oh, yes. Every Sunday."

"I expect she makes a packet. People do, promoting clothes and things. Poor Peter is rather badly off, but aren't we all?"

"Why is he a Tory, Gram?"

"Well, we all are, aren't we? Except you. It runs in the family. Now, we've got lamb cutlets, and they're beckoning. How do you feel toward a lamb cutlet, darling? You don't eat enough."

We went along to her dining room and had potted shrimps, lamb cutlets with mashed potatoes and peas, and cheese.

"And did you go to China?" said Gram, eating very little.

I told her about it, speaking even more loudly than was needed, in a way that upset her maid, who remembered her more clearly from the times when her mistress could hear.

"And so what do you make of Communism, eh?" said Gram, three of whose closest relations had been in Tory Cabinets.

I talked to her at length—probably redundantly, I thought—about Yugoslavian Communism, and then at even greater length about Cuba. She knew in detail about Yugoslavia. Cuba she didn't respond to, but she listened carefully. Twenty minutes later, questions followed scraps of information I had given her about Cuba's literacy programs. She kept on nodding sympathetically. In the end, talk was stopped, because she said, "So you think she is a worthwhile woman?" and it became clear that she had heard only the "a" ending on Cuba and taken the island to be a person.

PETER'S beloved Clayes was indeed too big. Our grandmother's parting words to me, she clutching Hansard, had been "Darling, we must draw in our horns." Clayes, which had seen many a change in its time—Roman Catholic to Church of England, medieval to Romantic, Gothic to Gothick, an eighteenth-century wing and terrace added to its sixteenth-century beginnings—was actually in the midst of being made smaller. The minimization was going to cost my decent cousin nearly a million pounds. Houses-as-metaphors-of-England's-economy department. Hell's bells. Our family doesn't go in for metaphors much. It's simply that Peter was having this rebuilding done, without melancholy, and that in the meantime he was living with his new wife, Annabel, and his two sons and his butler, Crewe, in Crewe's cottage, which was the North Lodge. Peter being Peter, he was of course paying Crewe rent and constantly apologizing for intrusion.

We were having dinner: Crewe in his butler's clothes, embarrassed to be sharing his minute house; Peter looking gaunt, though well bestowed by Annabel; the twins vanishing up to bed; Annabel, wearing a caftan, being comic and reposeful. She has blue eyes that are the color of delphiniums. Freckled skin. An upturned nose. She was pressing down on it as if she hated it.

"Annabel, what are you doing?" said Peter.

"Trying to cure my nose. It's a clown's nose."

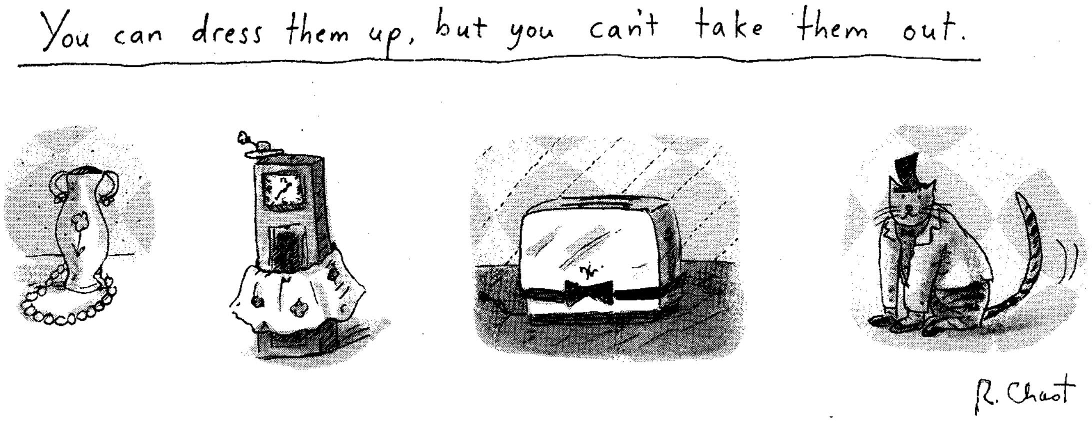
"Don't meddle with it. I like it." He waited, and took some scrambled egg and smoked trout from Crewe. "Thank you." He gave himself very little, being thin, and getting thinner. I could see Crewe looking at him, worried, and when he came round to my place he said as much, but all I could find to say back to him quickly was "You know him. Don't fret. It's the house being changed, and so on."

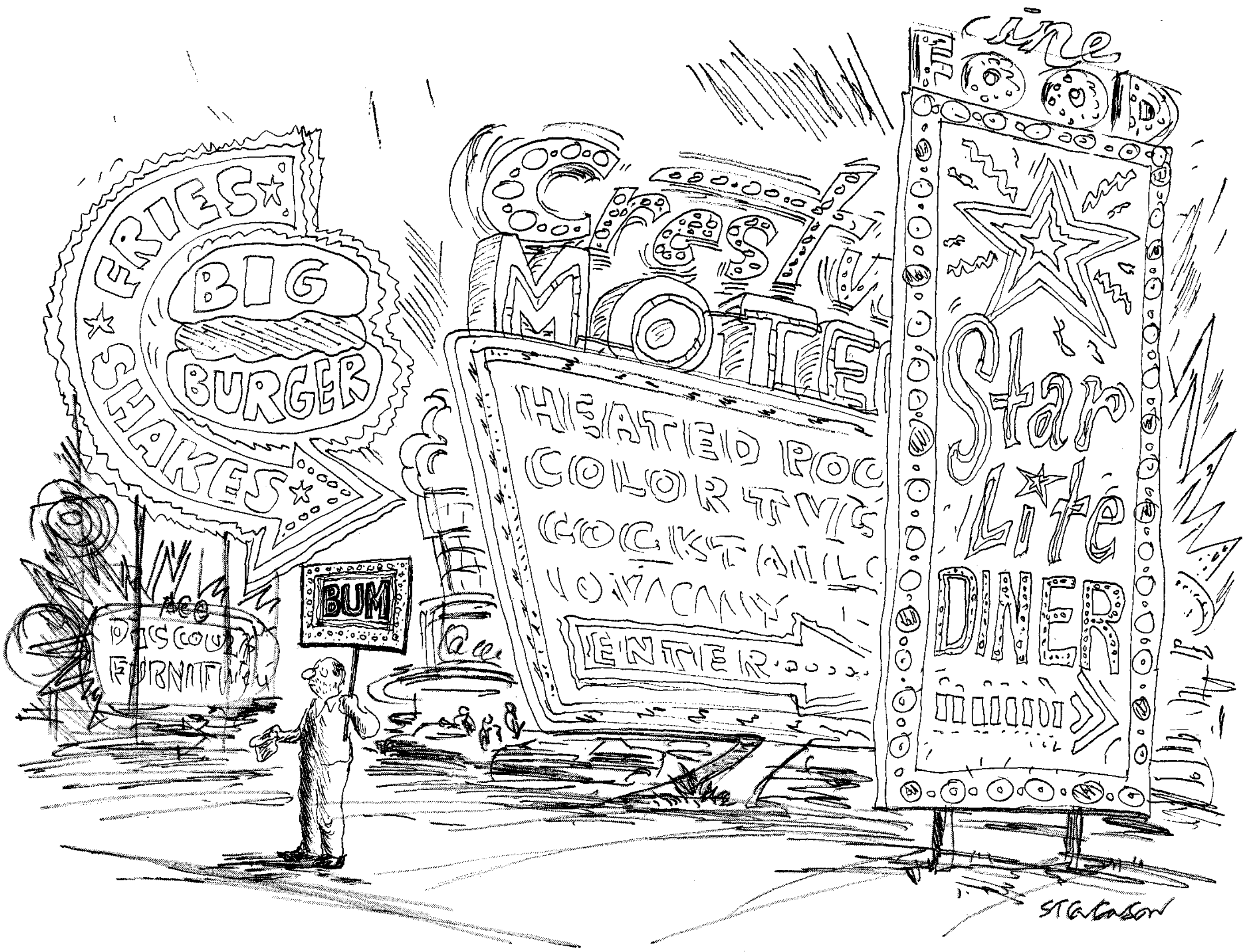
Annabel was being merry at her end of the cramped table and singing "Addio, addio," from "Così Fan Tutte."

"Annabel made the sauce with a gadget called Cuisinart that costs heaven knows what. Isn't it good? She got the gadget for very little because of writing about it."

Crewe said, "It's French, sir. It wouldn't cost so much if we hadn't gone into the bloody Common Market, sir. Bleeding Frogs. I beg your pardon, knowing your feelings about French Lit."

"Well, Proust was one thing but Napoleon another, and all those French housewives now


You can dress them up, but you can't take them out.
R. Chast



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are more Napoleonic than Proustian, coming over here on the ferry because of the exchange being in their favor, and poking our meat as if Soho were their *boucherie*."

"For all that, you still get the twins to learn French beautifully, and you still keep rereading Balzac," said Annabel. "And you talk about the fall of Paris as if it were the end of heroism."

Crewe said, "I think he hates Pétain, Madam, you see. We can't forget Vichy at our age."

I looked at him to get him to shut up, and he nodded.

Crewe handed round a crème brûlée. When asked, he talked with pride about the way he had scorched it at the finish, in a tray of iced water under the grill. He had one hand behind his back as he was handing the dish round. "Sir," he said, "the builders tell me they have shrunk the ballroom successfully by forty feet lengthways and forty feet widthways. Now they are studying the lowering of the ceiling. It will mean new piping, sir."

"Estimates."

"The new piping will cost a tidy bit."

"Yes."

"I suppose it will save on the oil in the end. But to think that you resigned over Suez, sir."

"The right thing to do, I believe. At the time."

Crewe took the dog out. He looked discomfited, and when he came back apologized for the cramped quarters.

"Cramped quarters! Crewe, that's what we're doing to the house."

"Yes, sir."

"Crewe," said Peter, "England is a small nation. We manage better when we know that. Never more than seventy-five miles from the sea. Remember that. The sea is our iron fence. Remember Nelson. A remarkably small man, and one of the greatest Englishmen we have ever owed our hearts to. Have you seen his underclothes, with the left-shoulder bullet hole through them, at the Greenwich Museum? The ones he was wearing when he was killed at Trafalgar? They look as if they were to be worn by someone of nine or ten."

"But if the ballroom is to become the size of a sixpence, where are the twins to have their twenty-first?" said Crewe.

The dog snuggled toward the gas fire, and Annabel said that converting to gas was probably a good idea. She is sometimes impossibly practical.

"Crewe," said Peter, "it isn't a sixpence any longer, because we've gone into Europe. The sixpence is lost. The ballroom reduced will be a perfectly good disco for them, I should think. There's no harm in reducing scale. It's a matter of adjusting the eyes."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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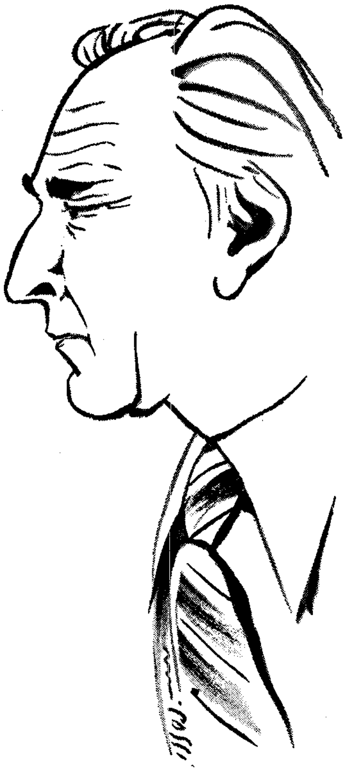
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From United States Banker*]

Over the past 10 years, ever since the Hunt Commission issued its far-reaching report, we have engaged in a formal minuet, stately and complicated, as many diverse interests gradually surrendered positions seemingly locked in cement, as regulators occasionally took the bit into their own teeth, much to the distress of the regulated, and as Congress slowly hammered out a consensus.

PROFILES

A GOOD EYE AND A GOOD EAR



Leo Castelli

EARLY in his career, the painter Robert Rauschenberg made a statement that became famous. "Painting relates to both art and life," he said. "Neither can be made. (I try to act in the gap between the two.)" Like many often quoted statements, this one was Delphic enough to suggest varying interpretations, and many a seminar on contemporary art has bogged down in Rauschenberg's gap. It could be argued, however, that the area between art and life is not so much the artist's province as it is the art dealer's, and that this circumstance may help to explain the low esteem in which the majority of dealers have always been held. Marcel Duchamp once referred to dealers as "lice on the backs of the artists"—useful and necessary lice, he added, but lice all the same. Similar sentiments are frequently expressed by contemporary artists; although most of them concede that they could not exist without the services of a dealer, the process by which their heroic studio labors are transmuted, at least temporarily, into marketable objects is not something that artists like to dwell on, particularly if the objects do not sell—or do not sell at prices commensurate with the artists' expectations.

Art objects have been selling at stratospheric prices in the last two years (after a shaky period during the middle seventies), and art dealers are regularly chastised for encouraging this trend and thereby corrupting the cultural fabric of society. Curiously, one of the few dealers about whom this is rarely said is Leo Castelli, who happens to be the most influential purveyor of contemporary art in the world today. The Castelli Gallery, now in its twenty-fourth year of operation, represents a roster of international art stars that includes Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Roy Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenburg, James Rosenquist, Robert Morris, Ellsworth Kelly, Kenneth Noland, Cy Twombly, Donald Judd, Dan Flavin, Bruce Nauman, Richard Serra, and Andy Warhol—artists who dominate not only the contemporary art market but also the kind of art being produced today in many countries. For Castelli, however, commercial success never seems to be the main concern. "Leo has always maintained the essential attitude that an art object is a feeling object, related to the person who made it and to the person who owns it," a museum director said the other day. "The artist always comes before the money."

Castelli's reputation as the *grand seigneur* of an often dubious profession is of fairly recent origin. In the past, he was sometimes portrayed as an immensely shrewd manipulator of prices and reputations, a suave supersalesman who could sell anything, and who, in fact, by a combination of questionable business tactics and slick public relations, managed to kill off Abstract Expressionism and to put over first Rauschenberg, Johns, and Stella, then Pop, Minimal, Conceptual, and Video Art, in that abominable order. Castelli was invariably hurt by such portrayals, but he was in some part responsible for the misconceptions. He loves to talk, in any of the five languages he handles fluently, and if a reporter asked him, for example, about the charge that he had killed the second-generation Abstract Expressionists, he might say (as he did some years back to a *Times* writer), "But they were dead already. I just helped remove the bodies." Small of stature, impeccably dressed, combining a Venetian politeness with the kind of enthusiasm that tends to verbal excess, Castelli often managed to seem too *rara* an *avis* for his own good. "Leo is successful, and elegant, and European," Rauschenberg once observed, "and that's bound to give rise to bad-mouthing. In the U.S.A., anybody who's all that *must* be a crook."

Ivan Karp, who was the gallery's manager from 1959 to 1969, has always scoffed at the notion of Castelli the supersalesman. "There's no salesmanship involved, on any level," he said recently. "People who know Leo feel comfortable with him, with his mixture of European charm and American ease, but he has absolutely no selling techniques or devices and no real business acumen. The two of us couldn't even add up a column of figures. Once, we had to do that for a client who wanted to pay on the spot—very rare situation—and we ended up cheating ourselves out of several thousand dollars. The gallery was under financial stress much of the ten years I was there. I was always trying to cut down expenses, to reduce the drain of Leo's reckless generosity and his European patrician attitude—if Leo wanted to move a bench in the gallery, he'd hire an architect. I'll tell you the final formula for Leo: He wants to be loved by everybody. He wants affection and dedication and love from everyone, and he may sometimes sacrifice his goals and principles to achieve that."

Although the gallery grossed three and a half million dollars last year, Castelli put most of the money right back into various gallery or gallery-related activities, the primary beneficiaries of which are his artists. Many artists in the gallery get a monthly stipend, which is applied against sales of their work. Frequently, sales result in a surplus, which is paid to the artist periodically; sometimes there is a deficit in an artist's account, and in the case of at least one artist the deficit has risen on occasion to more than two hundred thousand dollars. "Until fairly recently, it was really a giant shoestring operation," according to Nancy Friedberg, who has been Castelli's bookkeeper for the last sixteen years. "Often, I've gone home at night wondering how we're going to pay next month's bills. But luckily something always seems to turn up."

Castelli himself lives on a far from penurious scale. The fact remains, however, that his scale of living is a good deal less lavish than that of several of his major artists, and that he never really gets away from the gallery and its demands. "I know of nobody who is less oriented toward the purely financial aspects of art dealing," William Rubin, the director of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art, said not long ago. "Leo is always ready to sacrifice his own interests to those of his artists. In general, there has been a tendency on the part of certain people to demean art dealers, but the history of modern art would have been very different if it hadn't been for the work of some enlightened ones. I think Leo's played that role. I think he's in the tradition of men like Ambroise Vollard, who have been devoted and committed to the artists they handled, to helping their art find its rightful place. To me, he is a model art dealer."

It is sometimes said that Rauschenberg and Johns, who were among the first artists to join the Castelli Gallery, and who are considered two of the most influential artists alive, had a large part in charting the directions that the gallery has followed. "Bob and Jasper never actually advised me," Castelli said reflectively one day. "But it's really very complex, how you come to certain decisions. It's true that Bob and Jasper, and very sensitive people like David Whitney and Richard Bellamy, who seem to function as barometers, do influence my judgment. You have to have a good eye but also a good ear. Sometimes that's said scathingly, but there is no other way if you want to make a good choice. You hear things, feel vibrations, gauge reactions. In the beginning, you're unconscious of what you're doing—you just pick artists. Then you come to the point where you pick trends. In the beginning, it was Bob and Jasper. They seemed to have recognizable elements out of the past, out of Dada, out of Abstract Expressionism. Then Frank Stella—I felt in an obscure way that his geometric abstraction was related to Jasper. Then come the Pop Artists—back to Dada again. A whole group that emerges suddenly, all influenced by Jasper's first show—they all admit it; the spirit of his work and Rauschenberg's permitted them to do what they did. Then back to the simplicities of color and form with the Minimal movement. You spot movements emerging and you try to pick the best practitioners. And also your judgments are based to some extent on your feelings about the personality of the artist. If there is no substance to the personality, there is probably no substance to the work."

Listening carefully to the artists you represent is by no means unusual in the gallery business. The late Peggy Guggenheim, whose Art of This Century Gallery provided the springboard for the Abstract Expressionist takeoff in the nineteen-forties, depended very largely on the advice of Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst (to whom she was married briefly), and Frederick Kiesler, while Betty Parsons, who took on several of the leading Abstract Expressionists when Miss Guggenheim closed up shop and went to live in Venice, was guided by her friend Barnett Newman. Listening to artists is probably the best way to find new artists, in spite of the dangers involved. Castelli, however, has done more than listen. He has supported his artists to a degree that most dealers would consider suicidal—has supported some of them for years, even when they were not only not selling but not producing works of art. His faith in artists has been the hallmark of the gallery, and it has been repaid in various ways. Artists tend to change galleries as restlessly as writers change publishers, but with one or two exceptions no major artist who has joined Castelli has left him, and several artists have been with him since he started.

"It's not that he's skimmed off the cream," Jasper Johns once said of Castelli. "I think one of the interesting things about Leo's activity is that he has behaved in such a way as to suggest that he's able to spot certain ideas on his own. He's not just making relationships between things as presented. At any rate, I'm very grateful that I haven't had to work with any other dealer."

Salvatore Scarpitta, an American-born artist, has been with Castelli nearly as long as Johns. Scarpitta made shaped canvases before anyone else did. In the years between 1965 and 1970, he also made prototypes of classic American dirt-track racing cars (they had to be assembled in the gallery, because they would not fit through the door). Hardly anybody bought them, or paid them much attention, but Castelli kept on paying Scarpitta's monthly stipend. During the run of a 1974 exhibition of canvases and cars Scarpitta was having in Turin, he found a way to express his gratitude. A young Italian wanted one of the works in the show and offered his automobile in exchange for it. The automobile happened to be a 4.9-litre Maserati Mexico, the most powerful Maserati made. Scarpitta, who loves cars, says he "knew at once that it belonged to Leo." He accepted the offer and set out in the car, with a friend, for the South of France, where Castelli and his wife were spending the summer. He crossed the Alps twice, just to have the fun of making the turns a

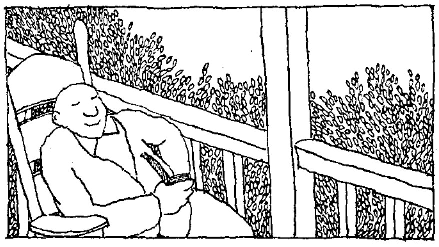
"It's such a nice evening that we thought we'd walk over."

second time. "The customs officials at the border questioned me hard," Scarpitta said not long ago. "Mentally, I had divorced myself from that car, so that I looked extraneous to it, and they must have thought it couldn't be mine. And when I delivered it to Leo, I had the satisfaction of knowing that it was the only time one of his artists had given something back that was worthy of him. In that car, Leo looked as though he were sitting in his gallery! I flew back to Turin tourist class, and I've never felt so rich in my life."

FOR someone who performs so admirably in his profession, Castelli got a surprisingly late start. He was almost fifty when he opened his gallery, in 1957, and his life up to that point had been pleasant, indolent, and directionless. His present wife, Toiny, has expressed regret that she did not know him in the days before all his energy was channelled into running the gallery. "I married Leo too late," she said once. "I missed all the fun."

He grew up in Trieste, a thoroughly international city, which until it was ceded to Italy, in 1919, served as the chief seaport of the disintegrating Austro-Hungarian Empire. Children of the educated classes there learned to speak German in school, for commercial and cultural reasons, but at home everyone spoke Italian. The Castellis—Leo's mother's side of the family—had lived in Trieste for generations; his father, whose name was Ernest Krauss, had come there from his native Hungary as a young man, and after the annexation by Italy he changed his name to Krauss-Castelli. (In time, the family dropped the Krauss name entirely.) He rose through the ranks in a branch of the leading Austrian bank, which subsequently became an independent Italian bank. He became its chief executive. Leo had a sister, Silvia, who was a year and a half older than he was, and a brother, Giorgio, who was four years younger. The family lived in a comfortable villa, with a garden, on the Via Michelangelo.

During the First World War, they moved to Vienna, where Leo's father worked for the home office of his bank and the children attended Austrian schools. When the family returned to Trieste after the war, the father joined the Banca Commerciale Triestina, the leading Italian bank there, and became very successful. He moved his family into a larger villa, with a bigger garden, and life, as Castelli remembers it, "became very pleasant, with lots of pretty girls, and tennis, and swimming, and things like that." Castelli's interests at the time were mainly literary and sportive. He neglected his schoolwork to read current novels in English, French, and German, and he spent as much time as possible climbing in the Dolomites (rock climbing, with ropes and pitons) and skiing in the Alps. Four years at the University of Milan provided him with a law degree, but he felt no pressing urge to practice. His father arranged a job for him with a large insurance company, but insurance did not fire his enthusiasm, either. After a year with the firm, he told his father that he would like to quit and study comparative literature, with a view to teaching it. "My father was a kind man, and he said he would let me do that, but first he would like to send me abroad," Castelli recalls. "There was a branch of the same insurance company in Bucharest, so I was transplanted there in the spring of 1932. I was as bored as ever with the insurance business, but the social situation was very lively."



Among the ornaments of Bucharest society was a girl named Eve Schapira, whose father happened to be one of

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A WOMAN KNEELING IN THE BIG CITY

I

AILANTHUS: DEMETER (ABOVE)

They think I have lost a coin, a beaded purse,
a miniature lover through the sidewalk grating—
hands and knees, string and a pin, and, worse,
calling to the underworld lord, "Return my daughter!"

But that's not it. One: There are trees down there,
palm-leafed sprays drawn up from smart, trapped seeds,
a new form of childhood marigold, unique and spare,
like one paper cup out of thirty on a school windowsill.

This is no idyll. There are no pigeons lost
or wheeling through the stripy cellar dark.
I have imagined nothing. And, of course, crisscross
iron bars let in the trash, tinfoil wrappers.

Two: The wind thunders up from the trains,
sound travels under the pavement. If the girl is gone,
a message will come through: "I am accompanied, brazen,
under trees, walking on coins. And oh, Mother, so are you!"

II

FIREWORKS: PERSEPHONE (BELOW)

The air down here is cool, springlike, black and green.
Trees rise like bamboo in a glass-walled atrium.
The young man silently papers a corner with warnings—
how war blossoms. You can hear wires humming

in the released steam. We sit at a makeshift table,
sometimes, planning the strategy that keeps me underground:
pomegranate seeds for pleasure. Surely my mother
is able to understand. I've come voluntarily down.

At other times, in the hollow, tiled caverns of empty stations,
where no trains run, we gather in excesses of noise—
brass-voiced "No more war"s, or firecrackers, or sighs
widening into anger. Overhead, before, I was not so impatient.

Now I boldly raise ladyfingers to my lips;
the exiled boulevardier strikes blue matches.
The fuses catch, the display burns under the gratings.
I throw the sparks higher—the pointed, committed kiss.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

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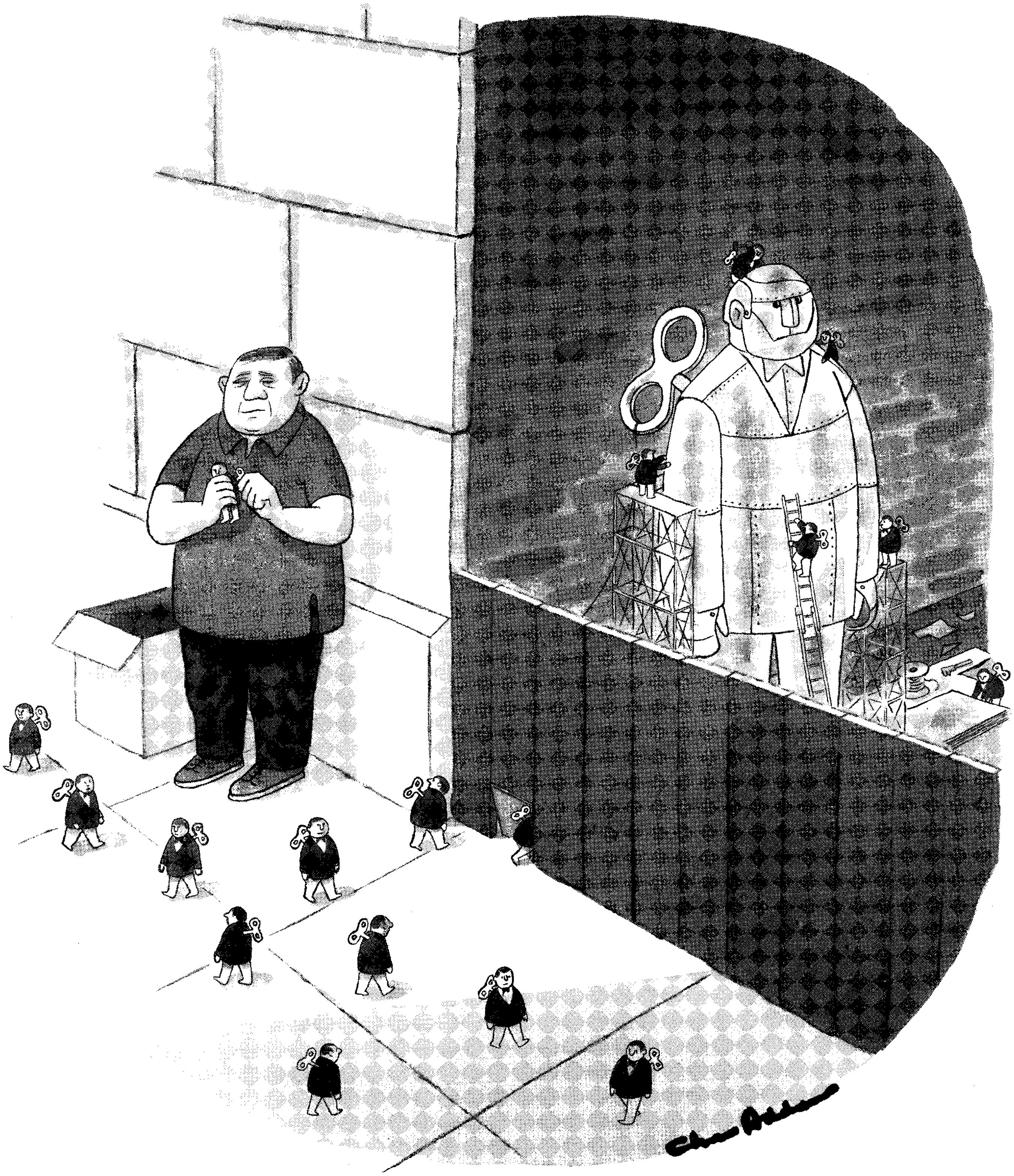

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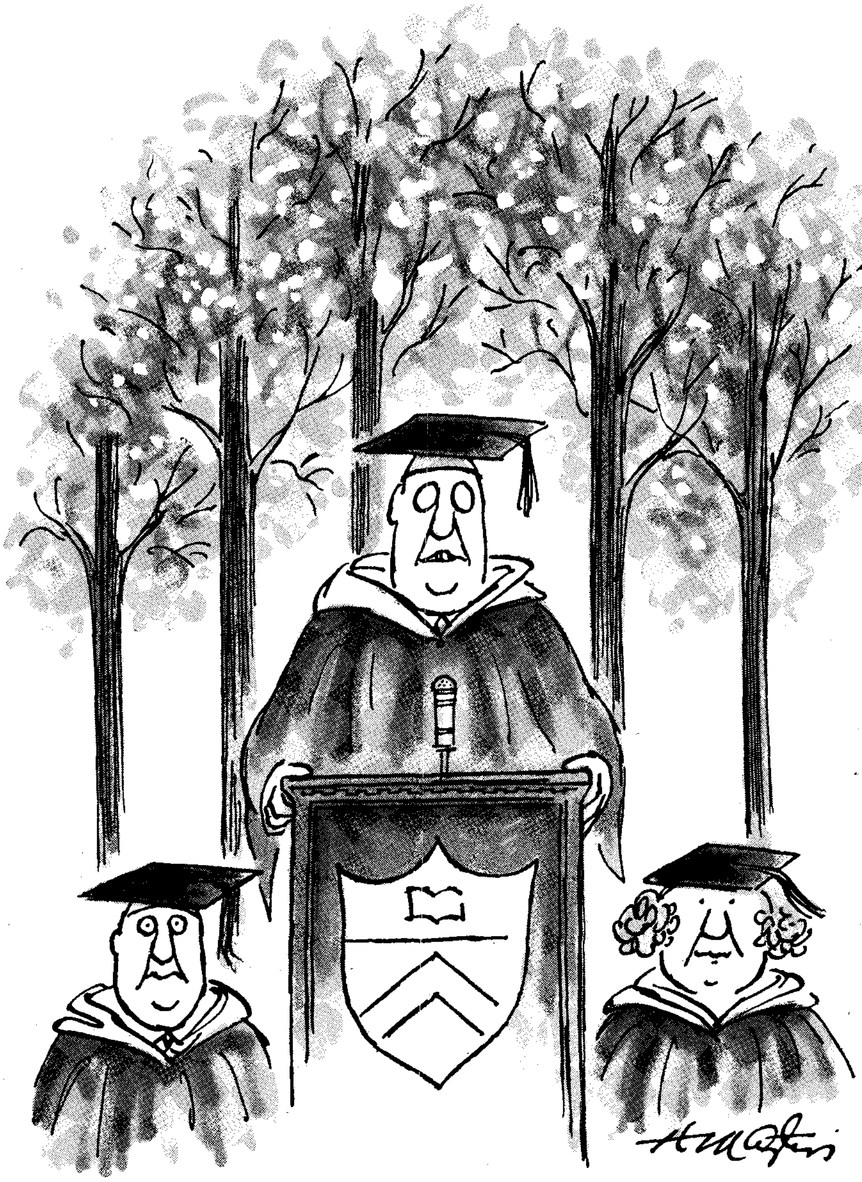
Rumania's leading industrial magnates. Castelli fell somewhat in love with Eve, but a few months later he fell considerably more in love with Eve's younger sister, Ileana, who had been visiting Paris with her mother. Ileana was beautiful and intelligent and spoiled. She was seventeen when they met, but she still had a French governess, whom she was forever scheming to elude. Castelli married her the following autumn. Mihail Schapira, Ileana's father, set them up in a comfortable apartment, and Castelli devoted less time than ever to his job. He and Ileana did a lot of travelling—to Paris for the shopping, to Saint Moritz for the skiing—and they scoured the local countryside for antiques, especially early Meissen pitchers and mugs, which they were collecting. Castelli's fellow-employees were disconcerted when Ileana came by the office in their chauffeur-driven Chrysler to pick Leo up for lunch, so she took to parking around the corner. In 1934, he quit the insurance job and went to work for a bank; its director was a close friend of Schapira and of his father. That job lasted a year or so—until, through considerable string-pulling, he got a position with the Paris branch of the Banca d'Italia.

The Castellis had a fine time in Paris. They made a lot of friends, among them a young French architect and interior designer named René Drouin, who was married to an old school friend of Ileana's from Bucha-



"President Gorman, distinguished faculty, honored guests, members of the Class of 1980, and impoverished parents . . ."

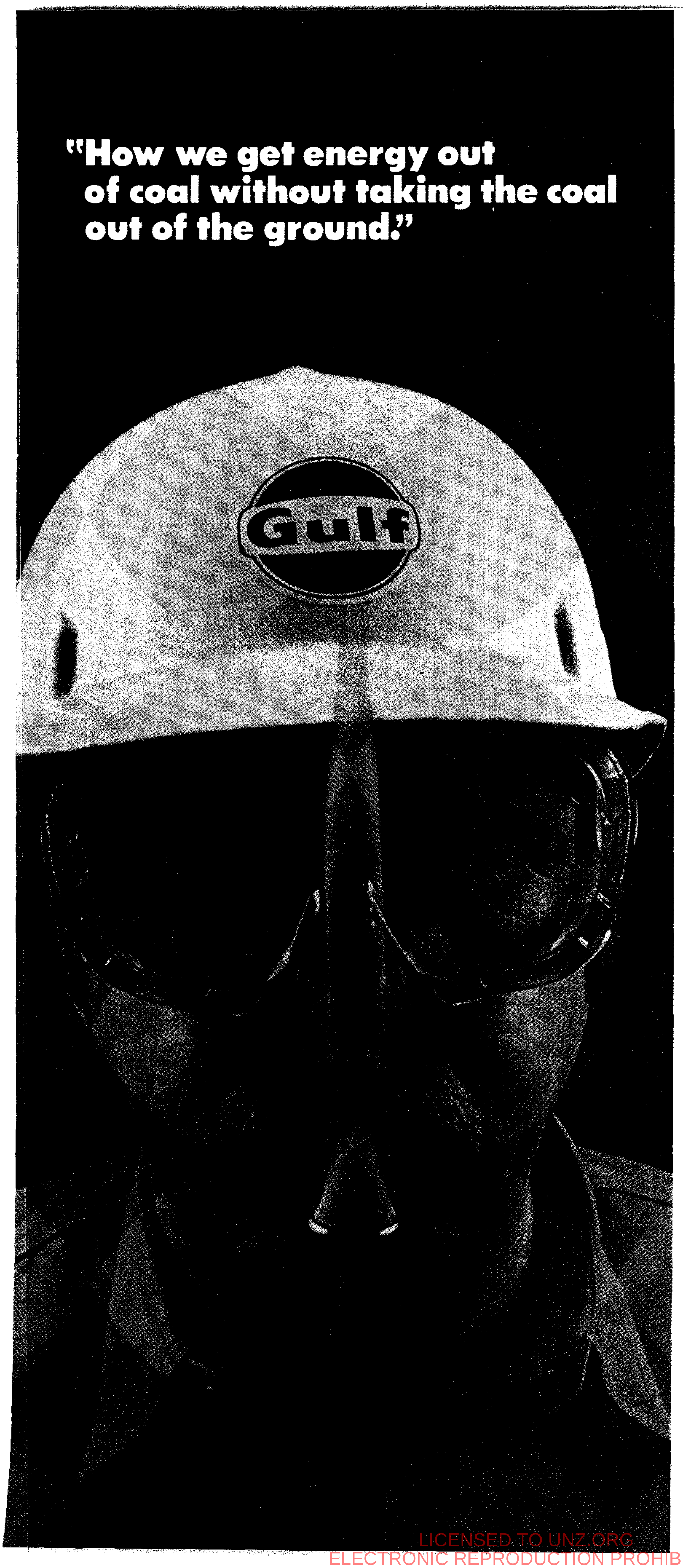
• •

rest. Drouin did over the Castellis' apartment, in Neuilly, and they continued to see a lot of him afterward. One day in 1938, Drouin proposed to Castelli that they open a gallery together, in the former quarters of the Knoedler Gallery, on the Place Vendôme, between the Hotel Ritz and Schiaparelli's. It was an elegant space, with marble columns, a grand staircase, and walls covered in faded velvet. Castelli's father-in-law, who wanted him to find an occupation that engaged his interest, looked with favor on the idea—enough to put up the money to rent and redecorate the gallery—and Castelli and Drouin threw themselves into the project full time. Their idea then was to show modern furniture designed by Drouin, antique furniture altered to suit modern tastes (Renaissance tables bleached white, Louis XVI chairs covered in contemporary fabrics), furniture designed by contemporary artists, and objets d'art.

Neither of them knew very much about contemporary art. Castelli had taken a three-year art-history course in high school, and he had read one book on contemporary art, Clive Bell's "Since Cézanne," dealing with Post-Impressionism, but in 1939 he knew far less about painting and sculpture than Ileana, who had spent many hours of her childhood wandering through museums while her mother and her older sister were doing the shops of one city or another. In Paris, though, Castelli had run across the painter Leonor Fini, whom he had known as a child in Trieste. Mlle. Fini was a member of the Paris Surrealist group, and when Castelli and Drouin let it be known that they were opening a gallery, they became of interest to Max Ernst, Pavel Tchelitchew, Salvador Dali, Meret Oppenheim, and other friends of hers. The first exhibition, before the formal opening, at what Castelli and Drouin had named the Galerie René Drouin was devoted to a single new painting by Tchelitchew, called "Phenomena;" it hung in the downstairs room, illuminated by candlelight. The Surrealists more or less took over the opening exhibition at the Galerie René Drouin in the late spring of 1939. Drouin's Art Deco furniture was overshadowed by such fantastic objects as a Fini armoire with doors in the shape of swan-women, Eugène Berman's armoire representing picturesque ruins, and Meret Oppenheim's mirror surrounded by flowing golden hair sculptured in wood. Dali planned to contribute a chair that breathed, but he failed to do so. There were also paintings and sculptures by other initiates of the waning Surrealist movement. *Le tout Paris* showed up for the opening, and Castelli and Drouin found themselves the height of chic. They closed the gallery for the summer, went on vacation, and that was that; the war broke out in early September.

The Castellis were not unduly alarmed. The family, which now included a three-year-old daughter, Nina, went south to stay with Ileana's father, in his large house in Cannes, pending further developments. They stayed there until the fall of France, and then, a year later, with much difficulty, they made their way to Casablanca, where they spent an anxious few months trying to get visas for the United States. In spite of everything, they managed to have a good time in Morocco, sightseeing in Marrakesh and continuing to live comfortably on money provided by Schapira, who had already made his way to New York. His money enabled them finally to procure visas, and after a rather harrowing trip by train to Tangier, by boat across the strait to Algeciras, and by train again across Spain to the northern seaport of Vigo, they boarded an ancient vessel, the Marques Comillas, and crossed to Cuba and then to New York, arriving in March of 1941, with many trunks, much hand baggage, a long-haired dachshund, and Nina's English nanny.

Schapira was well established in New York by then. He installed them in an apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, and in the fall of 1942 he installed them on the fourth floor of a town house he had bought and done over into apartments for himself and his family, at 4 East Seventy-seventh Street. The Castellis furnished their apartment with



"How we get energy out of coal without taking the coal out of the ground."

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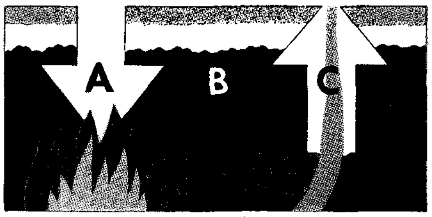

Air through injection well supports combustion of coal at A, fire heats coal at B, which produces gas recovered through production well, C.

"We had a test burn here in Rawlins, Wyoming, late in 1979, and we're setting up another one. Our hope is that by 1990, industry will be able to use this kind of synthetic gas, which of course will make us less dependent on expensive imported crude oil as an energy source.

"At Gulf, our first priority is to get all the oil and natural gas we can out of resources right here in America. But we're working on a lot of other good ideas, too. Underground coal gasification is one of them; and we're working with synthetic fuels, tar sands, geothermal energy, and other alternative energy sources.

"Overall, you might say that the business we're really in is the business of energy for tomorrow."

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Gulf Oil Corporation

"Someday we may use gas from coal the way we now use natural gas."

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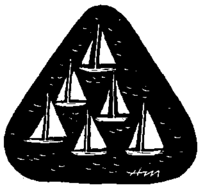
Based on a comparison between the consumer price index for the first 11 months of 1977 vs. 1979 and depreciation of a 2-year-old Volvo. © 1980 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION.

Victorian antiques and bought a Packard for trips to the Adirondacks and eastern Long Island. Feeling somewhat at loose ends, Castelli registered at Columbia University as a graduate student in economic history; once again he was thinking of becoming a teacher. He continued his studies until late in 1943, when he joined the Army and was sent to Fort Bragg for basic training in the Field Artillery. After basic training, the captain of his company had him sent to the Intelligence branch, and for several months he was trained at Camp Ritchie, Maryland, for operations behind enemy lines in France. By the time his training was completed, in the late summer of 1944, France was in Allied hands again and his mission was obsolete. He stayed on at Camp Ritchie to become an instructor, and then was asked if he would be willing to go on assignment overseas, to an undisclosed destination, and he said he would. The destination turned out to be Bucharest, and there he spent the next fifteen months as an interpreter for the Allied Control Commission.

Although Castelli had not received a commission, which had been promised him when he was training for Intelligence work in France (he rose no higher than technical sergeant), he naturally managed to have an agreeable time in Bucharest. He lived in the best hotel and dined splendidly, and, because it was soon apparent that the Russians were going to run things their way and the Allied Control Commission was nothing more than an observation post, his time was more or less his own. He made contact with his sister, Silvia, who had married a Hungarian banker and had spent the war years in Budapest. (Silvia now lives, with her husband, in Riverdale. Giorgio, their younger brother, came to the United States in 1939, changed his name to George E. Crane, and became a research psychiatrist; he was for some years the clinical director of a mental hospital in Jamestown, North Dakota, and is now retired.) From Silvia, Castelli learned that their parents had both died during the war, in Budapest—their mother of multiple sclerosis and their father from a foot infection that went untreated. Castelli had had no word from them since 1941, and the news hit him hard. "Leo admired his father tremendously," Ileana once said. "He had a high position, and he wanted to be fair to everybody, kind to everybody, well liked by everybody, and in a way he achieved that—some kind of ideal behavior. Leo had two models, his father and Castiglione's Courtier. He himself always wants to be good, kind, just, considerate, and loved, and, of course, that's impossible. He wants to be fair to everyone, so he ends up being unjust to some. Leo has enemies for the same reason he has friends."

On furlough in Paris in 1945, Castelli looked up René Drouin. To his surprise, he found him still operating the gallery on the Place Vendôme, where he had assembled an impressive group of modern artists. It was a straight painting-and-sculpture gallery now—no more furniture—and the stable included Kandinsky, Dubuffet, Wols, de Staël, Mondrian, and Antoine Pevsner. Nobody was buying anything then, though, and the future looked highly uncertain. Castelli went back to Bucharest, where he was offered a commission after all and a career in Army Intelligence. He considered the offer and rejected it. He had decided to continue working with Drouin, but not in Paris and not on a formal basis. Having become an American citizen as a result of his military service, he decided to set himself up as Drouin's representative in New York.



For a few months after he got out of the Army, Castelli tried halfheartedly to complete his graduate studies at Columbia. But his real education was just beginning, and his university was the Museum of Modern Art, where Alfred Barr's exhibitions and catalogues opened up for him a world that he had barely glimpsed before. "I really discovered modern art there," he said recently. "Modern *European* art. Nowhere else in the world was there such a well-structured view of art in this century. The French put the focus on their own art, especially Cubism, but they hardly bothered about Surrealism or German Expressionism or anything else." Dorothy Miller, who was then the curator of painting and sculpture at the Modern, first saw Castelli in 1946, when he came to the museum bringing a gift—a newly published limited edition of a French book on Dubuffet, and two drawings by Salvador Dali. "I just wanted to show my gratitude to that institution, which to me seemed miraculous," Castelli explains.

Dali, Yves Tanguy, André Masson, André Breton, Max Ernst, Matta, and several other members of the Surrealist group had spent the war years in America, and most of them were still here when Castelli got back. Their center was Peggy Guggenheim's Art of This Century Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and Castelli began spending a lot of time there. The key figure in his art education at this point was the Chilean painter Matta (Roberto Matta Echaurren), a volatile, brilliant, intensely energetic artist, who was younger than the Paris Surrealists and served as a link between them and the American artists who would later become known as Abstract Expressionists. "Matta for me was the prototype of the intelligent, dynamic artist," Castelli recalls. "He was a great catalyst for ideas and developments of all kinds." Matta's emotional life was decidedly expressionistic. When his pregnant wife produced twins, he left her immediately—the responsibility was too daunting—and took up with and later married a girl named Patricia O'Connell. Matta also became involved with Arshile Gorky's wife, Agnes. For Gorky, whose most productive period had been brutally truncated by cancer and by a severe automobile accident that left him crippled, this was too much to bear; when Agnes left him, in the summer of 1948, he hanged himself. Matta left for Europe soon afterward. Most of the European artists had gone back by that time. Their presence in New York had helped to encourage and focus the energies of the vanguard Americans, however, and, from 1949 on, the real international center of modern art was New York.

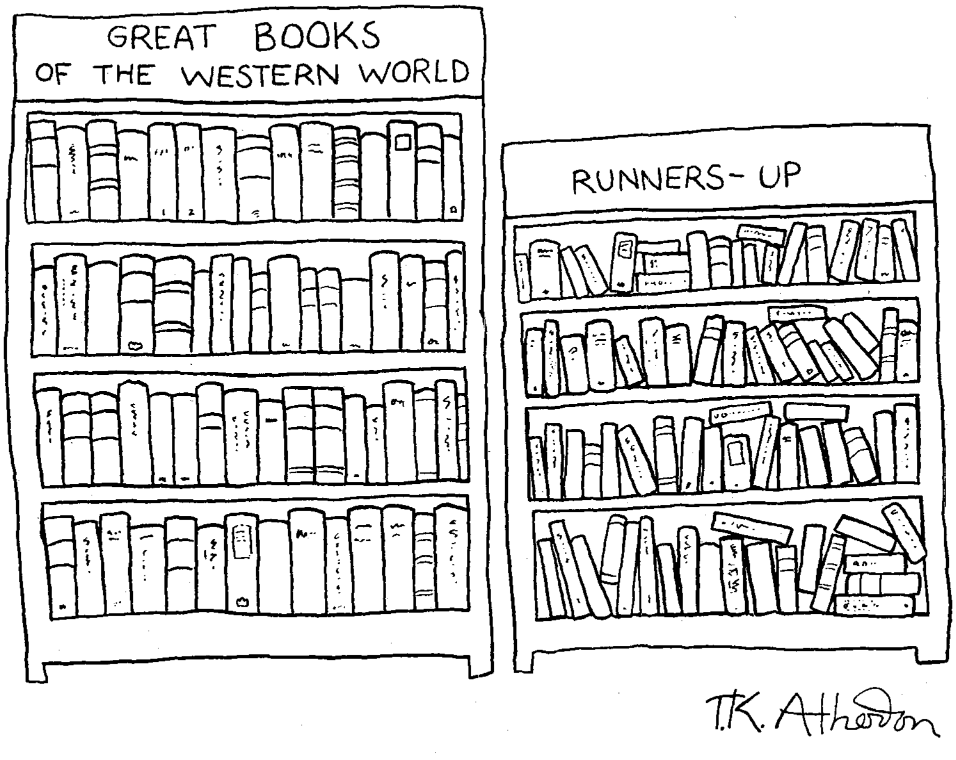
The gallery situation in the middle forties was not propitious for American art. Edith Halpert showed some of the leading prewar figures (Ben Shahn, Reginald Marsh, Yasuo Kuniyoshi) at her Downtown Gallery, on East Fifty-first Street, but the major galleries, such as Curt Valentin and Karl Nierendorf and Valentine Dudensing, handled mostly European artists, and the market was Europe-oriented. This situation began to change in 1946 and 1947, when Betty Parsons and Sam Kootz and Charles Egan opened galleries and started showing the New York School of Abstract Expressionists, many of whom had been cast adrift by the closing of the Art of This Century Gallery. The violently hostile reactions of most critics and gallerygoers to the work of Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Mark Rothko, and the others did not encourage sales, and if their pictures were bought at all, they went for prices that now seem ridiculous—around a thousand dollars for a major Pollock. The artists had developed a truculent, damn-the-bourgeois confidence in their work, however, and there were a few outsiders, such as the Castellis, who believed in them and became their friends. Castelli was an early member of the Club, a loose association that met in a loft on East Eighth Street, with artists, poets, sympathetic critics, such as Clement Greenberg and Harold Rosenberg, and guest speakers gathering for lectures and freewheeling discussions, which usually ended up at the Cedar Tavern, around the corner on University Place. The mental and emotional climate of these gatherings was somewhat chauvinistic, according to Ileana. "People were very defensive," she recalls. "We were not much interested in new European painting, but we found American painting fascinating. I myself felt very disillusioned with Europe then; I never wanted to see it again. John B. Myers, who ran the Tibor de Nagy Gallery, once called Leo 'Coq au Vin,' which hurt us—we both felt so strongly attracted to this country, and we were very much involved with the art scene."

The artists were not quite sure where the Castellis' interests lay. Castelli seemed to be primarily a collector, but his means were obviously limited; it was Ileana who occasionally bought a picture. Castelli was earning his living then in the knit-goods business. Mihail Schapira, in yet another attempt to help his son-in-law make good, had bought him an interest in a knit-goods-manufacturing firm that was an offshoot of a larger textile business owned by Schapira himself and a Rumanian colleague. Castelli was irregularly in his office, but the salary paid for food and rent. He was also doing some private dealing in European pictures. Now and then, René Drouin would send over a canvas by Kandinsky—unstretched and rolled up, in the care of an airline pilot he knew, to avoid the shipping charges—and Castelli would sell it to the Baroness Hilla Rebay for her good friend Simon Guggenheim (Peggy's uncle), who kept his collection in a huge apartment at the Plaza. (Later, the collection went to the Guggenheim Museum.) Castelli had also established a relationship with the Nierendorf Gallery, which handled Klee, Kandinsky, and other European masters. In 1947, Kandinsky's widow, in Paris, consigned a large number of early Kandinsky paintings to Nierendorf, and he died soon after receiving them. The gallery's director, afraid that the paintings would be tied up indefinitely in Nierendorf's estate, wired Mrs. Kandinsky for advice. She wired back, "Give them to Castelli," which the director did, and so for a while Castelli had two sources of Kandinskys—early ones from Nierendorf and later ones from Drouin. His only real customer was the Baroness Rebay, and the prices were not spectacular; the costliest, which would be worth half a million dollars today, went for four thousand. Drouin, who was always on the verge of bankruptcy, kept wiring Castelli to send him money to keep the gallery open, so Castelli's meagre profits usually disappeared before they could be reinvested.

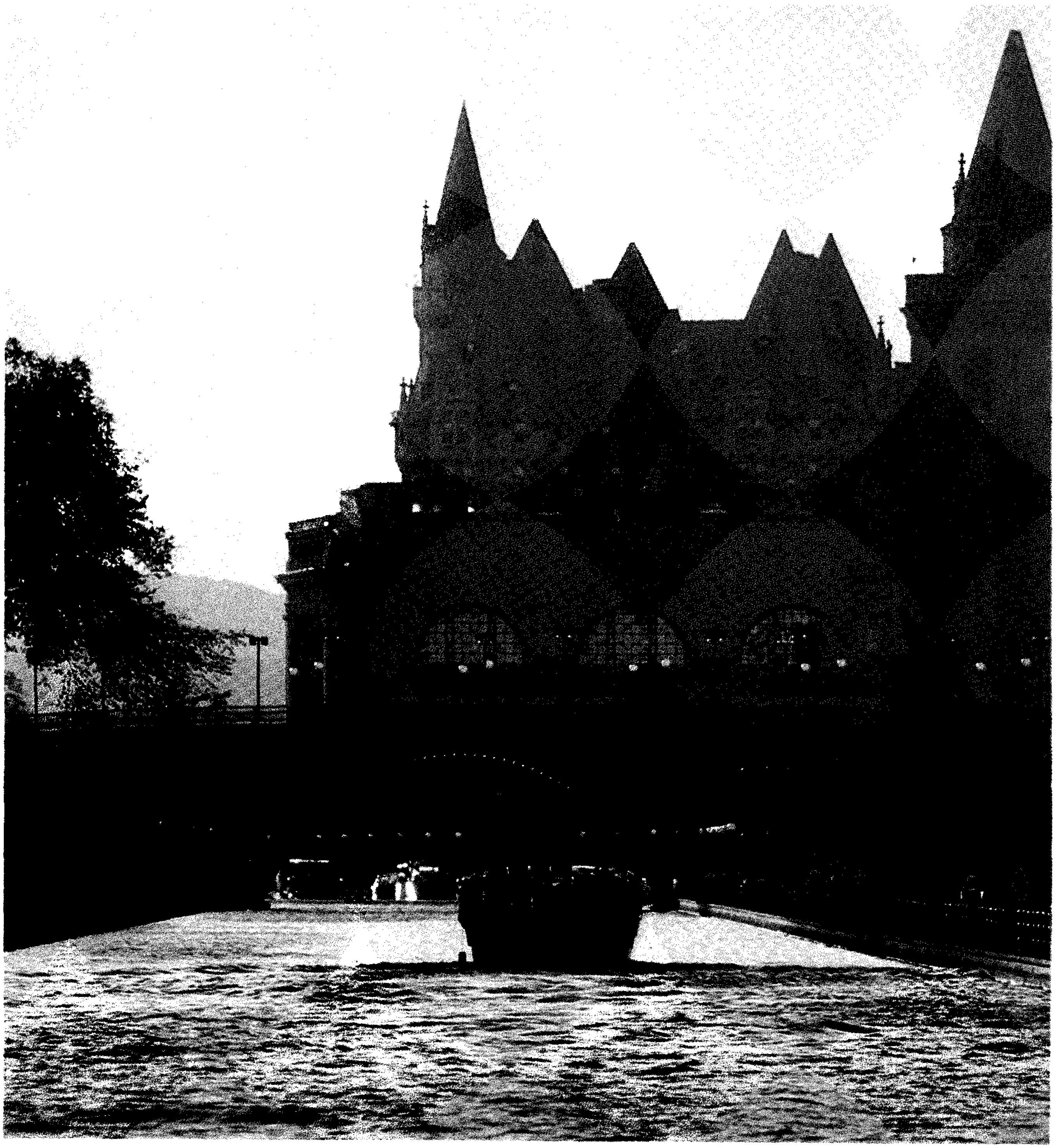
Castelli went to France in 1949 to sell his father-in-law's house in Cannes, and while he was there he terminated the business connection with Drouin. Since the gallery had been financed by Schapira in the first place, Drouin gave Castelli a few important works as his share of the partnership—a Léger still-life, three very good Dubuffets, a small Kandinsky, and a metal sculpture by Pevsner. These, in addition to two important Klees and a Mondrian that he had bought from Nierendorf, became the basis for much of Castelli's future activity as an independent dealer.

Castelli was becoming increasingly involved, personally and professionally, with the Abstract Expressionist painters. He and Ileana gave lively parties in their apartment and in a house they had bought in East Hampton, which was where many of the New York artists spent the summer. (The artists lived in the woods on the bay side; the Castellis lived on Jericho Lane, near the beach.) For two summers, Willem and Elaine de Kooning lived with them in the East Hampton house. The Abstract Expressionists were becoming known outside the tiny art world. In August of 1949, *Life* ran a three-page article on Pollock under the heading "JACKSON POLLOCK—Is He the Greatest Living Painter in the United States?" Still, nobody was making any real money. Several of the New York artists kept urging Castelli to open a gallery. Sam Kootz offered his space on Fifty-seventh Street to Castelli in 1948, when he decided to give it up, but Castelli declined. He did not feel confident enough to open a gallery, he said. He also had a lingering European-patrician distaste for the idea of being "in trade," and, besides, Mihail Schapira had reservations about the idea: he had lost a good part of his fortune in moving to America, and he felt that the art business was risky and insubstantial. At any rate, the former Kootz space was taken over by Sidney Janis.

Janis, too, had been in the clothing business—shirt manufacturing. He and his wife had begun collecting modern art in 1926, and in 1938 he retired from the shirt business and spent the next ten years writing books about art. He brought to the gallery field a scholarly acumen that embraced the whole development of modern painting and sculpture, and his exhibitions of Mondrian, Léger, Picasso, and other European giants quickly established his gallery as a powerful new force. Castelli and Janis had known one another since the mid-nineteen-forties, and in 1948, when Janis



"capital sights"



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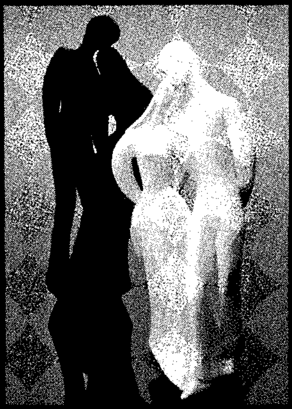

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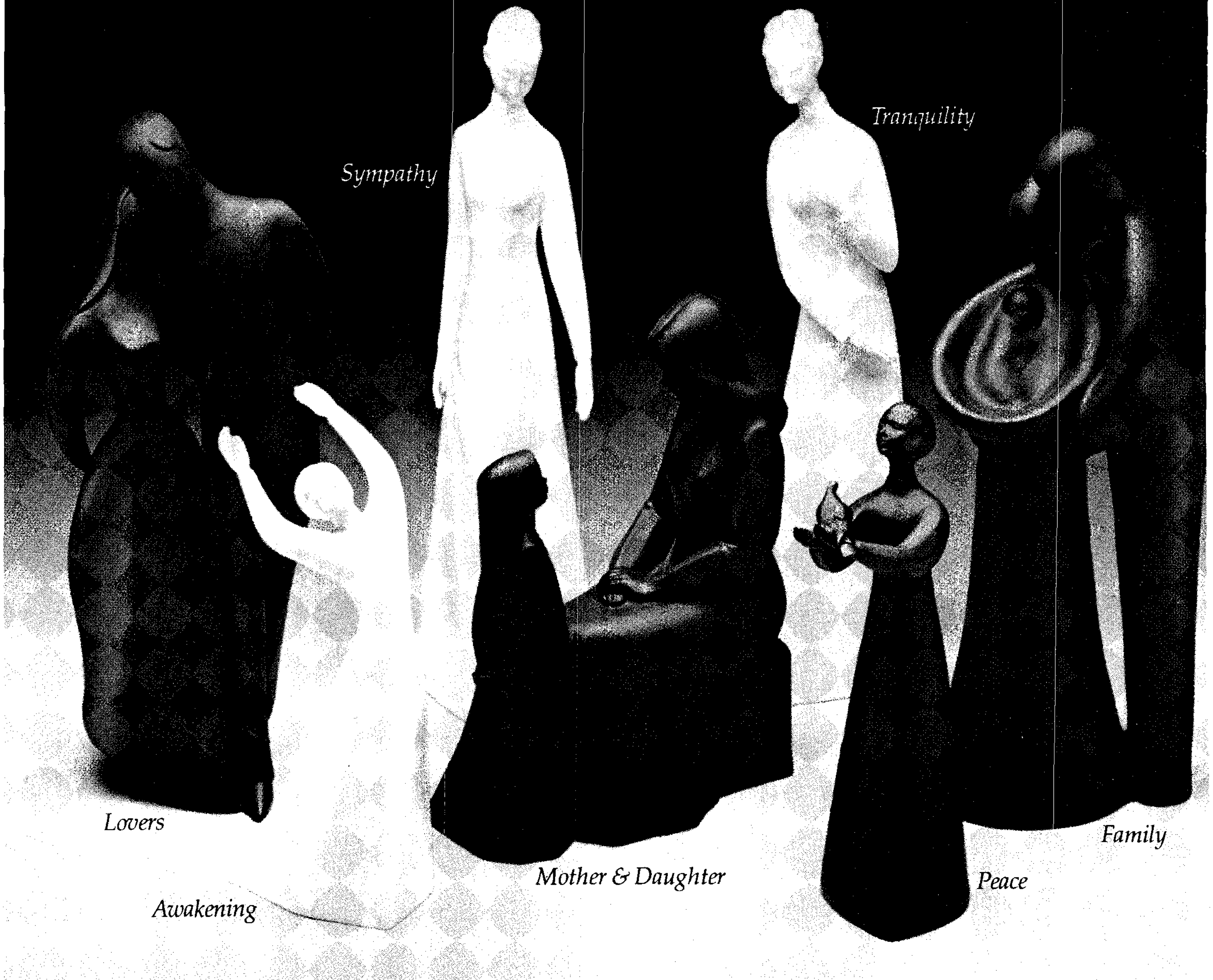
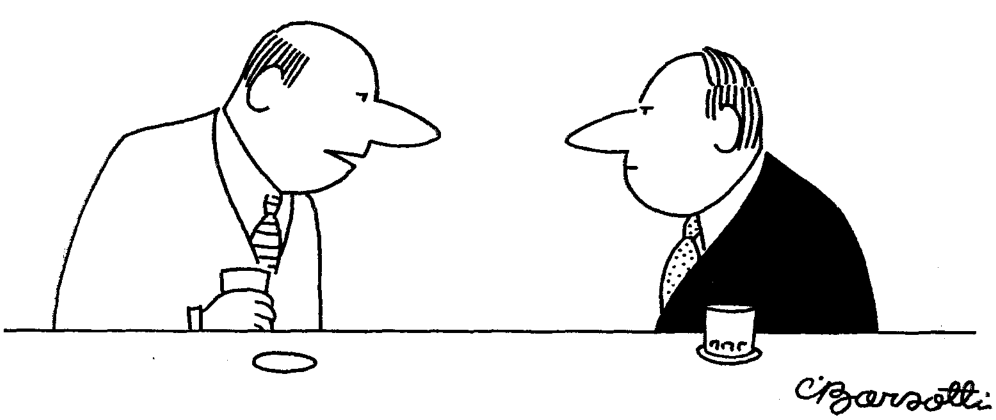


opened his gallery, they began to do some business together. Castelli collaborated on a group show of young French and American painters at the Janis Gallery in the fall of 1950. In the hanging, Janis and Castelli paired the French and American painters according to similarity of style or image: Dubuffet with de Kooning, Soulages with Kline, de Staël with Rothko, Lanskoy with Pollock, Matta with Gorky (who presumably turned in his grave), among others. A few years later, Ileana Castelli bought some pictures from Janis—mainly by Pollock, who had left Betty Parsons in 1951 and had subsequently joined Janis—and occasionally Castelli would ask Janis to sell one of his European pictures. From time to time, Janis and Castelli bought a picture jointly and split the proceeds of the resale. They used to lunch together often in those days, and as Janis took on more and more of the Abstract Expressionists—Kline and Rothko in 1953, Motherwell in 1954—insiders speculated that Castelli had become the brains of the Janis Gallery. Castelli is quick to deny this. "Janis knew Pollock and de Kooning before I did," he has said. "Perhaps he was a little more hesitant about them than I was, but he did not take them merely on my advice. Janis was really a product of the Museum of Modern Art. In accuracy, precision, and selection, his shows were in the same class as MOMA's. I had the benefit of Alfred Barr's teaching at one remove, through Janis. People sometimes criticize him today and say he has no original ideas, but this is not true at all. What he did was of enormous importance. He really taught me that a gallery should be run like a museum—he had that kind of rigor. I learned infinitely more from him than he did from me."

An important event in the rise of Abstract Expressionism was the Ninth Street Show, in the late spring of 1951. Many of the artists then lived in Greenwich Village and showed in the small coöperative galleries on or near Tenth Street. When Conrad Marca-Relli, an Abstract Expressionist painter, discovered that a building on Ninth Street near University Place was about to be demolished, he and several other artists got the idea of putting on a big group show there. The plan quickly gained adherents, Castelli among them. "I was the one who appeared to be the richest, so I put up the money to buy some white paint and to get the announcements printed," Castelli recalls. "I spent all in all something like two hundred or three hundred dollars." The show turned out to be mostly an exhibition of Abstract Expressionist work, the largest and most comprehensive ever seen up until then. Sixty-one artists were represented, and it came as a shock to some observers to see how completely the slashing, loose-elbow style of de Kooning and Pollock, which Harold Rosenberg subsequently called Action painting, had taken over the younger generation. The opening was a sort of fiesta, with a great banner stretching across Ninth Street, and with huge crowds of approving or disapproving viewers. Afterward, when Castelli brought Alfred Barr by the Cedar Tavern to discuss the show and then to the Eighth Street Club, where many of the artists had gathered to celebrate, he and Barr were greeted by a round of spontaneous applause.



"I consider myself a passionate man, but, of course, a lawyer first."

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More than ever after the Ninth Street Show, the artists wondered why Castelli didn't do something. His keen interest in the new painting was obvious. He had sold his share in the knit-goods business that year and was using the money to buy work by de Kooning and others. He spent all his time going around to galleries and studios, talking to artists, investigating each new development. And yet for several years he hesitated to commit himself. Ileana remembers a summer evening on the beach at East Hampton. "Bill de Kooning was upset, and he attacked Leo for not opening a gallery. I said, 'I think that Leo will open a gallery, and that you won't be one of his artists.' Bill wanted to know why not. I said I thought Leo would be more interested in becoming involved with what was coming up, not with what had already bloomed. Leo was always adventurous—always something of a gambler. Anyway, those were prophetic words."

Schapira and his wife, Marianne, were divorced by this time. Marianne had been in London in 1940, visiting their daughter Eve, and she was not able to get to New York until 1944. For a while, she lived with her husband on the fifth floor of 4 East Seventy-seventh Street; Eve, who was a war widow, lived on the third floor, below the Castellis. Mrs. Schapira later married John Graham, an artist who had once been a cavalry officer in Czarist Russia, and who, before renouncing modern art entirely, in the late fifties, had been a powerful influence on Gorky and de Kooning. Graham and Ileana's mother lived mostly in Southampton, where they had bought a house, but they kept a basement apartment at 4 East Seventy-seventh Street as a pied-à-terre. The Castellis found Graham charming, witty, literate, and eccentric. "He painted very little then," Castelli recalls. "He was interested mainly in collecting antiques and objets d'art, and in studies of magic. He thought of himself as the reincarnation of Cagliostro." When Ileana's mother died, in 1955, Graham stayed on for a couple of years in the basement apartment. He became friendly with Schapira; they used to get together to talk about Marianne, who had been very beautiful and very much loved by both of them. Eventually, Graham went to London, where he died, in 1961.

CASTELLI never joined forces with Janis on a formal basis, because Janis wanted to keep his gallery in the family. (His two sons have since assumed active roles there.) By 1955, Castelli had finally started to think about opening his own gallery. He went to Paris that year, saw Drouin, and looked at a few pictures by younger European artists; his idea was that he would concentrate on recent work in both Europe and America, putting on exhibitions more or less along the lines of the 1950 show he had done with Janis. Even so, two more years passed before he opened his gallery, and for a while it hardly seemed like a gallery. It was, in fact, the living room of the Castellis' apartment, on the fourth floor of 4 East Seventy-seventh. Their daughter, Nina, was away at Radcliffe, so the Castellis made her room their office and used a closet for storage space. There was no sign outside. Visitors had to know where they were going, and they had to squeeze into a tiny, unpredictable elevator to get to the fourth floor. The opening exhibition, in February of 1957, was a group show of well-known Europeans and Americans: de Kooning, Delaunay, Dubuffet, Giacometti, Hartley, Léger, Mondrian, Picabia, Pollock, David Smith, and van Doesburg. "At first, I just showed things we'd been surrounded by," Castelli has said. "Some were borrowed, but most of them were things we owned." They started out in the quietest possible way, by selling from their own collection.

True to Ileana's prophecy, none of the leading Abstract Expressionists joined Castelli's new gallery. By 1957, they were all well established elsewhere—most of them with Sidney Janis, whose astute tactics had launched the rapid rise in their prices. Placing Pollock and de Kooning in the same gallery that showed such Europeans as Mondrian and Léger overcame a lot of buyer resistance to the Americans, but it was also true that Pollock's death, in a 1956 automobile accident, had a leavening effect on prices—his own and others as well. While Castelli did not have the leaders, he nevertheless started out with a few second-generation American abstractionists—Paul Brach, Norman Bluhm, Jon Schueler—and with a couple of young European artists, Viseux (French) and Horia Damian (Rumanian), who were not destined to electrify the art world. Indeed, until the gallery's end-of-season group show that May there were no indications that Castelli was going to break new ground at all. The closing show of "New Work" included two unfamiliar and highly disturbing pictures, however; one was by Robert Rauschenberg, the other by Jasper Johns.

Rauschenberg, who came from Texas by way of the United States Navy, Paris, and Black Mountain College, in North Carolina, was already the enfant terrible of the New York art world. He was interested in pushing the great twentieth-century aesthetic question "What is art?" beyond the limits that most people considered sensible, and in the mid-fifties he had had three one-man shows—at the Betty Parsons, the Stable, and the Egan Galleries—that had aroused the most vitriolic sort of antagonism. Rauschenberg had painted a series of all-white canvases on which no images impinged but the shadows of whatever moved in front of them. He had made black paintings on torn newsprint, and red paintings that incorporated as collage elements mirrors, umbrellas, comic strips, reproductions of Old Masters, bits of cloth, and flashing light bulbs. He had even done a "Dirt Painting" with growing grass. For Castelli, Rauschenberg's 1954 red show at the Egan Gallery was what he describes as "an epiphany—an astonishing event that at the time did not seem to me to be related to anything else." He adds, "But in spite of my enthusiasm I did not buy a piece—to my great shame." Castelli was somewhat uncertain about asking Rauschenberg to join his gallery. As Rauschenberg remembers it, people kept telling him that he was going with Castelli, but neither Castelli nor Ileana had said anything about it to him. Like many other young artists, Rauschenberg wanted very much to join the new venture. Castelli, he felt, was someone who "was clearly going to do the incredible."

Castelli's second epiphany came in the spring of 1957, when he went with Ilse Getz, an artist who had worked for the Bertha Schaefer Gallery and whom he had hired as his assistant, to an exhibition of new talent put together with the help of the art historian Meyer Schapiro at the Jewish Museum, on upper Fifth Avenue. Rauschenberg had four paintings in the show, Alfred Leslie five, and Joan Mitchell two; several of the second-generation Abstract Expressionists were also represented. Castelli knew the work of all of them well. Ilse Getz remembers Castelli stopping suddenly in front of a green painting that looked something like an archery target. It was painted in encaustic, an unusual technique using a heated-wax base. "Leo was just riveted," she recalls. "He said, 'This is a fantastic painting.' I didn't know if he was out of his mind or serious, because, frankly, I saw nothing in it."

"To me, it was a totally unfamiliar painting," Castelli explains. "I saw it then as a green painting with collage elements, an over-all green picture. I looked at the name under it, Jasper Johns, which also made a great impression on me; it seemed like such an improbable name in connection with that painting. Anyway, I went home with that name going around in my head." Ileana was at home with the flu that day. She remembers that Castelli came in and sat on the bed and talked for quite a while about the green painting.

Two days later, the Castellis and Ilse Getz went to Rauschenberg's studio, on Pearl Street, at the edge of the financial district. They had known Rauschenberg for some time; the purpose of the evening was to come to a decision about his work. Ileana and Ilse Getz were enthusiastic about the work and also about the artist. "The first time I saw Bob was at that Ninth Street Show, in 1951," Ileana recalls. "Here was this young man, so handsome, laughing, and happy—quite a contrast to some of the others. I thought his work was absolutely eccentric, but what I don't understand I usually like. Well, we went to Bob's that night—it was a rainy Sunday—and there were lots of beautiful paintings. And then Bob said he was going downstairs to Jasper Johns' loft to get ice for drinks—it turned out that Jasper lived in the studio on the floor beneath, and that they had only one refrigerator between them."

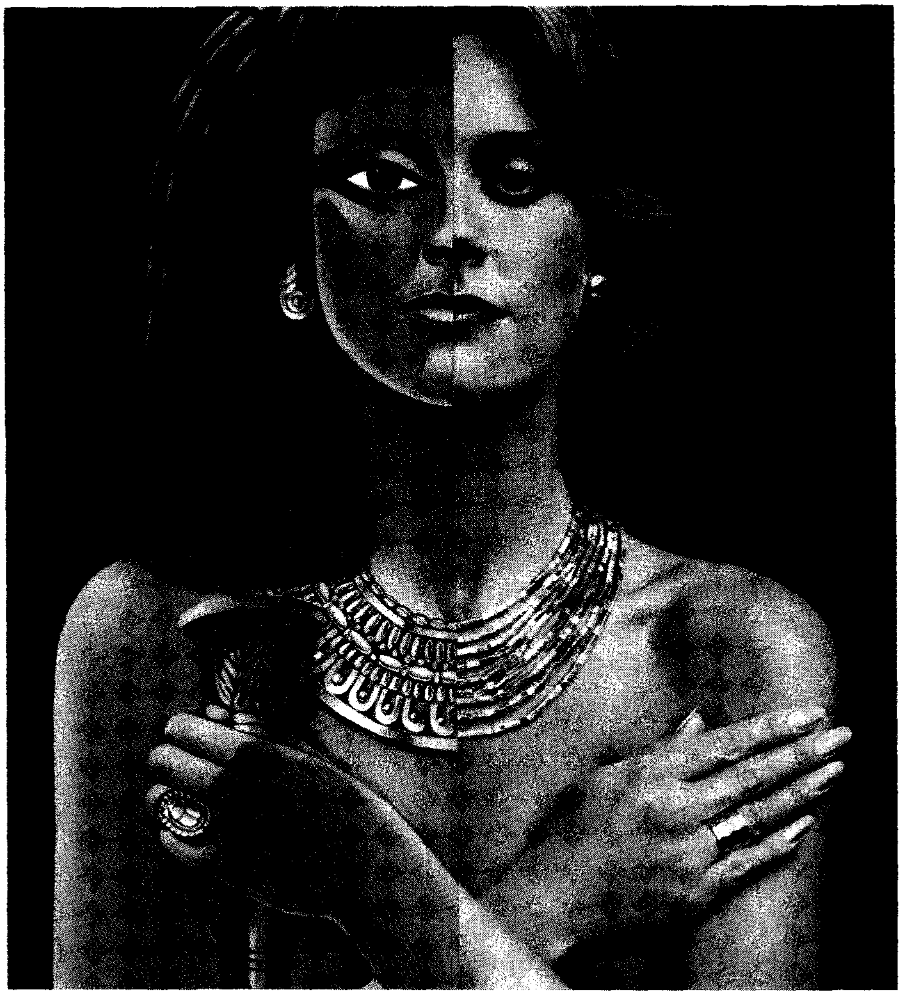
Castelli could hardly contain his excitement. He asked to meet Johns, and Rauschenberg obligingly brought him upstairs, and from that moment it was obvious to everyone that Castelli was not concentrating on Rauschenberg's pictures. He couldn't wait to go downstairs and see Johns' work, and they did so a few minutes later. Ileana was surprised to find what looked like a one-man exhibition in his studio. "Many, many marvellous paintings—paintings of targets, of flags, of numbers, all very strange and very beautiful. We were overwhelmed."

Castelli told Johns that he was excited by his work and wanted to show it. Johns, in his taciturn way, said that that would be fine. They went back upstairs and finished their drinks, and not until several days later did they realize how crushing the experience had been for Rauschenberg. He came to the gallery when Castelli was out, and talked to Ileana, telling her that he had to know whether or not they planned to give him a show, because if they didn't he would go to another gallery. Ileana gave him a firm date for a show the following March.

Jasper Johns' first one-man show at Castelli's, in January of 1958, hit the art world like a meteor. Even before the opening, his "Target with Four Faces" had appeared on the cover of

MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

Gold on the body: the ancient urge that became a tradition.



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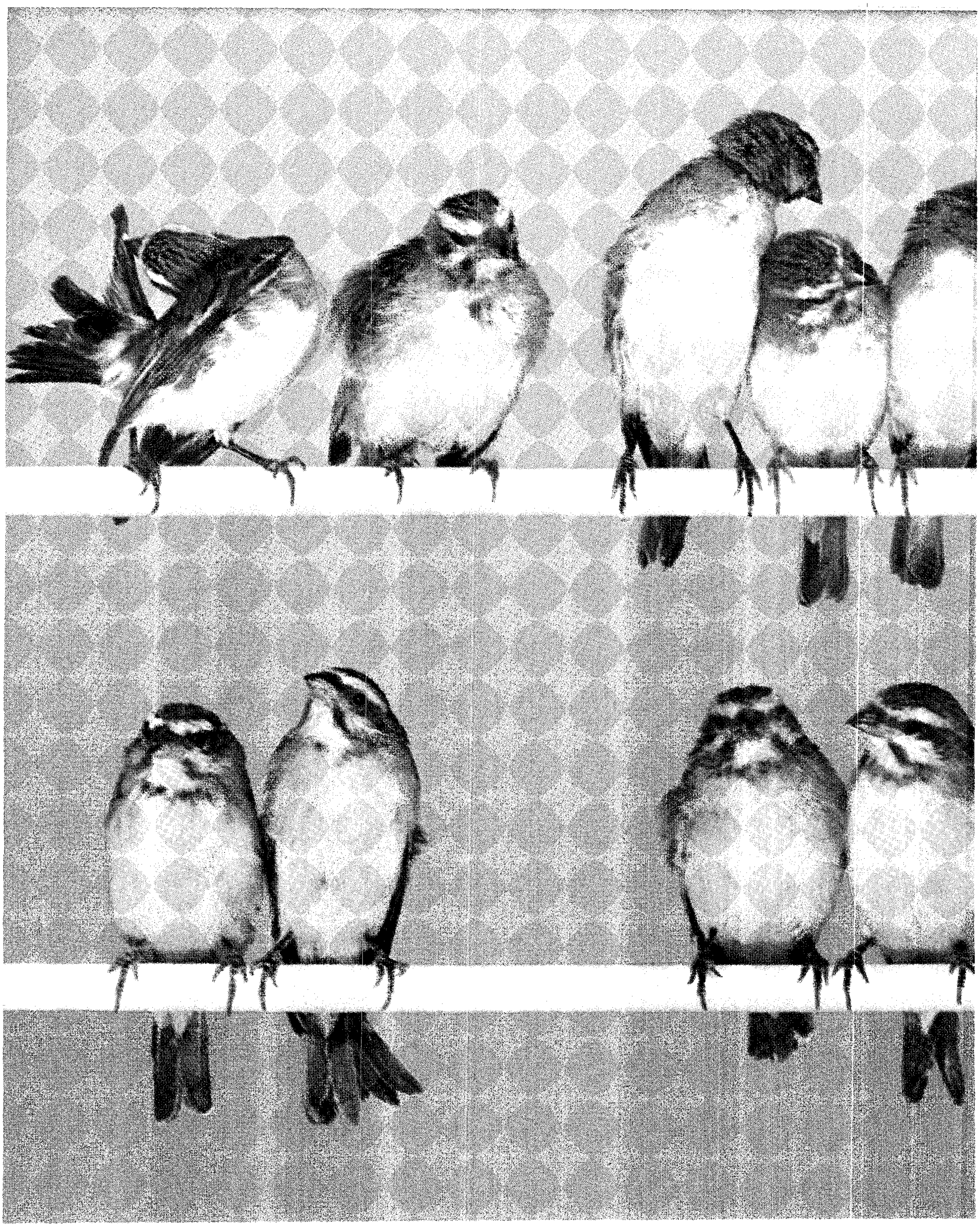

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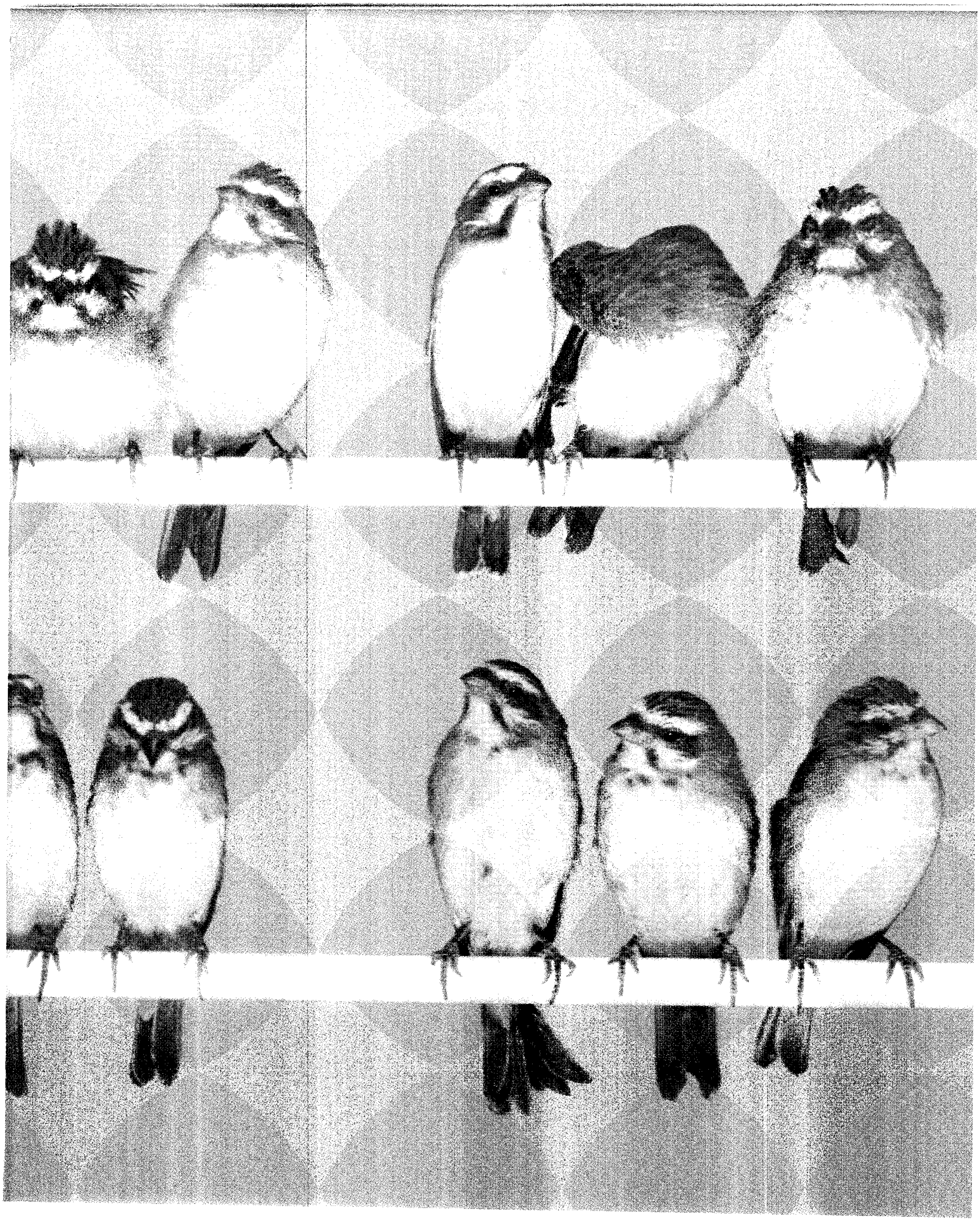

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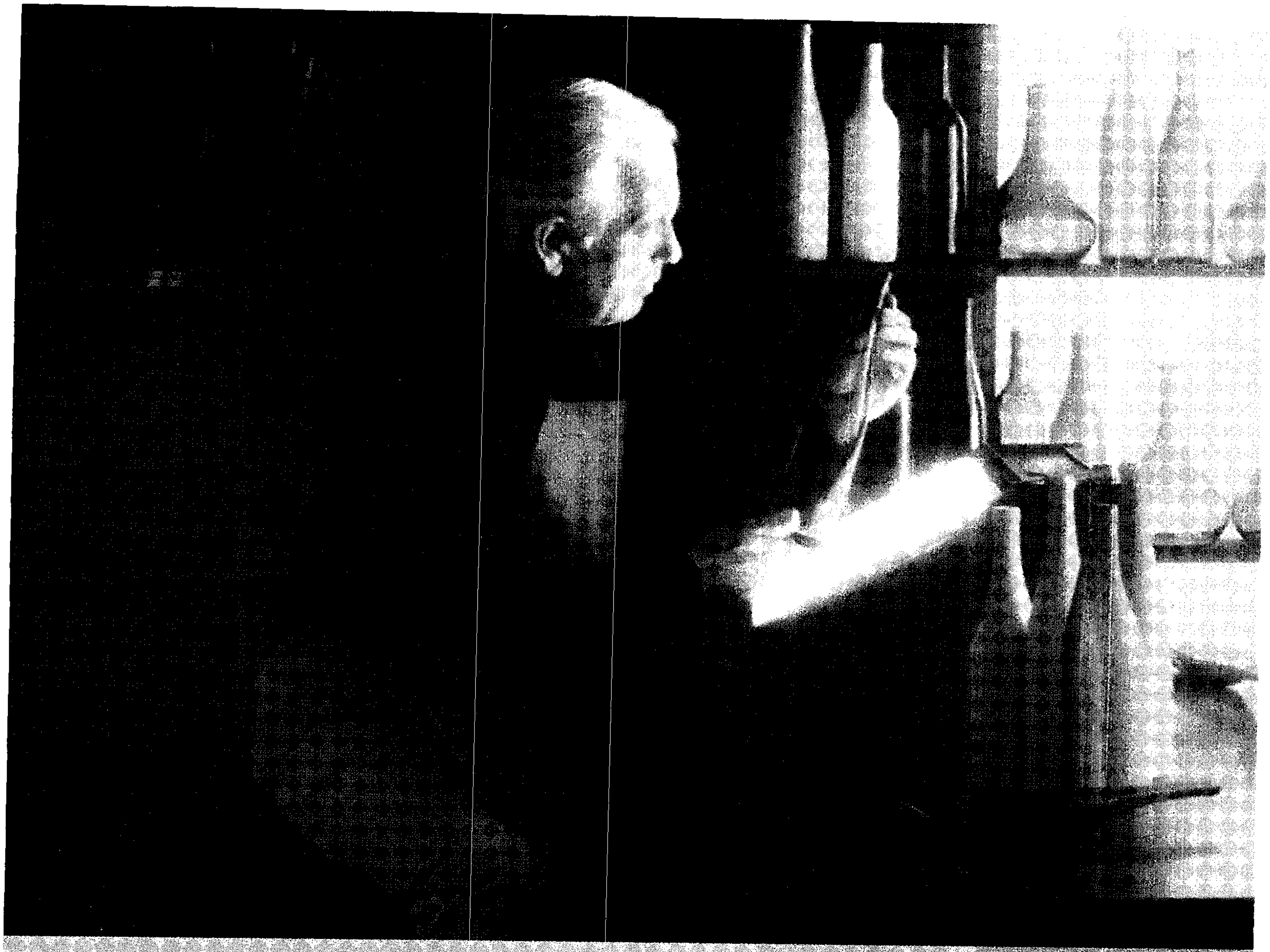

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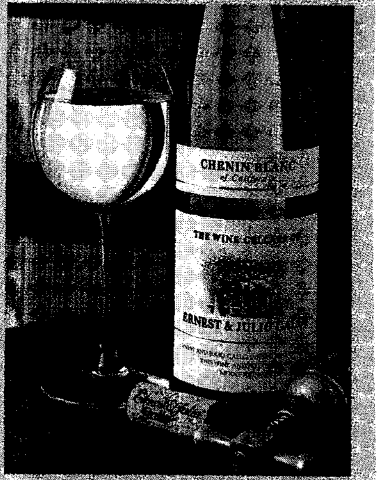

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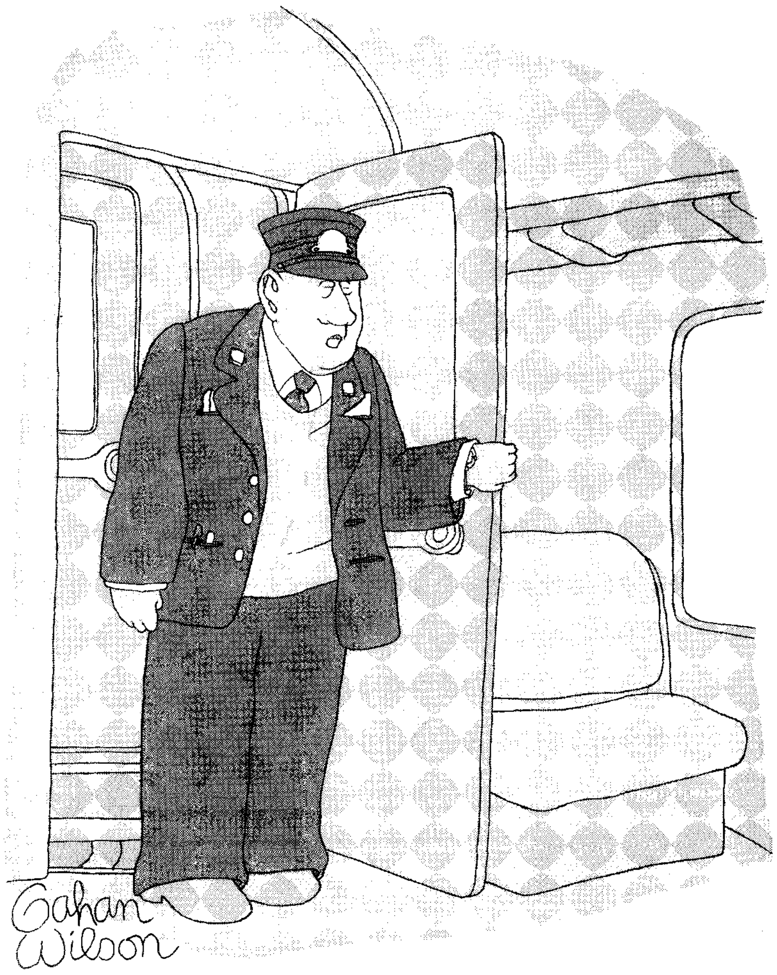
ARTnews, with a note about the artist and a one-paragraph review of the show inside. Thomas B. Hess, the executive editor of *ARTnews*, had come into Castelli's one day and asked if he could borrow the picture—an encaustic painting with four wooden boxes nailed to the top of the stretcher, in each of which appeared a plaster cast of that portion of a man's face from the eyes to the chin—and Castelli, a great admirer of Hess's critical writings on Abstract Expressionism, had said he could. Hess had taken it away in a taxi and put it on the cover of the January issue, and the repercussions were felt from Milan to Tokyo. The message was that Abstract Expressionism's hegemony was broken.

Alfred Barr came to the gallery on opening day and stayed for three hours. He called Dorothy Miller and had her come, too, to help him select work for the museum—not one painting but four, as it turned out. Barr wanted very much to buy the "Target with Plaster Casts," a large encaustic-on-canvas surmounted by nine wooden boxes, in each of which was placed a cast of some part of the human body, including a green-painted penis. Barr wondered whether it would be all right to keep the doors to some of the boxes closed (each box had a door, or lid, that could be opened and closed), and Castelli said the question could be answered only by the artist, who was in the back room. Johns appeared, was questioned by Barr, and replied that it would be all right to have some of the doors closed some of the time but not all the time, whereupon Barr regretfully decided he would have to choose another. He chose, and presented to the trustees, the "Target with Four Faces," and he also chose the "Green Target," which Castelli had seen at the Jewish Museum; a painting called "White Numbers;" and a painting of the American flag. But Barr felt the flag painting might be misunderstood as unpatriotic (the taint of McCarthyism was still in the air), so Philip Johnson, the architect, offered to buy it for future donation. Johnson became so fond of the picture that he didn't want to give it up, however, and it was not until 1973 that he gave the "Flag" to the museum, in honor of Barr.

Several trustees of the museum also bought works from the Johns show, and so did Donald Peters, Mrs. Henry Epstein, Ben Heller, and other important collectors. A Dutch dealer named Jan Streep wanted to buy out the entire exhibition; when Castelli told him that that was impossible, he angrily refused to buy anything. Only two pictures remained unsold at the end of the show—a large "White Flag" and the "Target with Plaster Casts." Johns decided to keep the "Flag," and Castelli bought the "Target;" the price was twelve hundred dollars, and in the euphoria of the moment Castelli waived his commission and paid the artist the entire amount. If he wanted to sell the work today—he does not—it would probably bring, he estimates, well over half a million dollars.

Rauschenberg's first show, two months later, was, by contrast, a *succès de scandale*. Johns' talent has always been austere and elegant, disturbing yet beautifully controlled; Rauschenberg's is impulsive, risky, on the verge of chaos. The tension between chaos and order is one source of his great strength as an artist, but his work has always been "difficult," and the 1958 show at Castelli's, which included "Odalisk," a freestanding construction with a stuffed rooster on top, and "Bed," a quilt and pillow painted over in gaudy colors, was about as difficult as they come. Some people thought that "Bed" represented the scene of an axe murder. Almost everyone was offended by the show, and only two works were sold. A Baltimore woman bought, for two hundred dollars, a small "Collage with Red." The other sale was to Castelli, who bought "Bed." The Museum of Modern Art bought nothing. The following year, however, Dorothy Miller included both Rauschenberg and Johns in one of the museum's famous group shows, called "Sixteen Americans." Rauschenberg's official recognition dates from that show, but there were very few sales of his work for the next two years.

Every cent the Castellis made went back into the gallery. Constance Trimble, who answered an ad in the *Times* and came to work for them in November of 1957 (Ilse Getz was leaving, to go to Paris), had the impression at first that her new employers were trying to lose money; to her they seemed like rich people playing at a game they loved. The gallery floors were waxed twice a week, and the walls were repainted for every show. Castelli wanted Mrs. Trimble to organize the files along museum lines: photographs of every work shown there were to be made available to anyone who wanted to see them, together with reviews and other pertinent materials. Although the methods were professional, the atmosphere remained very much that of a private apartment. A few months after the gallery opened, the Castellis moved from the back bedroom at 4 East Seventy-seventh Street to a small apartment in the neighborhood, but the gallery was their real home. Visitors were greeted by the furious barking



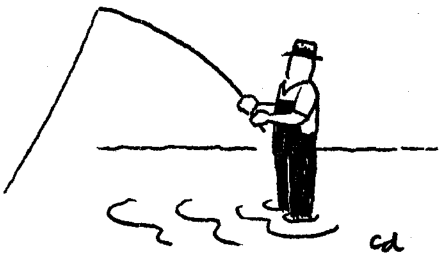
"Scarsdale. It's Scarsdale again."

of Ileana's long-haired dachshund, Piccina, who remained underfoot at all times. There was a long sofa, usually occupied by artists or friends. Frederick Kiesler, the diminutive Viennese architect and sculptor, was nearly always there in the early days, and so was Michael Sonnabend, an American who had spent many years in Paris; Sonnabend had met Ileana during the war, at Columbia, where she was studying psychology and he was studying Dante, and he had become a friend of the family.

Castelli concedes that his aesthetic judgment was somewhat shaky in those days. Once, he sold a painted metal sculpture by David Smith, the leading Abstract Expressionist sculptor, to a man who wanted to remove the red paint; Castelli told him to go ahead, and when Smith found out about it he was furious. (Castelli did not represent Smith; he had simply bought the piece and put it in a group show.) "There was absolutely no excuse for my doing that," Castelli admits. "It was just an awful mistake." The abstract painter Paul Brach, who had become a friend of the Castellis before they opened the gallery, said recently that he thought Castelli was unsure of his future direction as a dealer until the first Johns show. The response to Johns' work by Alfred Barr and others confirmed Castelli's own feeling about it, and from that moment it became clear to Brach, Friedel Dzubas, Norman Bluhm, Esteban Vicente, and others in the gallery that the tide was not running their way. Castelli was incapable of telling an artist to go elsewhere; Brach and the others did so on their own initiative. Even today, though, Brach says that he can't go into Castelli's without a nostalgic sense that it is his gallery.

IN 1959, the apartment on the second floor at 4 East Seventy-seventh became available, and the gallery moved downstairs two flights. The move coincided with the arrival of Ivan Karp as manager. People sometimes wonder how Castelli and Karp could have worked together for ten years, considering their almost antithetical personalities and backgrounds. Karp, born in the Bronx and brought up in Brooklyn, a fast-talking, ebullient extrovert, had been the *Village Voice's* first art critic, and in the middle fifties he and Richard Bellamy had run the Hansa Gallery, an artists' coöperative, on Central Park South. "Leo was one of the few significant dealers who came to the Hansa," Karp recalls. "Dick and I had code names for all the art-world figures, and we called Leo the Count—he was always well dressed, and he always had clean fingernails, which you seldom saw then in the art world." Karp left the Hansa in 1958, and he was working for the Martha Jackson Gallery when Castelli offered him a job, at a hundred dollars a week. This was not much more than he was getting at Martha Jackson's, but he decided that the gallery that had Johns and Rauschenberg was the place to be. "Leo and I always got along extremely well," he said not long ago. "One bond between us was that we both loved women. Leo has a great sense of amorous style. He's not in any way a sexist; he treats women with great respect, really admires them." Castelli's amorous style had led by this time to a certain degree of estrangement from Ileana, but they continued to work together in the gallery.

A group show opened the second-floor gallery in the fall of 1959. It contained several new names, one of which was Frank Stella. Only twenty-three at that time, Stella had begun as a Princeton undergraduate to paint in a rigorous abstract style that owed nothing to Abstract Expressionism. In the show, he was represented by a large, rectangular canvas on which precisely ruled black stripes separated by narrow bands of unpainted canvas formed a concentric series of geometric rectangles. Stella explained in an interview, "My painting is based on the fact that only what can be seen there *is* there"—in other words, no illusionism, no emotion, no "painterly" qualities that would tend to make the picture look like something it wasn't. This no-nonsense approach outraged the outrageable critics, such as Emily Genauer (who referred to Stella as "the pin-stripe boy"), but it struck Castelli as another epiphany, and it also found favor with Alfred Barr. Dorothy Miller put Stella in her "Sixteen Americans" show later that year, and Barr bought a black Stella called "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor" for the museum. (Castelli reduced the price from twelve hundred dollars to seven hundred and fifty so that Barr could buy it out of special funds and avoid having to seek the board's approval.) Another meteoric career was launched.



As Castelli became more confident in his decisions, the gallery became more uncompromisingly avant-garde. Nearly every show presented works that were difficult to adjust to at the first look, or even at the seventeenth: John Chamberlain's welded sculptures of battered automobile parts; Cy Twombly's paintings that looked something like a child's crayon or chalk scribblings on a wall; Scarpitta's overlapping webs of epoxied canvas stripping; Lee Bontecou's strange constructions of bent wire and taut canvas, with their menacing dark interiors. Marisol, the Venezuelan sculptor, whom Castelli had shown in 1957, came back from two years in Europe and decided that the atmosphere of the gallery no longer suited her; she took her satiric wood carvings to Janis, where the climate seemed gentler. Johns and Rauschenberg were more than ever the Castelli stars. "Monogram," a Rauschenberg "combine" that incorporated a stuffed Angora goat with an automobile tire around its middle, went to Europe on tour and came back in a state of collapse, because a Swiss museum director had sat on the goat to have his picture taken. Several of Rauschenberg's collage-paintings were defaced by angry viewers, who scribbled obscenities on them with ball-point pens. (The artist was very upset by all this.) Meanwhile, he was at work on a series of thirty-four drawings for Dante's "Inferno." It took him two and a half years, and became his first important work to be acquired by the Museum of Modern Art. (The museum had bought two photographs by Rauschenberg in 1952, but nothing since.) The sale of the drawings came about in a curious fashion. One day in 1963, Karp was approached in the gallery by what he describes as "an Oriental gentleman," who said he was interested in buying the Dante drawings to give to the museum. Karp was skeptical, never having seen the gentleman or heard his name before, but later that afternoon Castelli called Alfred Barr and learned that the customer was a Chinese architect and had indeed approached Barr, saying he wanted to make a gift to the museum, and that Barr, who felt rather embarrassed at being unable to appreciate Rauschenberg's paintings and combines but who did like the Dante drawings, had suggested that he give those. The Chinese architect returned a few days later and had a pleasant chat with Castelli. From time to time, he produced a hip flask, from which he of-

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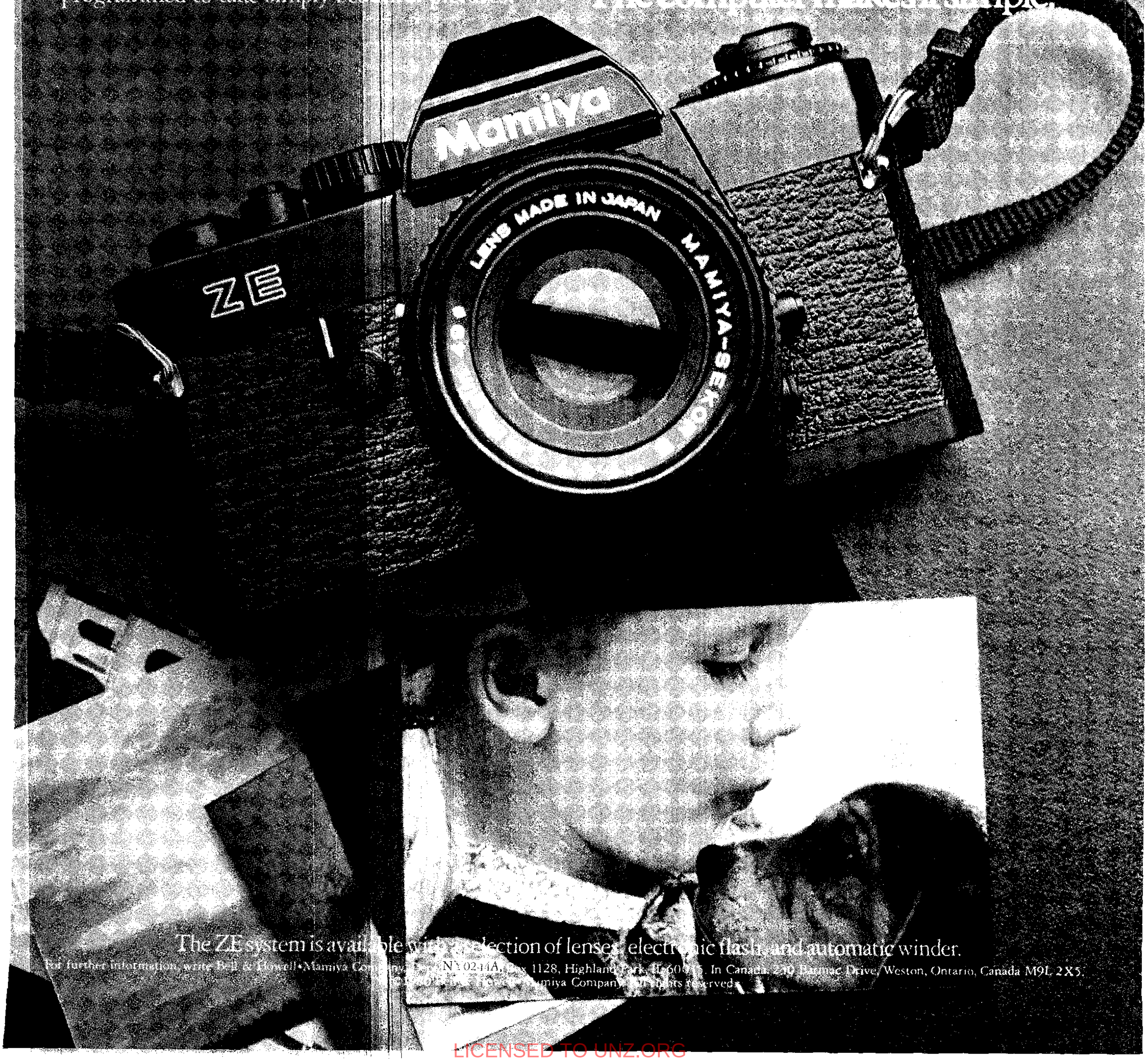

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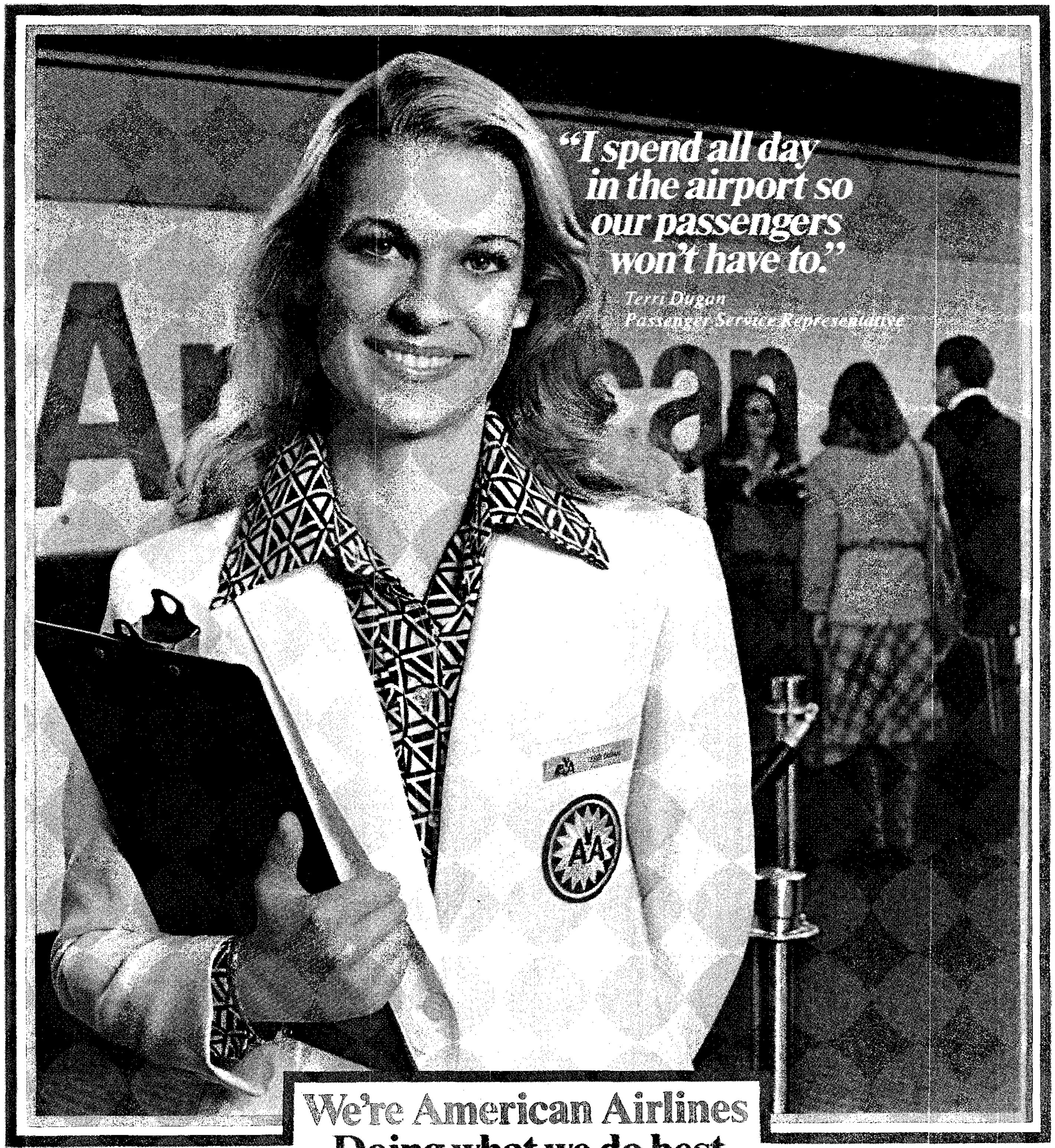
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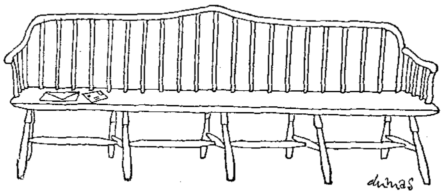
Terri Dugan is one of them, and we thought you'd like to meet her.

fered Castelli a slug of Jack Daniel's. At the conclusion of their chat, he agreed to give the museum a check for thirty thousand dollars, the price of the Dante series, explaining that it was income-tax time and that he would rather give to the museum than to the Internal Revenue Service. Later, Castelli learned that the architect had been on the verge of a separation from his wealthy American wife, and that this was in the nature of a last little trick on her—he knew she would not rescind the funds once the gift had been announced. At any rate, the museum still owns the drawings.

Several important collectors had become regular customers of Castelli's. Emily Tremaine, who, with her husband, Burton, had built a superb collection of twentieth-century masters and Abstract Expressionist Americans, most of which they got from Janis, bought "Tango" and a white-flag painting from Jasper Johns around the time of his first exhibition, and continued to buy work by Johns and other Castelli artists. Philip Johnson, the Tremaines, and Robert Scull came to every show and usually bought something. Scull's passion for the latest art seemed unslakable. A self-made man who owned a fleet of taxicabs, he had bought a Johns "White Numbers" painting from the Galerie Rive Droite in Paris in 1958 (the word on Johns had gone abroad almost immediately), and as soon as he got back to New York he went to Castelli's and bought Rauschenberg's combine-painting "Thaw." That was the beginning of a relationship that Karp has described as being "full of anxiety, warmth, humor, and pain." Karp once said, "Leo was always affable with Scull, but I don't believe he ever felt comfortable with him for one minute. The man's visual involvement was really there—you can't take that away from him—but he behaved toward art the same way he behaved toward his taxi business. There was always a contest about the price, and he would take a long period of time to pay. There were always misunderstandings and turmoil and anxiety, but Leo would put up with it, because 'he likes our artists.' " Scull wanted to buy "Monogram" to give to the Museum of Modern Art; he said he couldn't keep it at home, because his two sons would climb on the goat. Castelli called Barr, who asked uneasy questions: Wouldn't the piece disintegrate rather soon? Were there vermin in it? In the end, he declined the gift. "Monogram" was purchased in 1965 by the Moderna Museet, in Stockholm.

Scull wanted to know the artists personally. He and his wife, Ethel, would invite them to big parties at their house in Great Neck, together with museum people and friendly dealers, like Castelli. Once, Castelli took the Italian collector Giuseppe Panza—Count Panza di Biumo—to a luncheon at the Sculls', and that was a mistake. Panza was collecting vanguard art on a scale far more lavish than Scull's. He had bought many Rauschenbergs, and was transforming his eighteenth-century palazzo in Varese, near Milan, into a museum of the most advanced art. Scull and Panza did not hit it off.

Nor did the Sculls feel altogether kindly toward the Tremaines. Emily and Burton Tremaine went to Johns' studio before his second one-man show at Castelli's, in 1959, and picked out a painting called "Device Circle." Scull also went to the studio and picked two paintings—"False Start" and "Out the Window." But a day or so later Scull decided that he had made a mistake, and that the picture he really wanted was "Device Circle." He was immensely displeased to learn that it had been spoken for by the Tremaines. The rivalry thus begun erupted a few years later, over the first of the Johns "Map"s. Johns made a large painting that was a map of the United States (you could not really call it a painting *of* a map, because it *was* a map, with all the states where they belonged, but painted in such bravura style that it hardly mattered; many of his early works—the flags and the targets—posed a similar problem), and, naturally, the Tremaines and the Sculls both wanted it. Johns insisted that the picture go to a museum. Scull said he would buy it and give it to the Museum of Modern Art at some point, but Johns said that wouldn't do, so Scull agreed to donate the painting immediately, reserving the right to keep it at his apartment part-time if he so wished. Having given his first Johns "Map" to MOMA, Scull wanted another one. A few months later, Scull heard that Frederick Weisman, a Los Angeles collector, having learned that Johns was about to begin a new map painting, had bought it unbegun; Johns needed the money to give to the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, for which he was raising funds. The following summer, when Scull heard that Ben Heller had bought a third Johns "Map," he blew up. Relations between Johns and the Sculls (which had been deteriorating anyway), were severed, and Castelli had to use all his diplomacy to patch things up in time for a big Johns retrospective at the Jewish Museum in 1964; the Sculls refused until the last moment to lend anything from their collection but did so after Johns visited Mrs. Scull. Johns had painted a new picture (it was included in the show), called "Arrive/Depart," in which there appeared a rather ominous little image of a skull. The breach was smoothed over, but relations were never quite the same afterward.



A NATURAL division of authority had evolved early on within the gallery. Castelli dealt with Rauschenberg, Johns, Stella, and the other artists of the gallery's inner circle; with the majority of the well-to-do collectors; and with the European dealers and museum people who invariably dropped by when they were in town. Ivan Karp dealt with the rougher and hairier artists—John Chamberlain, for one—and with the endless stream of unknowns who came in off the street to show slides of their work. During their early years together, once a week or so Karp and Castelli would go around to the studios of the artists whose work Karp thought looked interesting. Many of the most interesting contemporary artists in New York wanted to be with Castelli. By the mid-sixties, the gallery was paying monthly stipends to most of its artists—a fairly common practice in Europe, but not here, where the usual system then (and now) was for the gallery to take work on consignment and pay the artist his share (sixty per cent, usually) when it was sold. Johns and Rauschenberg had been among the first to go on regular stipends (five hundred dollars a month at the start), which were applied against their earnings; by the mid-sixties, most of the artists were on them, and several were running up considerable debts to the gallery. This never seemed to bother Castelli, but it was a strain on Nancy Friedberg, who came in 1964 to handle the bookkeeping. Castelli always insisted that the artists be paid first. If there was not enough money to pay the other monthly bills, it would turn up eventually, he said. It always did—sometimes out of the blue. A customer would pay a long-overdue bill, and financial disaster would be averted—although every summer Castelli had to take out a bank loan to carry the gallery through the slack season. One time, when Chamberlain was in an unproductive period and his debt to the gallery stood at more than forty thousand dollars, Karp suggested that they cut his monthly stipend in half. "How could I?" Castelli replied, in a shocked tone. "He couldn't get along on that." The regular stipend continued.

Karp's role in the gallery has been much debated. He brought Chamberlain over from Martha Jackson, and his enthusiasm for other artists, such as Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein, obviously played a large part in Castelli's thinking. In the first years, Castelli had depended a lot on Ileana's responses. "Ileana was more sensual and imaginative, while Leo was more analytical and art-history-aware, and it was the tension between their two approaches that made the gallery," Rauschenberg once said. The Castellis were divorced in 1960. Three years later, Castelli married Antoinette Fraisseix du Bost, an attractive Parisienne. Meanwhile, Ileana had married Michael Sonnabend and moved to Europe, where she opened a gallery in Paris. Whenever Karp and Castelli decided to take on a new artist after Castelli's divorce, the decision was a joint one. This was certainly true in the case of Roy Lichtenstein, the gallery's first Pop Artist.

In 1961, Lichtenstein was teaching art at Douglass College, the female side of Rutgers. Allan Kaprow, who taught art history at Rutgers, and who got around a lot in the art world, told Karp he should look at Lichtenstein's work, and one day, while Karp was guiding a group of art students through a show at Castelli's, Lichtenstein turned up with several paintings. The paintings were based on comic-strip images. The art students started to giggle. Karp sent them into the next room and looked hard at the new pictures. "They were really strange, unreasonable, outrageous," he recalls. "I got chills from those pictures. I decided that I'd have to show them to Leo, but in such a way that he wouldn't hate them on sight, so I told Roy to leave them with us, and I hid them in the back room. When Leo got back from lunch, I said, 'Leo, I've got these very *peculiar* pictures,' and he said, 'Yes? Where are they?' I tried to prepare him a little, but he was too impatient, so I brought one of them out. And Leo was not distressed! Leo didn't even know the comics they were taken from, he didn't have any background, but he appeared to be fascinated. For me, this was one of the heroic moments. Leo never had automatic responses. He always had good eyes, and he trusted his eyes."

Pop Art was about to burst on the scene then, but nobody knew that it existed—not even the artists who were making it. Lichtenstein had been painting Cubist-derived and Abstract Expressionist pictures until a year or so before. (He had shown some of them to Castelli, and Castelli had not been impressed.) He had been using cartoon characters—Bugs Bunny, Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck—veiled in an Abstract Expressionist style. In 1961, he decided to do a painting of Mickey and Donald in the manner of the originals but much enlarged, and free of Expressionist influence. Lichtenstein painted Donald and Mickey complete with enlarged benday dots, of the sort that then made up the background of newspaper reproductions, and after that he got interested in working with blown-up images from love comics and war comics and commercial advertisements. He also painted common objects—a ball of twine, an automobile tire, a foot stepping on the pedal of a garbage can—in the same flat, mechanical style: without perspective, in simplified colors, absolutely banal, yet far more memorable than the originals. Meanwhile, in a studio down on Coenties Slip, near the Battery, James Rosenquist, who earned his living painting billboards in Times Square, was using hugely enlarged details from advertising art—spaghetti with tomato sauce, toothpaste smiles, automobile fenders—as elements in his paintings; and in a studio on Lexington Avenue, uptown, a commercial illustrator named Andy Warhol was doing a series of paintings based on "Dick Tracy" and another series on cans of Campbell's soup. And none of them knew what the others were doing! In the summer of 1961, Ileana Sonnabend heard about Rosenquist's work and went to his studio. She, in turn, told Bellamy and Karp, who then made the pilgrimage to Coenties Slip. Next, Karp brought Castelli down. Not long after Castelli had taken on Lichtenstein, Warhol came into Castelli's to buy a Jasper Johns drawing and saw in the back room some comic-strip paintings by Lichtenstein. "I do paintings like that," he said, in a small, aggrieved voice.

KEEP
OFF
R. Davidson

Castelli and Karp considered taking both Rosenquist and Warhol, but Castelli felt that Rosenquist's work was a little too close to Surrealism, and they both felt that Warhol's was too close to Lichtenstein's and not as strong. Warhol eventually went to the Stable Gallery, and Rosenquist joined Richard Bellamy's Green Gallery, which was being financed by Robert Scull. His first show there came a month after Lichtenstein's first show at Castelli, in the spring of 1962. Two months before that, Claes Oldenburg had opened his famous "Store," a storefront on East Second Street that he had filled with plaster and papier-mâché replicas of the sort of goods found in real stores on the lower East Side. To conservative critics, it was clear that something perfectly awful was happening—this was not the "return to the figure" that they had been demanding as an antidote to Abstract Expressionism—but for some time the new thing didn't even have a name. Karp called it Commonism for a while, but that didn't stick. Finally, a term coined by the English critic Lawrence Alloway in the mid-fifties did stick: Pop Art. By then, Warhol had shown his soup-can paintings at the Ferus Gallery, in Los Angeles, and commercial imagery was cropping up in paintings by Jim Dine, Tom Wesselman, Robert Indiana, and a host of others. Sidney Janis put his imprimatur on the movement in the spring of 1962, with a show of what he called the New Realists; these included European as well as American artists. Soon afterward, Janis's Abstract Expressionist artists left the gallery—all except de Kooning, who would leave ten years later. They felt betrayed by Janis, who subsequently took on Oldenburg, Dine, Wesselman, and other Pop Artists, but they felt even more betrayed by their old friend Castelli. "Give Leo Castelli two beer cans and he could sell them," de Kooning said one night at the Cedar Tavern. Jasper Johns, hearing of the remark, made a bronze sculpture of two realistic-looking cans of Ballantine Ale, and Castelli sold it for nine hundred and sixty dollars to Scull (who sold it at auction in 1973 for ninety thousand dollars). Johns says he wasn't trying to prove anything. He was making small sculptures of light bulbs and flashlights and other common objects at the time, and de Kooning's remark just "gave me a subject in line with what I was trying to do.”

For a while, Lichtenstein seemed to be the most shocking of the Pop Artists. Oldenburg, Rosenquist, and even Warhol showed some suggestion of painterly qualities here and there, but Lichtenstein’s pictures appeared at first glance to be virtually indistinguishable from their commercial models. Johns and Rauschenberg saw nothing in them initially, according to Castelli; it took Rauschenberg a week to change his mind, and Johns somewhat longer. The critics were venomous. Brian O’Doherty, writing in the *Times*, described Lichtenstein as “one of the worst artists in America” and his work as “an unworthy graft to the body of art.” Max Kozloff, in *The Nation*, said, “A painting by Lichtenstein is at once ingenuous and vicious, repulsive and modish—the latest sensation.” The newsweeklies and the fashion magazines, always alert to *scandale*, gleefully publicized the new movement, which lent itself readily to such treatment; abstract painting had always been hard to talk about, but Pop was a journalists’ playground. It had been evident for some time, of course, that what the New York critics said about new art had little or no effect on anyone. Several collectors bought Lichtenstein right away, among them the Tremaines, Richard Brown Baker, and Giuseppe Panza. Also Leon Kraushar, a voluble insurance man, who used to come into the gallery every Saturday with his pockets full of money—he paid cash on the line! Kraushar bought more than sixty pictures from Castelli, rarely paying more than a thousand dollars for any one. He died of a heart attack in 1967, and six months later his widow sold the collection for six hundred thousand dollars to Karl Ströher, a German collector. It is now in the Darmstadt museum.

The media’s delighted response to Pop gave its detractors a sort of bitter satisfaction. The pioneer Abstract Expressionists had worked in virtual isolation for years, forging their private myths. It was clear to them that the new generation was not serious. When Robert Motherwell was asked about the brash new movement, he said scathingly that it was “nice to see those young fellows having a good time.” Beneath the surface, there was anger and anxiety. The demand for work by the leading Abstract Expressionists continued to hold up in the sixties, but there was a sharp drop in the prices of the school’s second-generation practitioners, because nobody was interested

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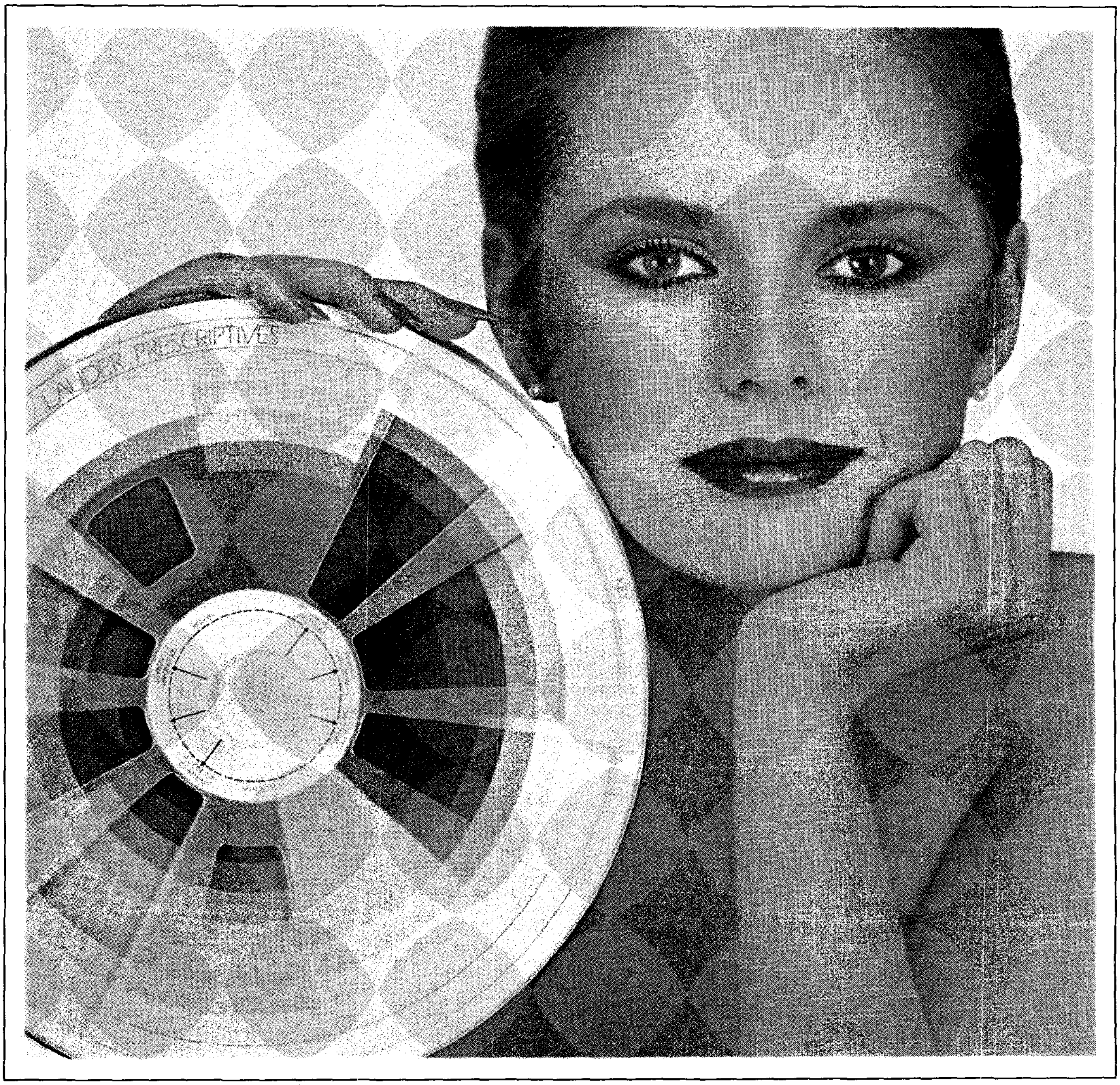

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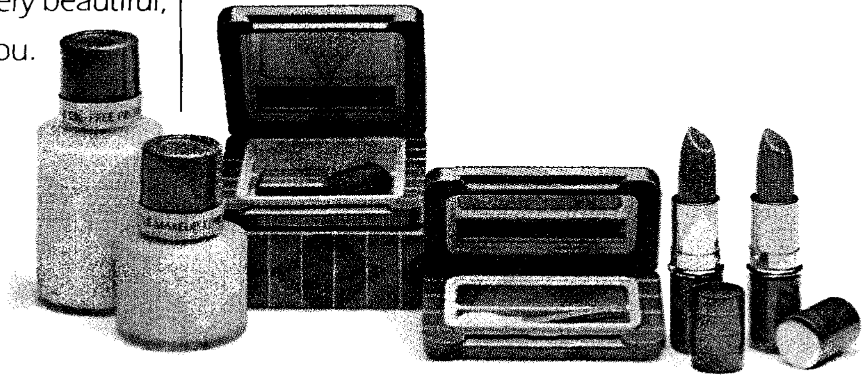

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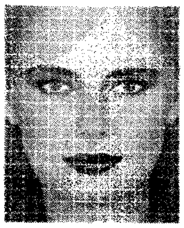

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in them. Some dealers urged their clients to switch to Pop, which was spreading like a fungus in the art schools.

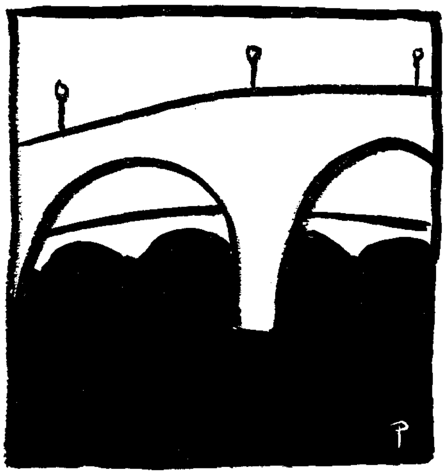
It was inevitable, perhaps, that after a decade of difficult abstract art the appearance of a new figurative style would be welcomed. Pop Art was amusing, iconoclastic, and topical. It looked out at the world rather than in upon the artist's private emotions, and the world it looked out at was the highly familiar one of popular culture; it was easy to like, once the initial shock had passed; and it coincided with a mood of openness and excitement in the larger society. "Kennedy was President," Castelli has observed, "and the whole atmosphere of the country was more hopeful." There was also a new spirit abroad in the art world. Avant-garde art had become hugely fashionable. The major museum and gallery openings were primary social events, to which people would come dressed as though for a society ball. Getting named to the board of the Museum of Modern Art was the ultimate goal of the socially ambitious, and getting to a new artist's studio ahead of the dealer was the passionate concern of collectors like Scull. In all this, the Abstract Expressionists and certain critics saw evidence of a conspiracy—a vast and subtle plot, engineered by a small cabal of dealers and public-relations men, to dethrone true quality and capture the market. To those who knew a conspiracy when they saw one, the mastermind behind it was Castelli, and the proof was Castelli's coup in "fixing" the 1964 Venice Biennale.

Alan Solomon, the man named by the fine-arts section of the United States Information Agency to be in charge of this country's representation at the Biennale, was a close friend of Castelli's. In 1958, while Solomon was director of the Andrew Dickson White Museum (now the Herbert F. Johnson Museum of Art), at Cornell, he had come down to see the first Rauschenberg show at the Castelli Gallery and had been so excited by it that he persuaded his museum to buy a painting—the first Rauschenberg canvas to enter a museum. He came regularly after that, and when he was named director of the newly enlarged and refurbished Jewish Museum, in 1962, the relationship became much closer. Most people find it hard to be on intimate terms with Castelli, to penetrate the overlay of politeness and reserve; Solomon, though, from 1962 until his death, of heart disease, in 1970, was Castelli's close friend. "Coming to New York opened up a whole new life for him," Castelli said last winter. "He got rid of his wife. He had an operation that let him dispense with his hearing aid. He grew a rich, Oriental sort of beard, he started to dress with great elegance and originality, and he had many relationships with women—incredibly deep relationships. He was so sure of himself that nobody could resist him."

Some members of the Jewish Museum board were appalled by the big Rauschenberg retrospective that Solomon mounted there in 1963. Works such as "Monogram" and "Bed" did not seem to them to belong in a museum whose main function in previous years had been to preserve and display liturgical objects. But Solomon had the support of Albert and Vera List and other influential trustees, and he went on to mount the equally ambitious Jasper Johns retrospective and other exhibitions of new and daring art. The artists that Solomon chose to show at the Biennale, the oldest and most distinguished of the big international art expositions, represented what he considered the two major tendencies in recent American art: Rauschenberg and Johns, who had led the way out of Abstract Expressionism; and Morris Louis and Kenneth Noland, the leading exponents of what was being called color-field abstraction—the exploration of pure chromatic relationships. Color-field painting had been promoted actively by Clement Greenberg, the most influential critic of the period. In addition to writing about it, Greenberg had organized exhibitions and had shown the work at French & Company's contemporary gallery, in New York, to which he was a consultant in 1959 and 1960. When that gallery closed, in 1960, Louis and Noland went with the André Emmerich Gallery. Castelli, much as he admired Greenberg, was never in thrall to his opinions.

In addition to the four "primary" artists, Solomon included four younger artists who he felt indicated further developments along the same general lines. These were Frank Stella (geometric abstraction) and John Chamberlain, along with Claes Oldenburg and Jim Dine, who at the time were lumped under the umbrella of Pop. It did not escape notice that four of his eight selections were Castelli artists. Castelli was in Venice for a week before the official opening, and the art world's rumor mill made much of his activities. Castelli, it was said, had handpicked the artists for Solomon and was working day and night, in several languages, on the international panel of judges who would award the Biennale prizes; Castelli had moved additional Rauschenberg paintings onto the Biennale grounds, under cover of darkness, to bring further pressure on the judges; Castelli had even arranged for Rauschenberg to arrive in Venice on the eve of the official opening, as the lighting and set designer for the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, whose performance in the eighteenth-century Fenice Theatre that week was a brilliantly controversial event. When Rauschenberg won the International Grand Prize for Painting—the first time in the Biennale's history that this award had gone to an American artist—the New York art critic Hilton Kramer saw the choice as evidence of "cultural imperialism" by the Castelli cabal.

In Venice, of course, Castelli was in his element. ("What's deep in Leo is his absorption of different European cultures," Ileana once said.) Indefatigable and seemingly omnipresent, he dashed from the Biennale grounds, in the parklike Giardini Pubblici, to the former United States Consulate building, on the Grand Canal (where Solomon had installed all the Rauschenberg and Johns paintings, on the assumption that they would be eligible there for the prize judging), and on to the outdoor tables at Florian's, on the Piazza San Marco, or the indoor ones at Harry's Bar, to the finer restaurants, where he ordered for everyone in his flawless Italian (and invariably picked up the check), and to private parties and public receptions and a thousand points in between. Castelli, with his languages and his Italianate charm and his consuming thirst for information of every kind, perhaps began to feel that he actually *was* influencing events, but those who were there at the time report that he had no contact whatsoever with the judges, and that Solomon's mistaken assumption that paintings hanging in the Consulate would be eligible for the prize (he had misunderstood the official ruling on this point) nearly cost Rauschenberg his triumph. Learning that the jury was leaning heavily toward Rauschenberg but that its president balked at awarding the prize to an artist not represented on the official Biennale grounds, Solomon had one work by Rauschenberg and one by Johns transported by boat (in broad daylight) from the Consulate building to the United States Pavilion at the Giardini—a move that satisfied everyone but the conspiracy buffs.



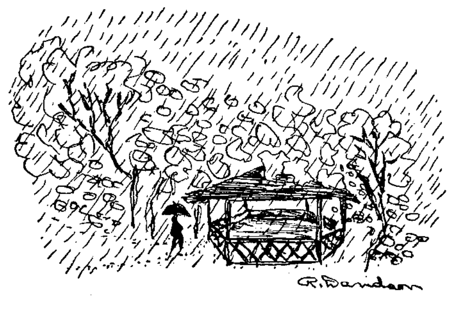
Winning the Biennale naturally boosted Rauschenberg's prices and certified his international reputation. The silk-screened paintings that he had been selling for two thousand to four thousand dollars in 1963 were soon going for ten thousand to fifteen thousand. Rauschenberg—unpredictable, as always—reacted to this by withdrawing almost entirely from painting to devote his time to Experiments in Art and Technology, a foundation that he and two associates formed in 1965 to promote collaborations between artists and engineers on projects involving the latest technology—what they called "projects outside art." Always slow, Johns' production became even slower at about this time, for he became increasingly interested in making prints. Lichtenstein and Stella became the Castelli Gallery's main supports, along with Warhol, who joined in 1964, and Rosenquist, who came the same year. For some time, Bellamy had been telling Rosenquist that he was planning to close the Green Gallery, and Castelli said that if Rosenquist ever decided to leave the Green, he should give first consideration to moving to Castelli.

The following year, the Green Gallery did close. Bellamy had discovered and shown more important new artists even than Castelli, among them Oldenburg, Rosenquist, Robert Morris, George Segal, Larry Poons, and Donald Judd. His eye was seemingly infallible, but in spite of Scull's backing he could not make a go of things financially. He offered Castelli the first choice of the Green Gallery artists, and Castelli chose Poons, Morris, and Judd. Poons was an obvious choice—a strong young abstractionist who filled large canvases with small, precise ovals of color that vibrated optically against the background color. Castelli was somewhat more hesitant about Morris and Judd. Morris, whom he had rejected a few years before, because his early work seemed too closely related to Johns' (a common problem among artists after Johns' first show), had become a maker of "primary structures"—the simplified, noncommittal, machined-looking sculptures that would soon become known as Minimal Art. Judd was also a Minimalist. He had metal boxes of his design made up by a machine shop and fixed them to a wall like shelving, in vertical or horizontal rows. Minimal Art carried over into sculpture the rigorous negations of Frank Stella's paintings; characterized by an extreme spareness and impersonality, it was an art stripped down to the bare bones of shape, line, and color, by artists who believed in covering their traces (no more Expressionism). Not surprisingly, it proved hard to sell. Moreover, the work could be expensive to handle if the cost of fabricating and shipping the larger pieces was borne by the dealer (as it was at Castelli's), and Morris, especially, tended to work on a big scale. Castelli's decision in these two cases was almost certainly influenced by Frank Stella and Barbara Rose, the critic, who was then Stella's wife. Barbara Rose wrote penetrating articles about Minimal Art in the international art journals, and she was a close friend of Judd's. She and Stella spent a lot of time at the gallery—it still served as a sort of club and discussion center for artists—and their intellectual authority was impressive.

Ivan Karp once said that the only time he ever saw Castelli lose his temper was when he came back from lunch one day and found Stella sitting on the floor in his customary paint-spattered clothes and smoking his customary cigar. "You can't sit around my gallery like that," the immaculate Castelli suddenly burst out. "Get up! Put your teeth in!" (Castelli vehemently denies this story.) That was in the early days, though; by 1965, Stella could do whatever he wanted and Castelli wouldn't object. Stella, in fact, was not even represented exclusively by Castelli anymore. When his friend Larry Rubin (William Rubin's brother), a dealer who had been selling his work in Paris, came back in 1967 and established a gallery in New York, Stella decided to distribute his yearly production more or less equally between the two galleries. Karp urged Castelli not to put up with this, but Castelli had lunch with Rubin and, as usual, reached an accommodation. After that, Stella exhibited alternately at Castelli and at the Lawrence Rubin Gallery—an arrangement that added substantially to his income and made it possible for him to buy a string of race horses. At any rate, Stella and his wife were strongly in favor of Castelli's taking on Morris and Judd, and the gallery's commitment to the Minimal movement was sealed.

CASTELLI and Karp had broken with the custom of Tuesday-night openings. They felt that they had become social events, at which no one looked at the art, and so in 1962 they began having their openings on Saturday—all day Saturday, with no special invitations and no liquor—and sooner or later most of the other galleries followed their lead. The active collectors dropped by Castelli's frequently. "There were times in the mid-sixties when you felt that if you didn't get to Leo's every other day you were going to miss out on something," according to Victor Ganz. Having started out in the forties as a collector of Picasso, Ganz had had his epiphany at the 1963 Rauschenberg retrospective at the Jewish Museum; a few days later, he went to Castelli's and bought a Rauschenberg combine-painting called "Winter Pool," and he has been buying from the gallery ever since—mainly Rauschenberg, Johns, and Stella. Castelli has never made the slightest effort to "sell" him paintings, Ganz has said. Indeed, Ganz, a connoisseur as well as a collector, cannot even recall an instance of Castelli's discussing a work of art in aesthetic terms, although he says that once, not long after he remarked to Castelli that a Johns painting on the wall reminded him of a late Beethoven quartet, he happened to overhear Castelli tell another visitor that Johns' paintings were like late Beethoven quartets. Some of the gallery artists used to refer to Castelli as Mighty Mouse (behind his back, of course). But the artists knew that Castelli was on their side. What Castelli really sold, according to Barbara Rose, was a sense of art history being made right then and there. Johns, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein, Stella, and the others were for him in the same league and the same tradition as Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso. "He believed it," she said recently, "and he made collectors believe it, too, and so maybe in this sense he was a supersalesman after all."

Sometimes customers lost their bearings in this heady atmosphere. When one collector, who has since become a dealer, learned that a small Lichtenstein painting he coveted had been sold to someone else, he snatched it off the gallery wall and ran out with it; Karp had to chase him down the street to get it back. ("He was going to pay, of course," Karp explains. "He just felt he had to have that picture.") Jill Kornblee, a younger dealer, who says that she learned everything she knows about running a gallery from watching Castelli run his, claims that she actually saw a client weep at Castelli's knee: "It was a couple from out of town. She was wearing a mink coat—not a Maximilian mink, an out-of-town mink—and saying they just *had* to have a Rauschenberg, and couldn't Leo *please* help them out, and Leo, in no hurry to make a sale, said he would do what he could but they must be patient until the right one came along. He always had this sense of placing pictures where they would do the most good for the artist's reputation."



Scull used to complain that Castelli was letting important pictures go to other collectors, and now and then a client who thought he had reserved a piece would become incensed when he found that it had been sold to someone else. "There were lapses of memory," Karp concedes. "Enthusiasms washed away by the next enthusiasm. Leo is a very sentimental person—he gets carried away. But if somebody seemed to be ill treated, it was always by inadvertence." Important collectors who were regular clients, buying from nearly every show, would often get an automatic discount on their purchases, and some, like Count Panza and Dr. Peter Ludwig, the German chocolate tycoon, would get discounts of up to twenty per cent. Castelli has been criticized for giving discounts, although it is a common practice among art dealers. Scull bought Rosenquist's huge painting "F-111" from Castelli in 1965, and the press reported that the price had been sixty thousand dollars; when it later came out that Scull had paid considerably less than that, Castelli was accused of seeking to inflate Rosenquist's prices artificially. But it was not Castelli who released the figure of sixty thousand, and, like most dealers, he would not brag about high prices.

Castelli has also been accused of "buying in" works by his own artists at auctions, at prices above what they would normally bring on the market, as a means of driving those prices higher. This he indignantly denies doing.

He would like to be able to buy works of his artists when they come up for auction, he says, not in order to boost prices but simply to keep them from going below the levels at which he sells them in the gallery—but, for financial reasons, he is unable to do even this. "I don't have the means," he said recently. "I just have to hope for the best." As for his giving special prices to his clients, Castelli's argument is that he has a right to sell at whatever prices he chooses, and that in any event what he does is for the artist's benefit rather than his own. "You just have to keep on doing things even when it makes no sense financially," Castelli said last winter. "If Rosenquist doesn't want to sell a painting for less than ten thousand dollars, let us say, and Panza offers me eight thousand for it, maybe I will just give Jim his full share on ten thousand and take less for myself. To hell with them! What matters is that the painting gets out where people can see it."

All art dealers give a discount to museums, Castelli points out, so why not to collectors whose acquisitions will almost certainly end up in museums? The collections of Panza and Ludwig are museums in themselves—vast holdings, already too large for any existing museum to accommodate. Panza, who started with Italian contemporaries in the nineteen-fifties and progressed to European painters such as Fautrier (French) and Tapies (Spanish), then broke into the American market by buying Rothkos and Klines, has always insisted on having many examples of the work of the artists he likes. (He missed out on de Kooning and Johns for this reason; by the time he got around to them, there was not enough of their work available.) He has filled the rooms of his apartment in Milan and his family palazzo in Varese with dozens of Rauschenbergs, Morrises, Judds, and Oldenburgs, and has turned the stables and garden houses and servants' quarters into repositories of the work of the earth artists Michael Heizer and Walter De Maria, the Minimalists Dan Flavin, Carl Andre, and Robert Irwin, and the Conceptualists Bruce Nauman, Joseph Kosuth, Douglas Huebler, Lawrence Weiner, Hanne Darboven, and Jan Dibbets (most of whom show at Castelli). He is now making plans to distribute this enormous accumulation of mostly American avant-garde art among a few European museums, some of which do not yet exist. Peter Ludwig, whose fortune comes from chocolate factories in several German cities, has installed the greater part of

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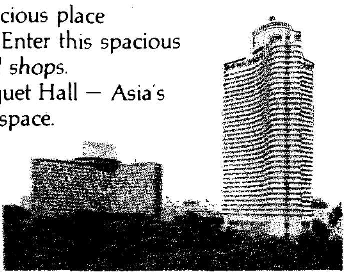

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his collection on several floors of the Wallraf-Richartz Museum, in Cologne, and another part in a museum in Aachen, where he has his offices. Recently, he concluded an agreement to donate part of the collection to the city of Cologne, which is building a large new museum to house it. Panza and Ludwig fully deserve the twenty-per-cent discount offered to museums, Castelli feels. Other dealers, Janis among them, insist that giving discounts to private customers is bad business. At any rate, the issue appears to involve a business decision, and not, as is sometimes suggested, a moral one.

Private collectors of advanced contemporary art—serious, habitual buyers, that is—have been until quite recently a rare and elusive species. Castelli decided early in his career that the way to cope with this situation was to collaborate with other dealers rather than to compete with them. Over the years, he has built up a network of what he calls "friendly galleries" in this country and abroad, where the work of Castelli artists is shown regularly, and often exclusively. The friendly gallery gets the work at a discount—generally up to thirty per cent, leaving a twenty-per-cent profit for Castelli if the work is sold there. (Castelli usually takes a commission of forty to fifty per cent on sales in his own gallery.) During the nineteen-seventies, the gallery network became increasingly important to Castelli's operations. Scull and most of the other big New York collectors more or less dropped out of the market, partly because of the soaring prices for major works and partly, one can guess, because so much of the new art does not exactly lend itself to domestic arrangements. Up to the mid-seventies, approximately seventy per cent of Castelli's sales were to other galleries, nearly half of them in Europe. Americans, it seemed, were emulating the French in allowing the art of their own period to leave the country.

Ludwig began buying American vanguard art in 1964, in the conviction that the American way of life was becoming universal and that American artists drew their power from being closest to the source. "The American people probably need more time to realize the importance of recent American art," he said a while ago. "It is a little like a father whose son has become a great scientist—he can't quite believe it for a time. The most influential critics in your country were shocked when Lichtenstein first appeared, but the museum in Amsterdam, the museum in Stockholm, the museum in London bought these works in the first moment. And you will have to do the same. Most American museums don't have important works by Johns and Rauschenberg, remember, but they will buy them, and prices will continue to go up. I feel we are far from reaching the highest price for Johns and Rauschenberg." When a Johns painting called "According to What" was sold in 1978 to an American collector for six hundred thousand dollars, Ludwig, who says that by American standards he is a poor man, was not in the least surprised.

Castelli and Ileana Sonnabend did not open the European market to American art single-handed, as has sometimes been suggested. The New American Painting exhibition that Dorothy Miller organized for the Museum of Modern Art and that was shown in eight European countries in 1958 and 1959 had a tremendous impact. For many younger European artists, this show made it clear that New York had replaced Paris as the energy center for new developments, and the new American painting and sculpture were bound to find European buyers. American art was also helped by the enthusiasm of European critics and dealers. But Castelli in New York and Ileana Sonnabend in Paris certainly did more than any other dealers to further the trend. In 1962, the year Mrs. Sonnabend established her gallery in Paris, Castelli had made it possible for Rauschenberg to have a show at Daniel Cordier's gallery there. Castelli paid all the expenses of shipping and insurance and volunteered to waive his own commission on sales. (There were none.) The Sonnabend Gallery's initial exhibitions of Johns, Rauschenberg, Stella, Lichtenstein, and other Castelli artists were revolutionary events in Paris. "People were shocked but enthusiastic," Mrs. Sonnabend recalls. "The gallery was full every day." Mrs. Sonnabend arranged for most of these shows to be seen elsewhere in Europe, at friendly galleries in Milan, Turin, Rome, Zurich, Munich, Hamburg, and Cologne. One consequence was that Rauschenberg became a hero to the young artists in those countries. His European reputation was immense by the time of the 1964 Biennale, and it was no surprise to the European artists that he won the painting prize. What Sidney Janis had not done for the Abstract Expressionists (the first American artists to achieve an international influence, their work was not shown in European galleries until the early nineteen-fifties), Castelli and Sonnabend did for Rauschenberg and Johns, for the Pop and, later, the Minimal Artists. Castelli made their work available to Sonnabend on the most favorable terms—"ruinous terms," Ivan Karp called them. Castelli was willing to take a loss in order to have his artists seen in Europe. His faith now looks like business acumen: Castelli's biggest client is Ludwig.

In this country, the Castelli network began with Virginia Dwan's gallery, in Los Angeles, at a time in the early nineteen-sixties when Castelli and others believed that Los Angeles was developing into an important modern-art center. Los Angeles did not really fulfill its promise, for a variety of reasons: not enough strong collectors, not enough support by the local museum, and the takeover of the Pasadena Art Museum by Norton Simon. In any event, Castelli currently maintains connections with the Margo Leavin Gallery, the James Corcoran Galleries, and the Ace Gallery, in Los Angeles; with John Berggruen, in San Francisco; with Ronald Greenberg, in St. Louis; with Janie C. Lee, in Houston; with Young-Hoffman, in Chicago; and with the Sable-Castelli Gallery, in Toronto. Several of these galleries have engendered and are currently nourishing important collectors of advanced art—wealthy buyers who no longer feel that in order to get the best things they have to come to New York. Castelli, in fact, has done a lot to decentralize the art market, and, as usual, things have worked out to his advantage. Having gone out of his way to help dealers in what he calls "the provinces," he now shares in the benefits of their success. "He's an incredible accommodator of people and situations," Irving Blum, the director of the Blum-Helman Gallery, in New York, said the other day. "It always seems he's giving up an enormous amount, but then you see that he has been enormously clever, and that he's more than compensated when things get difficult. All these satellite galleries are willing to sacrifice for him, because he's done so much for them." Another New York dealer, Robert Elkon, has remarked, "Leo is the Metternich of the art world. He thinks four or five moves ahead, like a good chess player, and the ramifications become clear only later on."

Over the last decade, Castelli has expanded his operations at a dizzying rate. In 1971, he opened a large new gallery at 420 West Broadway, in SoHo, which has since become the city's new art ghetto, and just last February he inaugurated a spectacular annex at 142 Greene Street, two blocks to the east. The Greene Street building was to have been used mainly for storage, but Castelli fell in love with the proportions of the huge ground-floor space (ninety-five feet long and thirty-seven wide) and ended up putting a sizable chunk of the gallery's 1979 profits into replacing the floor there and making the space a pristine showroom for paintings and sculptures too large to be accommodated at 420 West Broadway. Meanwhile, 4 East Seventy-seventh Street has become the site of Castelli Graphics, a print-and-photography gallery run by Castelli's wife.

The Castelli Gallery took on a number of new artists during this period, some of them well-established names, such as Claes Oldenburg and Ellsworth Kelly (both of whom came from Janis), and some relatively unknown. The general feeling around the art world today is that the nineteen-seventies produced no new artists of major stature, and Castelli's stable reflects this view: he has not shown anyone whose work did not catch his eye before 1971. Of the thirty-two artists currently represented by the downtown gallery, fifteen could be described as either Minimalists or Conceptualists. Castelli looked at and rejected the Photo- (or Super-) Realists, who paint pictures that look exactly like blowups of the deliberately banal photographs on which they are based. Ivan Karp, who left Castelli in 1969 and in the fall of that year opened his own gallery (called O.K. Harris), in SoHo, promoted what he chooses to call the Hyper-Realism movement, among other things, and has done extremely well, but to Castelli "Super-Realism seemed an offshoot of Pop Art, not a move beyond Pop." For the first time since his early days, he now shows several European artists, including Hanne Darboven, from Germany, and Jan Dibbets, from Holland. Some of the Americans in the gallery see this as an indication of pressure from Konrad Fischer and Gian Enzo Sperone, dealers in Düsseldorf and Turin, respectively, who represent many of Castelli's people abroad, and who presumably feel that the system should work both ways. Despite the fact that the seventies, unlike the six-

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ties, did not produce great stars, artistic activity was strong, and New York remains *the* energy center of artistic activity. Nevertheless, thanks in some part to the proselytizing efforts of Castelli and a few others, contemporary art has become truly international and pluralistic, with a free-flowing interchange among many marketplaces.

CASTELLI, meanwhile, has taken on some of the star quality of his major artists. He appeared twice on "The Dick Cavett Show" in January, and he was featured in a recent Italian television documentary on the art world, produced by Gianfranco Gorgoni. He was one of a group of New York artists, writers, performers, and public citizens to receive the first annual Mayor's Award of Honor for Arts and Culture, in 1976, and this spring he was the recipient of the first annual Manhattan Cultural Awards prize "in the field of art," given for "his outstanding contribution to the Borough of Manhattan" as a "major force in the development of contemporary American painting since 1957" and for having "discovered and encouraged an entire generation of artists." Buoyed by such accolades, perhaps, and also by the recent boom in art sales, Castelli commissioned a public work of sculpture by Richard Serra, one of his artists. Large sculptures for public spaces are being commissioned by federal, state, and city agencies and by private corporations throughout the country these days, in increasing numbers. Serra, who was invited to participate in the design of a public space by the Pennsylvania Avenue Development Corporation, in Washington, D.C., quit the three-man design team because of conflicting ideas about how the project should be realized. He subsequently expressed a yearning to do something big in New York, and Castelli, whose greatest pleasure is to make it possible for his artists to do what they want, rather rashly agreed to finance the work himself. A two-hundred-foot-long-by-twelve-foot-high arc in Cor-Ten steel, it went up in April near the entrance to the Holland Tunnel, in lower Manhattan.

Castelli's friends often wonder why he keeps on expanding and exfoliating. He could make a lot more money by dealing exclusively in the work of the artists who made him famous. "Leo has passed up opportunities to buy back works by Lichtenstein, by Kelly, by other artists of his on which he could have realized a great profit," according to Irving Blum, who specializes in just that kind of "secondary market" buying and selling of contemporary art. "He never has the money to do that. He doesn't even have a great collection of his own. Why, my collection of works by Leo's artists is at least equivalent to his." Toiny Castelli has said that they would have no collection at all—aside from "Bed" and "Target with Plaster Casts"—if she had not insisted on buying some things herself, several of which now belong to their sixteen-year-old son, Jean-Christophe. As Castelli grows older (he is now seventy-two), his addiction to the gallery shows no signs of flagging. He makes more appointments than he can keep, and he is usually half an hour late for *everything*. His enthusiasm sometimes outruns even his extraordinary energy.

At a dinner party some time ago, Castelli suddenly blacked out and had to be rushed to the hospital. It was not a heart attack, as several doctors present had feared at first; for years, he had had an abnormally slow pulse, and that night his pulse had just missed a beat or two. A pacemaker device was installed, and Castelli bounced back with barely a pause. He had even managed to have a telephone at his elbow in the intensive-care unit after his operation, so he could talk to Susan Brundage, his chief assistant at the gallery, and within a few days of leaving the hospital he told Blum that he had more energy than before. ("Oh, my God," was Blum's aghast reply.) Certainly it is obvious that Castelli is not going to slow down. "Leo's great merit is not to stop," Ileana Sonnabend said not long ago. "He has kept the freshness and the enthusiasm he had in the beginning. I once told Leo, 'You know, both of us are such adolescents.' Leo laughed and laughed. 'That's true,' he said. 'And nobody knows it but us.' "

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

Next week when Muskie meets with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Vienna, it will be the first Soviet-American exchange since the intervention in Afghanistan last December. This meeting will offer an important opportunity for Muskie to exert a first effort toward presenting the resumption of an uncontrolled arms race.—*Michigan Daily, newspaper of the University of Michigan.*

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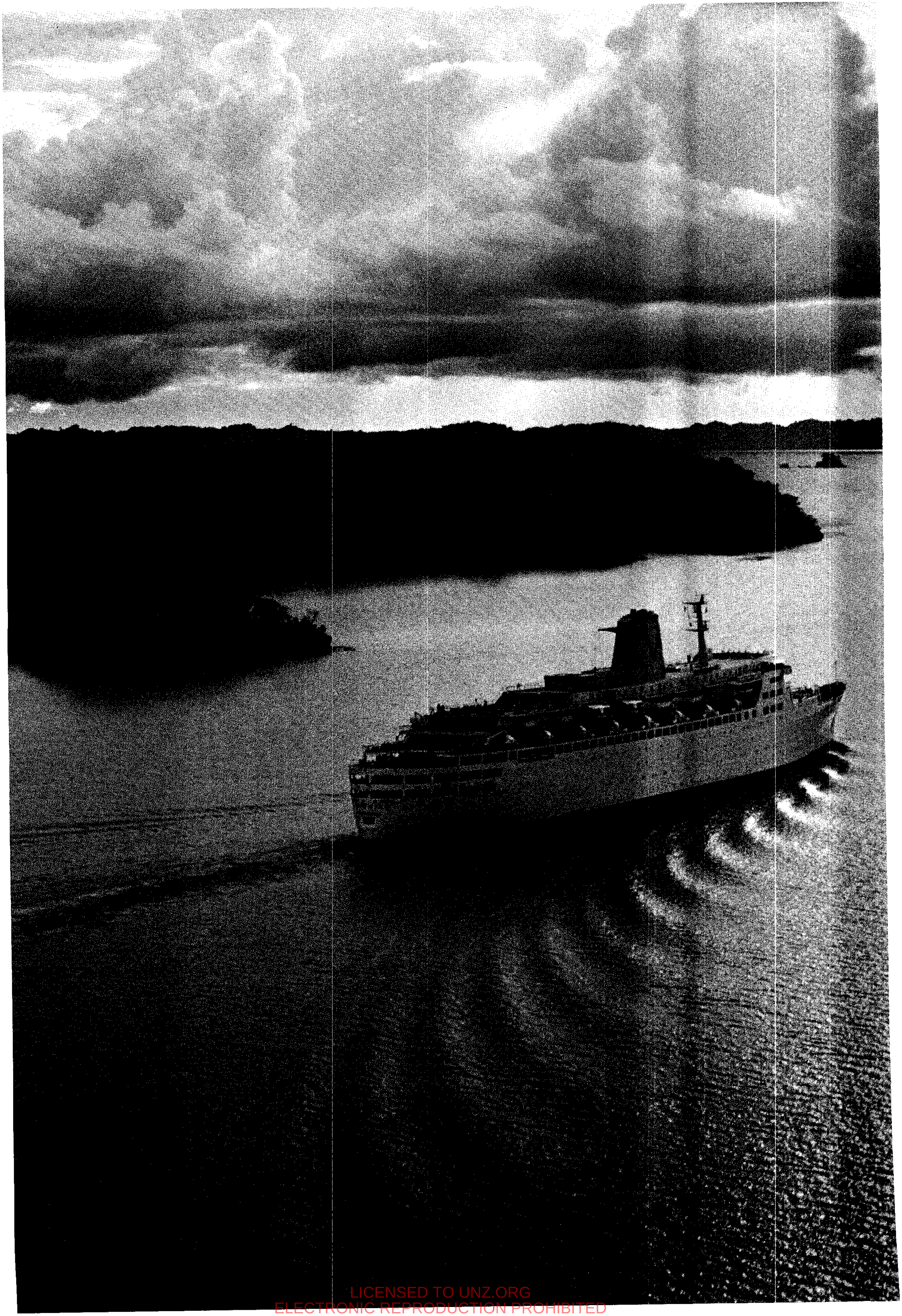

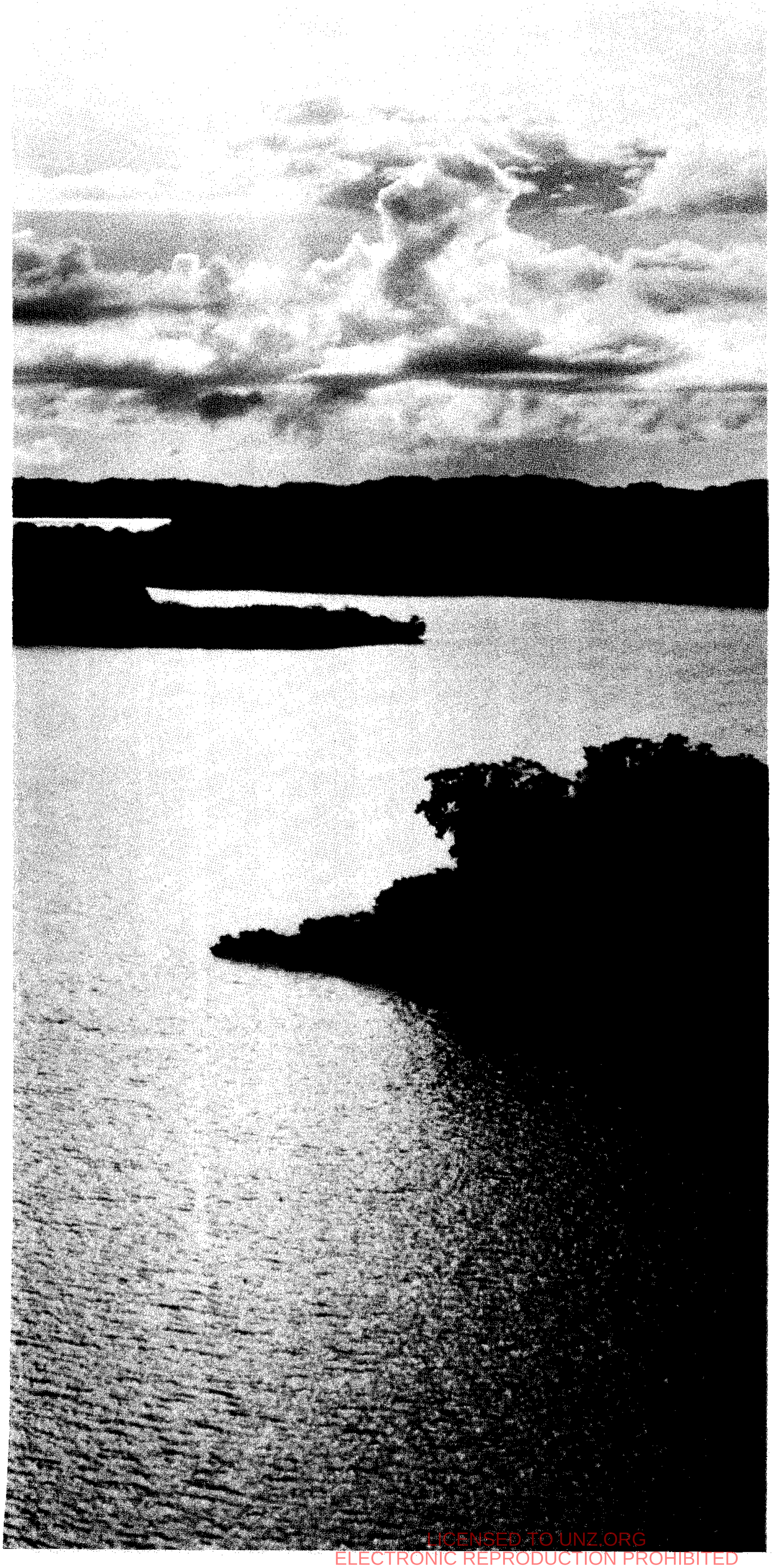

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THE THEATRE

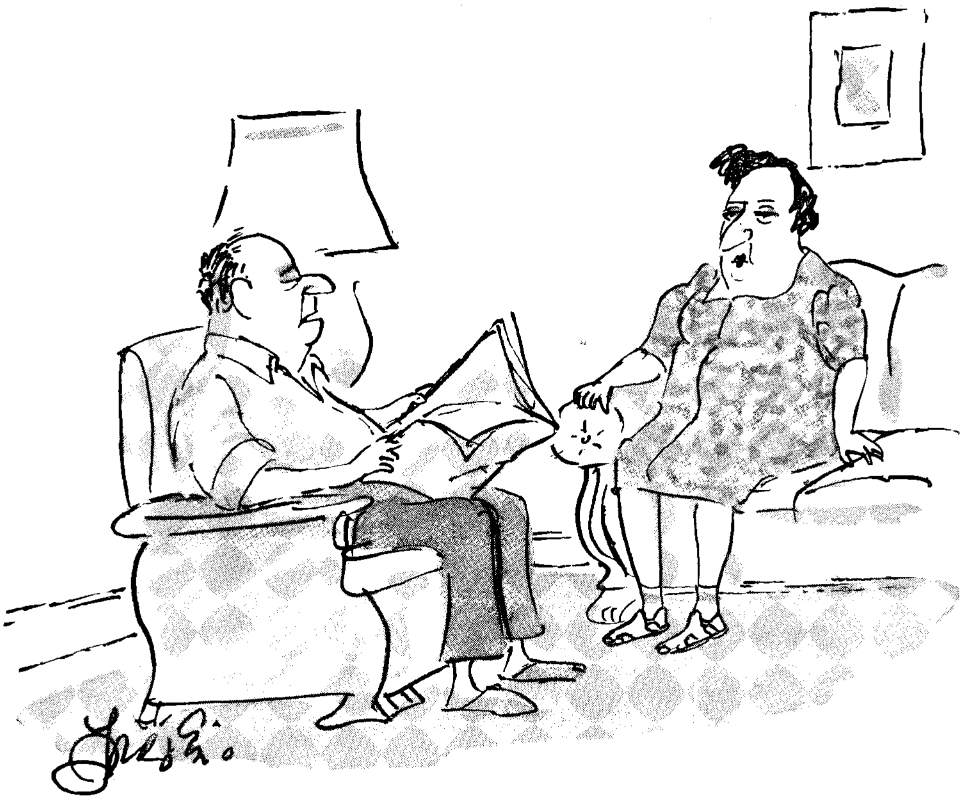
Off Broadway

SO much talent and good work on the part of Ntozake Shange and a number of fine black actors have gone into her adaptation of "Mother Courage," at the Public, that the result should be a triumph. It isn't. Brecht's play tells the story (to give a perhaps entirely unnecessary synopsis) of a woman sutler who pulls a canteen wagon around the battlefields of Europe during the Thirty Years' War in order to support (and preserve the lives of) her two sons and her mute daughter, and who is also a repository of Brecht's anti-heroic, anti-sentimental attitudes about war and other matters. "Adaptation" is too weak a word for Miss Shange's script. She has moved the action to the Texas and Oklahoma Territories during the decade after the Civil War, when black troops were recruited, along with white troops, for skirmishes with unruly Indians and unruly whites and former slaves. Whether the transposition was wise or not—whether, that is, the adaptation works basically—is open to question; the Thirty Years' War is so remote that it has become an abstraction to everyone except historians and history majors, so that any idea about war, whether deep or cynical, can be easily applied to it, while nineteenth-century skirmishes between whites and blacks and Indians still cut very close to the bone. Nevertheless, the script (such of it as comes over the footlights in this slack production, at any rate) is strong—the most telling and controlled writing, I think, that Miss Shange has ever done. Gloria Foster's Mother Courage is as uncompromising as Brecht could have wished her to be. She never breaks faith with the begetter, yet, as a black actress, she seems more immediately emotional, more volatile (and more beautiful), than any other Mother Courage you are likely to see. When her children die, one by one, she is all but petrified with grief, yet when we last see her, exhausted and pulling her wagon alone, around and around that revolving stage, it is clear that there is still somebody there. The libidinous Army cook who has been her companion and lover through the second act (humorously acted by Robert Christian, who matches Miss Foster's strength in performance) has deserted her to work in a tavern. The unfrocked Army chaplain who has been her companion through the first act (another splendid performance, by Morgan Freeman), having been jilted, has disappeared. The final curtain is hers alone.

Hattie Winston is amusing and just right as Yvette, the whore—especially when she sings a Kurt Weill-ish number called "Song of Fraternization." (Having almost immediately forgotten all the other songs, by William Elliott, composer, and Louisa Rose, lyricist, I have no opinion whatever of them.) Reyno, Jack Landron, and Ruthanna Graves do well as Mother Courage's children, and so does Jerry Mayer in a number of white roles. The scene, by the way, in which the mute daughter bangs a drum to warn a sleeping village (in this instance, a black village) that marauders (in this instance, the Ku Klux Klan) are drawing near does not have the stunning impact it should have. The lines, as I say, are good; unfortunately, quite a few of Miss Foster's were unintelligible (from Row H). A puzzle indeed, since she is one of our most eloquent actresses. Wilford Leach, who directed, after a fashion, also designed the effective setting. Costumes by Patricia McGourty, lighting by Jennifer Tipton.

"CRIMES AND DREAMS," a deft, grim satire by a new playwright, Lavonne Mueller, showed up briefly last week in a dim production at Theatre Four. The crimes and dreams it dealt with took place at the farm of Cy and Lucy Imboden, near a tiny town in Illinois, on the day of the annual meeting of the Mothers and Fathers of Murdered Children. Their own little girl was murdered some time before, and they are to be the hosts. Also on the premises are a television reporter, whose former assignments were wars in Germany, Korea, and Vietnam, and who is now on the child-murder beat; a young woman with guitar, balloons, and roadside stand who makes up and sings instant ballads about local murders (a sort of latter-day Sweet Singer of Michigan); three farmhands—one a rehabilitated convict, one a moronic drunk, and one an itching, hot-tempered veteran of the Vietnam War; and a neighbor's little boy. Among them is a murderer. Another killing takes place shortly before the end of the first act, and a kind of lynching in the second, but Mrs. Imboden, quoting Scripture and discussing Heaven, weathers it all, until she is finally crushed and made inconsolable at the close by a telegram announcing that her party has been called off. Miss Mueller can be, in her own way, as lethal as Joe Orton, but her way is very much her own. Nevertheless, the play was dispiriting rather than shocking or funny, the director (or perhaps the dramatist) having failed to establish any mood or style. Good setting of farmhouse porch and adjacent cornfield and barn by Karen Schulz.

—EDITH OLIVER



"I think I liked you better as a blonde."

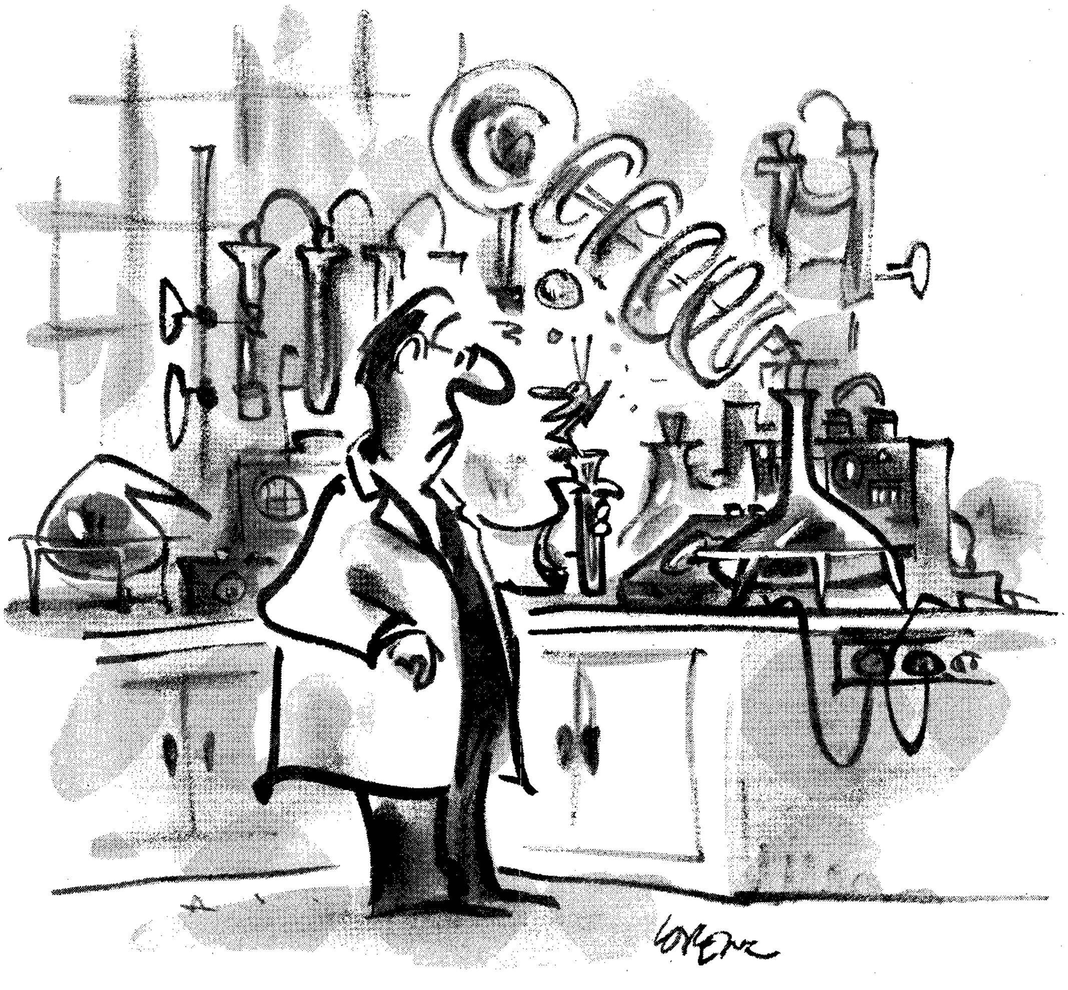
THE SPORTING SCENE

FIFTY YEARS AFTER THE GRAND SLAM

IN 1976, when the United States Open was played over a course made up of nine holes from each of the two new eighteen-hole courses that the Atlanta Athletic Club had built in the nearby town of Duluth, it marked the first time that the championship had been held in the Deep South. What prompted the United States Golf Association to consider taking the Open to the Atlanta area was a letter that Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., the great champion of the nineteen-twenties, had written just about a month before his death, in 1971, to the chairman of the U.S.G.A.'s championship committee, in which he spoke of the Atlanta Athletic Club's new courses and, in effect, invited the Association to look at them and judge whether or not they would provide a worthy test for the Open, his favorite championship. Jones himself had grown up on the A.A.C.'s famous East Lake course—*he* had made it famous—which the two new courses had replaced.

That 1976 Open had a rousing climax. Jerry Pate, a native Georgian, won the championship when he played a memorable clutch shot on the last hole, a long par 4. After driving into the Bermuda-grass rough, he hit a high, floating 5-iron approach that just carried the large pond before the green and finished a yard from the flagstick. It was a daring gamble, for if Pate had put the ball in the water hazard it might have cost him the title. The evening before that final round, there was a tribute to Jones at the Memorial Arts Center, on Peachtree Street in Atlanta, his home town. On the stage of the center's Symphony Hall, a panel of leaders of golf and distinguished Atlantans, many of them longtime friends of Jones, talked about him informally, and from time to time what they had to say was supplemented by still photographs or motion pictures projected on a screen high above the stage. Many of us felt that the most significant statement of the evening came from Harry Easterly, the president of the U.S.G.A.: "What impresses me most is that it is now forty-six years since the Grand Slam, and here we are gathered in a huge hall like this to honor Bob Jones."

This year, a good deal will be said and written about Jones, for 1980 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the Grand Slam, the name given to Jones' sweep of what at that time, when amateur golf was still important, were regarded as the top four championships in which an amateur could compete: the British Amateur, the British Open, the United States Open, and the United States Amateur. (That is the order in which they were played that year.) For many reasons, the Grand Slam ranks as one of the most astounding achievements in the history of sports. To begin with, Jones had to hold his form and purpose over a lengthy period—from May to late September. He had to adjust to British conditions, which are quite different from those in our country: the wind is heavier and stronger; the fairways, tumbling linksland, require a golfer to play his shots from all sorts of stances; the unwatered greens are so firm that he can seldom aim for the flagstick but instead must gauge where to land his approach so that the ball will bounce up and roll dead close to the flag; and, it goes without saying, on those hard, fast greens a wonderful putting touch is essential. Jones also had to deal with the separate rigors of stroke play and match play. Both Opens are stroke-play events, in which the golfer with the lowest total for four rounds is the winner. The two Amateurs are held at match play, in which two golfers confront each other head to head in each round; the winner of the match is the man who wins more holes, and he then moves on to the next round and his next opponent. The best golfers have always feared match play more than stroke play, because over a short stretch like eighteen holes it is only too easy to lose to a man who happens to be playing way over his head or holing all kinds of putts. Making your way safely through seven or eight rounds of match play is



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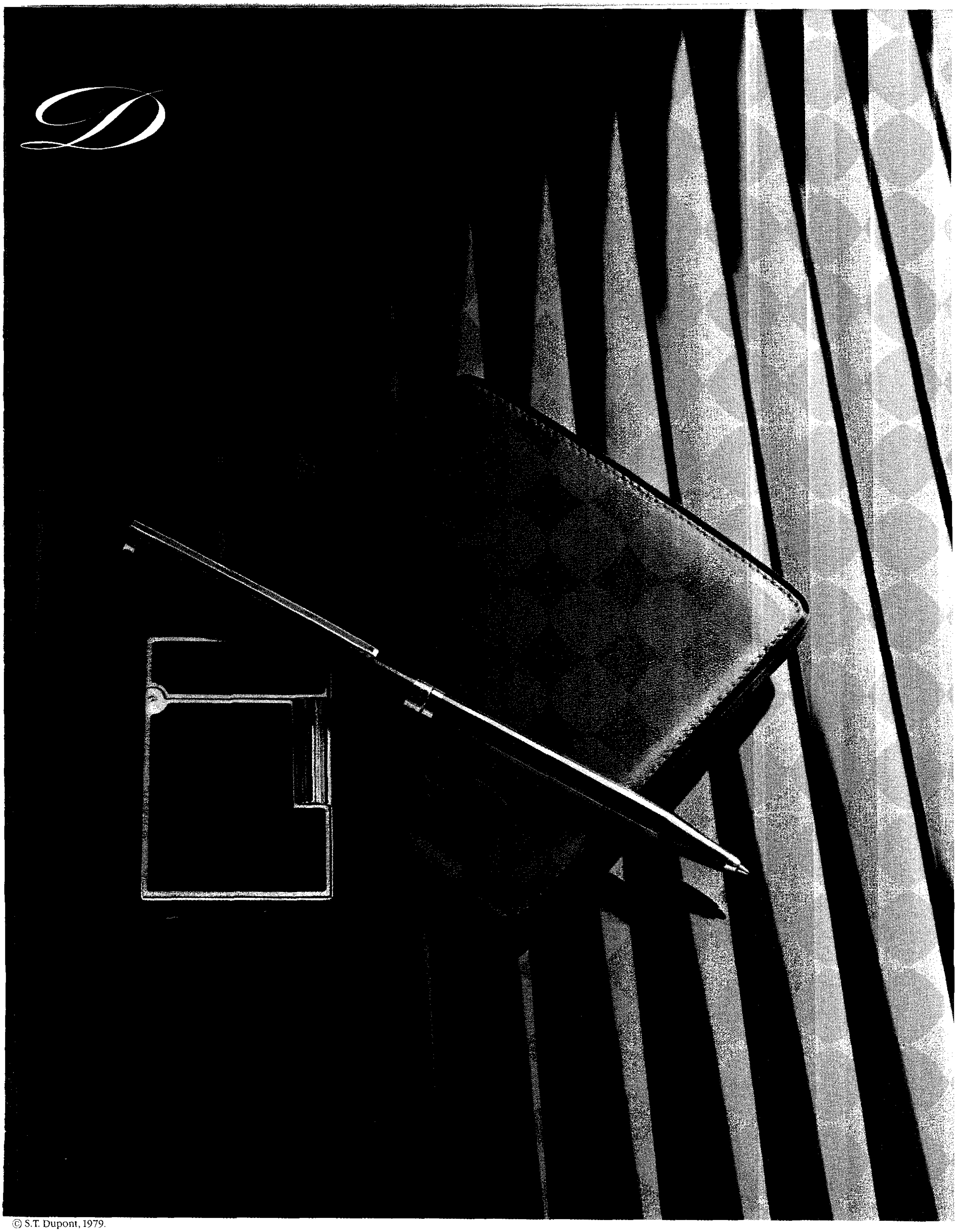

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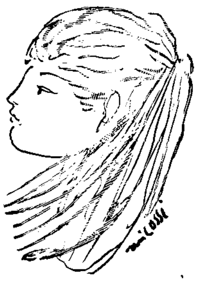
a treacherous business, and for this reason Lawson Little's "double double" in 1934 and 1935, when he carried off the British Amateur and the United States Amateur both years, is considered a golfing feat almost as fantastic as the Grand Slam. In a different way, the same is true of Ben Hogan's sustained brilliance in the big stroke-play events in 1953, his peak year, when he won the Masters, the United States Open, and the British Open. Hogan is the only golfer who has won the two Opens and the Masters in the same year. He did not play in the Professional Golfers' Association Championship, the fourth of the tournaments that today make up the Grand Slam for a professional golfer. Indeed, he could not have done so, since in 1953 the P.G.A. got under way the week before the British Open, and the two events actually overlapped—hardly inspired scheduling. Hogan elected to enter the British Open because he had never previously played in that august championship and wanted to deeply. Besides, the P.G.A. was a match-play tournament and, as such, a less reliable test of a golfer's ability.



To return to Bobby Jones—during his golfing career he was always called Bobby—how is it that he remains so alive for us and that what he did in 1930 continues to hold meaning for us and to give us pleasure in 1980? This is a most unusual longevity, even allowing for the fact that sports has always had its hero-worshippers who can remember what took place decades ago with far more passion and clarity than what happened last week. I would think that Jones' connection with the Masters tournament is one thing that has kept him fresh in our minds. After pulling off his Grand Slam, he had the perspicacity to retire from competition, although he was only twenty-eight. He realized that whatever he accomplished as a player after the Slam was bound to be anticlimactic, and, besides, having competed in tournaments from the age of fourteen, when he won the Georgia Amateur and made his first appearance in the United States Amateur, he had had enough of the unrelenting demands that are made on a sports champion and that prevent him from leading the kind of life he would like to. One of the first projects that Jones undertook after retiring was to build his dream course, the Augusta National, which he and Alister MacKenzie, the Scottish golf-course architect, co-designed. When it was decided to hold a small, informal tournament at the Augusta National in the spring of 1934, Jones acted as the host. That small spring tournament burgeoned into the Masters, and, largely because Jones gave it the flavor and spirit of golf at its best, in time it became one of the game's four most important tournaments.

If the Masters served to remind the golf world who Jones was and what he meant, so did the rise of some great champions, for it was inevitable that their deeds would be compared with his. In 1953, after Hogan won three of the four tournaments that make up the modern Grand Slam, there were countless discussions wherever golfers gathered as to the relative skills of Jones and Hogan. Then, in the late nineteen-sixties, golfers began to ponder whether Jack Nicklaus would go on to equal or possibly beat the astonishing record that Jones had set: between 1923 and 1930, Jones had won no fewer than thirteen major championships—one British Amateur, three British Opens, four U.S. Opens, and five U.S. Amateurs. It had been Jones against the field. In his last eight appearances in our Open, our premier championship, he finished lower than second only once. In his last three appearances in the British Open, he finished first each time. In 1970, Nicklaus, following a protracted slump, signalled that he was back by winning his tenth major championship—his second British Open. In 1972, he tied Jones' mark for major championships won when he took his third U.S. Open. The next year, he broke it by winning his third P.G.A. title. (Nicklaus has now won seventeen major championships.) Jones had been Nicklaus' boyhood idol, and no one could have been more gracious than Nicklaus was when, at length, he surpassed Jones' total. "I should point out one thing first," he said. "It took Bob Jones only eight years to score his thirteen victories. It has taken me fifteen years to break his record."

But, above all, Jones continues to be remembered because of the kind of man he was. In his era, the Golden Age of Sport, there were many colorful and magnetic heroes—Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Red Grange, Bill Tilden, and Walter Hagen are a few who come quickly to mind—but where they strode the stage as sports personalities, Jones, with his utter lack of the-

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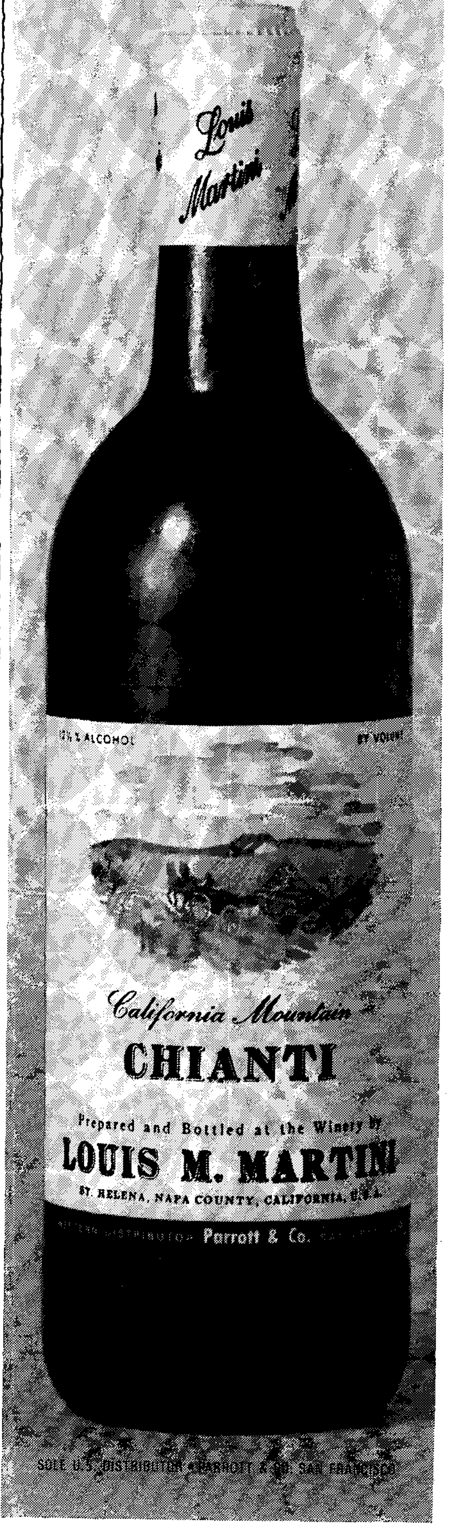
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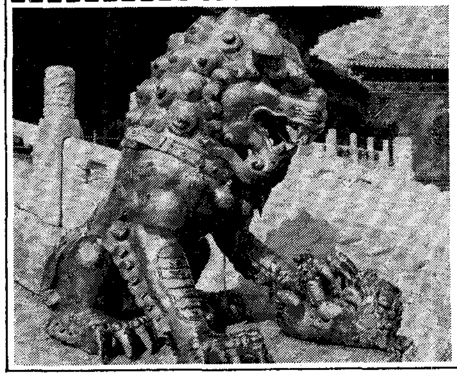
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atricality, came across as a person who also happened to be the best golfer in the world. For all his restraint, he had enormous charisma—a word that was seldom, if ever, used in his day. Only a few million Americans played golf at that time, but Jones reached non-golfers no less surely than golfers. There was no television then, of course, and Jones' admirers got to know him from reading about his triumphs and seeing his picture in the newspapers, catching glimpses of him in the newsreels, and now and then hearing about him on the radio. He came to be accepted by his countrymen as the ideal American athlete. They liked his clean-cut looks, his quiet intelligence, and the manner in which he comported himself, and they sensed that he was a man of exceptional character. Jones was no less popular in Britain, especially in Scotland, and particularly in St. Andrews, where the whole town plays golf. The people of St. Andrews recognized that he hit finer golf shots than any other player they had ever seen, and they appreciated the fact that no golfer, with the possible exception of Harry Vardon, had a swing that compared with Jones' for soundness, tempo, and its slow, lyrical rhythm. Whenever he played in a tournament there, the whole of St. Andrews poured onto the links to watch him. As Bernard Darwin, the peerless English golf writer, has pointed out, it was shrewd of Gerald Fairlie, a well-known mystery novelist, to have the key scene in one of his books take place in St. Andrews on the afternoon of the famous match between Jones and Cyril Tolley in the 1930 British Amateur, for this allowed a man to commit murder in the deserted town and to escape undetected down the empty streets.

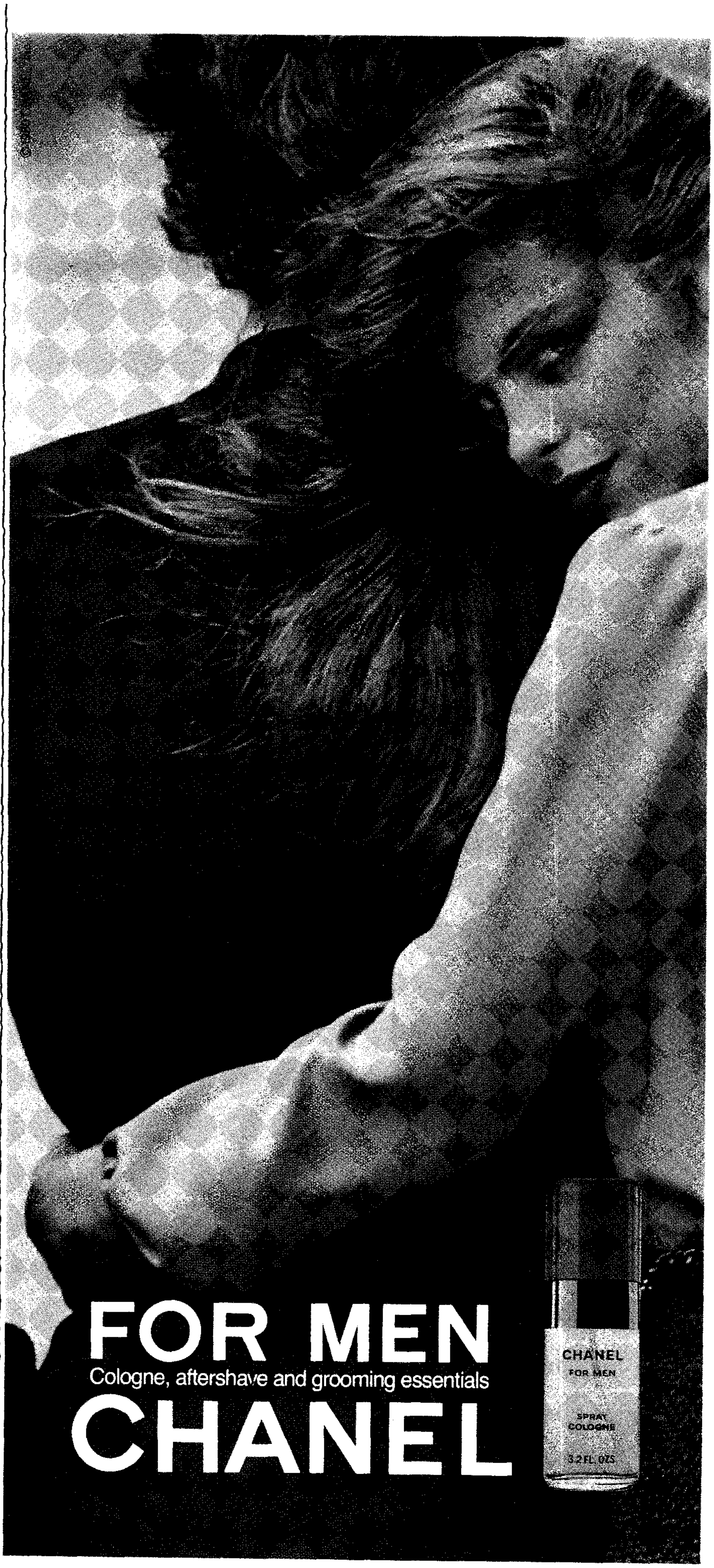
It has been said that in the opinion of his fellow-Southerners Jones was the best-loved Southerner since Robert E. Lee. This may well be true. In personality, however, Jones may have been more like Thomas Jefferson than like Lee. At Georgia Tech, he received his degree in mechanical engineering. He then spent two years at Harvard studying literature, history, French, and German. After that, he returned to Atlanta and entered Emory Law School. During his second year, he passed the state bar examination, and he practiced law the rest of his life. He established his priorities rather early: his family came first, his work second, and his golf third.

I had been a devoted admirer of Jones' for many years before I first met him, in 1949. At that time, I wanted to learn in some detail how he had happened to select the old Berckmans estate as the site of the Augusta National, and made an appointment to see him at the offices of his law firm, in Atlanta. I remember only odd bits and pieces about that visit, but what I do remember is quite distinct. The moment I entered Jones' office and shook hands with him, I felt completely at home, as if I had known him for years. It may have been his welcoming smile or what he said or the warmth of his manner—I do not know. Or it may have been that he was exactly as I expected him to be. When we had talked for a couple of minutes, he asked me if I would like a Coca-Cola, which in Atlanta is the *vin du pays*. I said I would, and he then asked if I preferred to drink it from a glass or from the bottle. A glass, I told him. After all, I was no hick. I knew how to act in public. He buzzed for his secretary, and when she appeared he said, in his low-pitched Georgia drawl, that we wanted two Coca-Colas, one with a glass. Well, live and learn. Our session proved to be both helpful and enjoyable. I left his office thinking, How wonderful to find a hero who lives up to one's expectations, and more! Whenever I visited Jones later on, I felt similarly exhilarated, though during his last twenty years he lived with an extremely painful spinal disease, syringomyelia.

Jones was one of the few athletes I know of who actually wrote the articles and books on which his name appeared. He must also have been one of the best and most prolific letter writers of our time. Busy as he was, he usually answered the many letters he received within a week, and he gave a lot of thought to his replies. Late in 1960, not long after writing to him about his book "Golf Is My Game," which had just been published, I received his reply, which I filed away because it contained a short paragraph that illustrated handsomely the sort of mind he had and how well he expressed himself:

> I may some day try to do another book, mainly amplifying the instructional material. However, I must confess that I have little confidence that the performance of golfers can be improved much by reading. My only purpose in writing further would be to try to spell out in a little more detail the value of the objective approach (a phrase which itself needs much defining).

For all his sensibility, there was a good tough streak in Jones. A golfer doesn't win thirteen major tournaments unless he has tremendous determination and fibre. Jones didn't like



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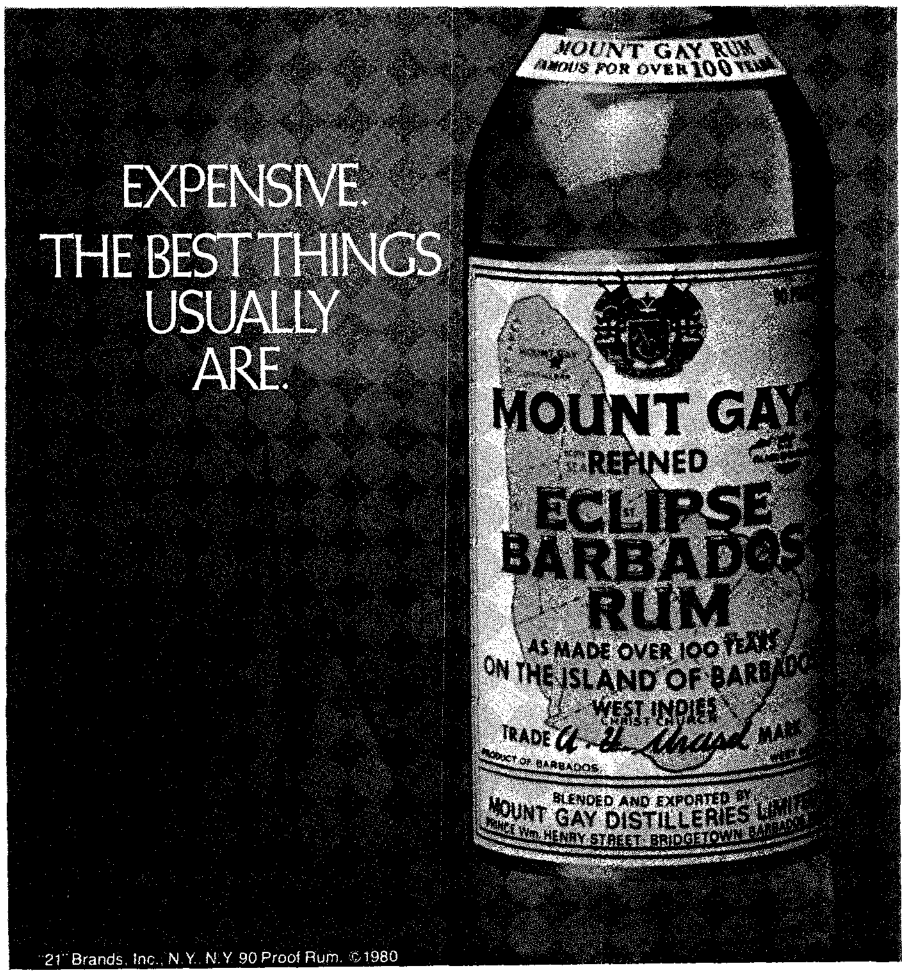
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carelessness, and if writers he knew made errors of fact in their articles about him, he politely called these to their attention. He assumed that their standards were as high as his. In 1968, in the introductory part of an article on that year's Masters tournament, I mentioned that I and several other sportswriters had visited with Jones in his cabin the day before the tournament and that on this occasion, in recalling the drastic way the wind switches around at St. Andrews and how fiercely it can blow, he pointed out that, with the wind behind him, he had sometimes needed only a pitching club to reach the green on the eleventh hole, a par 3 about a hundred and sixty-five yards long, whereas in his match with Tolley, when the wind was blowing directly into his face, he had played a wooden club, a spoon. Shortly afterward, Jones wrote to me:

> In describing the play of the eleventh hole in the Tolley match, I recounted that Cyril had played a "strong" iron from the tee. After seeing the ball blown from precisely over the pin back short of the Strath Bunker, I altered my plan somewhat. But I did not go to a wood. Although such winds may have come up, I cannot imagine a disturbance so violent as to require any kind of a wood on this hole. In fact, I used a mashie-iron and hit the ball strongly and low, as you say, to the back of the green.

That was the year when a thrilling duel in the final round of the Masters between Roberto de Vicenzo and Bob Goalby was marred by an unfortunate technical error: de Vicenzo signed an incorrect scorecard. At the end of the round, he had failed to notice that Tommy Aaron, who was paired with him and had kept his official card, had credited him not with the birdie 3 he made on the seventeenth hole but with a par 4. Consequently, instead of tying with Goalby for first place, with a total of 277, de Vicenzo had finished a stroke behind; Rule 38, Paragraph 3, of the U.S.G.A. rules of golf stipulates that if a player signs a card on which his score for an individual hole is higher than the score he made, the higher score stands. In writing about that Masters, I expressed doubt whether a rule that penalizes a player for an arithmetical mistake is a good rule when the number of strokes he actually played on the round is generally known. Jones gave me his views on that subject later in his letter:

> I find myself differing with you in your stand on the propriety of Rule 38 under modern conditions. You make the point that in an event like the Masters, with hundreds of spectators at each hole and

millions more watching on television, everybody knows the score.

You may recall that on two occasions in Open Championship play I ordered a stroke added to my score. In both instances, there were several hundred spectators around the green and, in each case, I had a scorer or marker, in addition to my playing companion. Both these men on both occasions were standing within fifteen feet of me. Yet each time I had to call the marker's attention to the extra stroke; and on one occasion this gentleman went so far as to appeal to the committee after the round, affirming that my ball had not moved.

The whole situation [involving de Vicenzo and Goalby] was tragic beyond expression. I like to think, though, that it served one useful purpose in emphasizing the respect which golfers must have for the rule book.

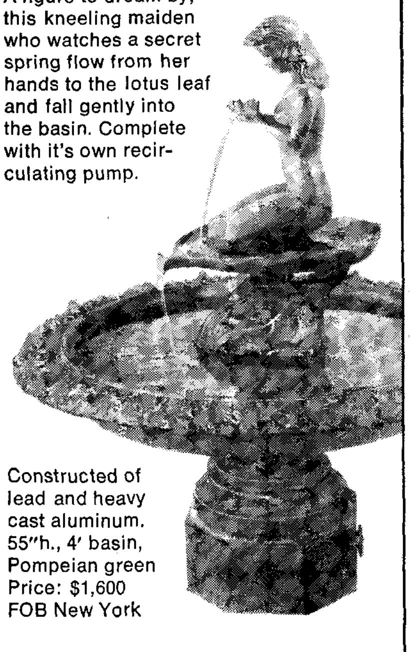
Very few people, I think, can have loved golf as much as Jones and felt so deep a sense of responsibility toward the game.

JONES started the 1930 season in an unusual way. Instead of simply playing friendly weekend rounds at East Lake in the early spring, he entered two tournaments on the professional tour, the Savannah Open and the Southeastern Open, in Augusta, finishing second to Horton Smith in the first and running away from the field in the second to win by thirteen strokes. A number of people who watched him in these tournaments felt that he was hitting his shots discernibly better than he ever had before. It should be noted that he had not entered these two tour tournaments because the idea of a possible Grand Slam had started to form at the back of his mind. His motive was a much more modest one. In 1930, the biennial Walker Cup Match against the British was scheduled to be played at Sandwich, the well-known course in Kent, in May, and Jones, the captain of the American team, wanted to be ready for it.

In the Walker Cup Match, Jones did a characteristic thing. Because he was the captain of our team, it was his prerogative to decide on its lineup. Instead of placing himself in the No. 1 spot in the singles, which his unrivalled record entitled him to, he accorded that position of honor to Harrison R. (Jimmy) Johnston, then our Amateur champion, and he himself played in the No. 2 singles. He took both his singles and his foursome with no trouble at all. That year, the British Amateur was scheduled for Jones' home away from home, St. Andrews. He was the odds-on favorite to win it, and he wanted to very much. It was the one important championship that had escaped him, and there was no knowing how many more cracks he would have at it.

Jones' progress in the British Amateur, which began on May 26th, was filled with perilous moments and narrow escapes, and even though in retrospect it was only the first leg of the Grand Slam, there is no question that it was the most exciting of the four championships that made up the Slam. In eight rounds of eighteen-hole matches leading to the thirty-six-hole final, there were four matches that Jones could conceivably have lost. In his very first match, he met a virtual unknown—Syd Roper, a former coal miner from Nottinghamshire. It is never easy for a top player to get up for the Ropers of the golf world in the early rounds of a big tournament, but Jones, studying Roper closely on the first tee, was impressed both by how he hit the ball and by the unawed look in his eyes, and he decided that he had better get down to business without delay. He birdied the first hole with a twenty-foot putt, birdied the third, and eagled the fourth by holing out a full spade mashie (about a 6-iron) from a bunker. This start put him 3 up, and a good thing it was, for Roper proved to be a solid golfer. From the fifth tee on, he played as well as Jones did. Jones was never able to consolidate a bigger lead, but the holes finally ran out for Roper on the sixteenth. Jones, 3 and 2—three holes up and only two holes to play. Since Roper did nothing else of consequence during his career, it may be surprising how instantly identifiable he is to people who read golf history. On second thought, though, it isn't surprising at all.

The classic battle between Jones and Tolley took place in the fourth round. Tolley, the defending champion in the Amateur, was a burly young man who at the time was one of the longest hitters in golf. Against Jones, he topped his drive off the first tee, but after that his play was almost errorless. The match was all even as the two men came to the seventeenth, the renowned Road Hole, which is in the neighborhood of four hundred and sixty-five yards long and doglegs sharply to the right. In those days, the aggressive golfer who wanted to make sure of reaching the green in two had to wallop a long tee shot over the old Auchterlonie wood-drying sheds in the angle of the dogleg—out-of-bounds territory. (The sheds have long been gone, and nowadays the golfer who takes that route must carry part of the grounds of the Old Course Hotel.) However, what really makes the



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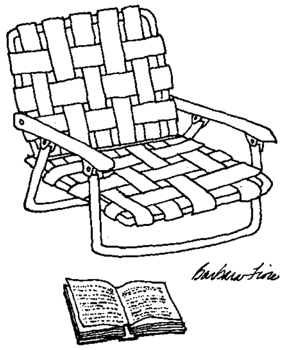
seventeenth frightening is the green area. *The long, narrow, slightly* raised green breaks diagonally off the fairway at about an eleven-o'clock angle. Along the right side, at the foot of a small bank, the green is bordered by the legendary road, while digging into the middle of the left side is the Road Bunker, a deep pit with steep walls. The sight of this Scylla and Charybdis looming ahead gives pause to even the best golfers, and it did that day to Tolley and Jones. Both had elected not to risk cutting the corner and had driven safely out to the left, with Tolley about five yards in front. Jones to play first. After studying his options, he decided to cut a high *spoon over the Road Bunker so that* the ball would land to the left of the green and roll onto or near the back edge. He asked the marshals to move the gallery from that area. His spoon shot came down close to the spot he had in mind, but the ball took off with a couple of hard, fast bounces and would probably have ended up in serious trouble—perhaps in the road itself—if it had not been stopped by the spectators massed behind the green. This was a terrific piece of luck. Instead of staring at a possible 6, Jones was in a position to get down in 4 with a routine chip and putt. Now the pressure was on *Tolley. He hit a fairly good iron for* the front part of the green, but the ball curled off to the left, and he was faced with a wicked little pitch directly over the Road Bunker. He couldn't have played a better shot: he wafted the ball just over the hazard, and it stopped two feet from the hole. Jones, after a mediocre chip, had to sink a six-foot putt to halve the hole, and he did. Tolley and Jones then halved the eighteenth, with pars. Extra holes. Jones played the first (or nineteenth), a short par 4, tidily. On in two, he had his par all the way. Tolley, however, hit a loose pitch to the right of the green and followed it with a rather weak third, which finished well short of the hole. Jones stroked his approach putt close to the cup, and the ball happened to end up directly in Tolley's line. There was no way that Tolley could circumvent that stymie. The best he could do was a 5, and so Jones had pulled out a match in which he had definitely been outplayed. His big break, he realized, had come on the seventeenth, and, looking back on the other fortunate rubs of the green he had received, he began to feel that maybe he was not supposed to be beaten in that championship. He had long been a fatalist as far as golf was concerned, and believed that well before the first shot was struck it had been ordained in the stars who would win a particular tournament.



Jones had a scare of a different kind in the sixth round, against Jimmy Johnston. With five holes to go, he was 4 up, but he frittered away three of the next four holes and nearly lost the eighteenth as well. To halve it, he had to get down a slippery sidehill putt of about eight feet. The ball dived *into the cup, just as he had felt sure it* would. In every critical situation that week, he had never failed to produce the required shot.

Jones came up against George Voigt, one of our most proficient amateurs, in the semifinals. With five holes to play, he stood 2 down. He won the fourteenth when a heavy crosswind blew Voigt's tee shot out of bounds. He drew even on the sixteenth when Voigt again failed to allow sufficiently for the force of the wind and that tee shot was also blown into the bunker, called the Principal's Nose. On the Road Hole, Voigt reached the elusive green with two beautiful shots. *Jones ultimately had to hole* from eighteen feet to halve Voigt's 4. As he lined up that putt, he had the curious sensation that there was no way he could miss it. It was in all the way. Match still even. On the eighteenth, Voigt missed a six-footer for his par. Jones, 1 up.

In the final, against Roger Wethered, the brother of the famous Joyce, Jones was in a majestic mood. Had he not foozled a two-foot putt on the seventeenth in the morning round, he would have been the first golfer ever to play the Old Course in a formal competition without a 5 on his card. He was 4 up at lunch, and in the afternoon he closed out Wethered on the twelfth green, 7 and 6. Thereupon the twenty thousand Scots in his gallery—the whole country had been waiting for this moment all week—went happily berserk.

The 1930 British Open was held at the Royal Liverpool Golf Club—more familiarly known as Hoylake, after the town in which it is situated. The second oldest of the English seaside courses, it looks across the Dee estuary toward the Irish Sea. Hoylake is one of golf's most famous battlegrounds, and it is fitting that the British Amateur Championship was established there, in 1885. When Jones arrived to tune up for the Open, he was still recovering from his strenuous week at St. Andrews, which had ended only a fortnight before. He felt stale physically and mentally. His timing was off, and he had trouble concentrating on his shots. In the circumstances, he scored extremely well, opening with a 70, two strokes under par, and following it with a 72. He had doubts about his ability to sustain this pace on the third and final day, when the field played two rounds. "I've never worked so hard before," he confessed to O. B. Keeler, of the Atlanta *Journal*, who for years had accompanied him on his expeditions, at home and abroad.

On his morning round on the last day, Jones had a choppy 74, which placed him a stroke behind the leader—Archie Compston, an English professional, who was around in 68. In order to bring in a good score on Hoylake, it is necessary to hold up strongly on the last five holes—two par 5s and three par 4s, which averaged four hundred and fifty-seven yards in length and make up perhaps the most arduous finish of any of the British championship courses. Jones had used up twenty-four strokes on them that morning.

In the afternoon, Compston fell away rapidly after muffing a tiny putt on the first green. Jones was hitting so many errant shots, however, that there was no knowing whether he would be able to take advantage of the situation. For example, on the par-5 eighth, where he was about twenty yards from the green after two well-hit woods, he stumbled badly. He scuffed his chip, and didn't even get it onto the green. He left his second chip ten feet short of the cup. He missed his putt and then he missed a tap-in that couldn't have been much longer than a foot. After that inglorious 7, he was out in 38. Starting back, he failed to get his pars on the two par-3 holes—the eleventh and the thirteenth. If he continued to falter, either Macdonald Smith or Leo Diegel, now only a couple of strokes back, would certainly overtake him. It was imperative for Jones to pull himself together and play his very best golf on those last five holes. He managed it. He fought his way home with a 4 and a 5 and then three more 4s, and this saw him through. Diegel and Smith tied for second, two strokes back. In the 1930 British Open, Jones

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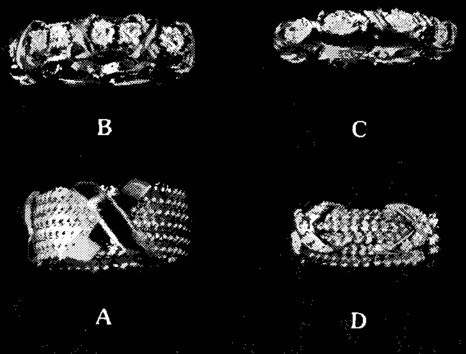

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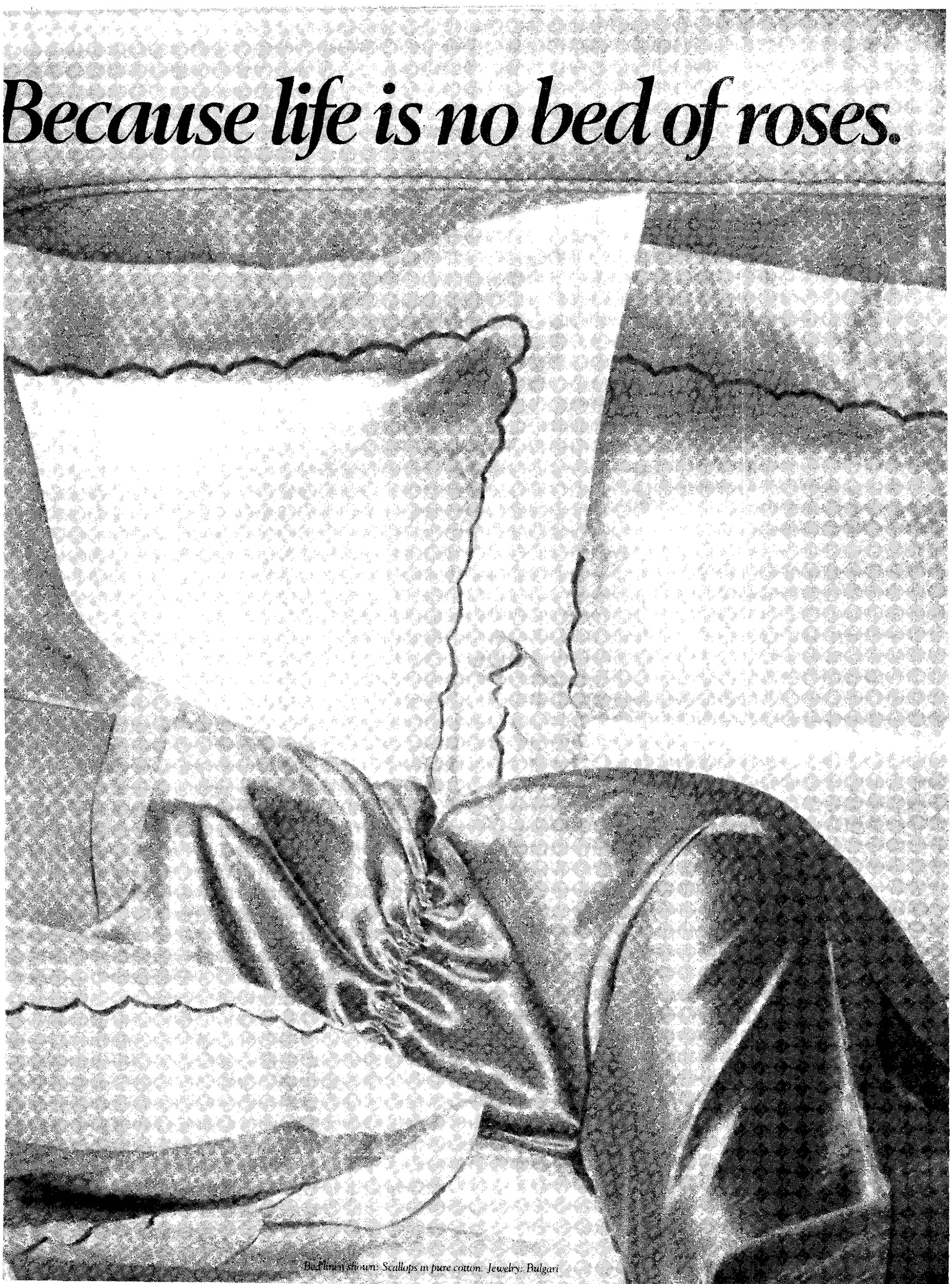

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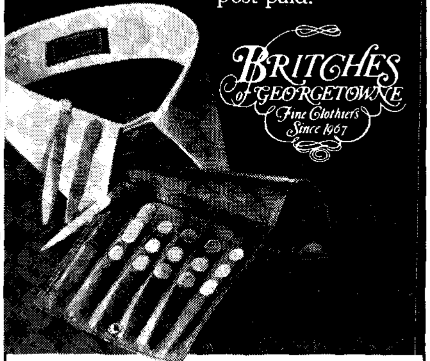

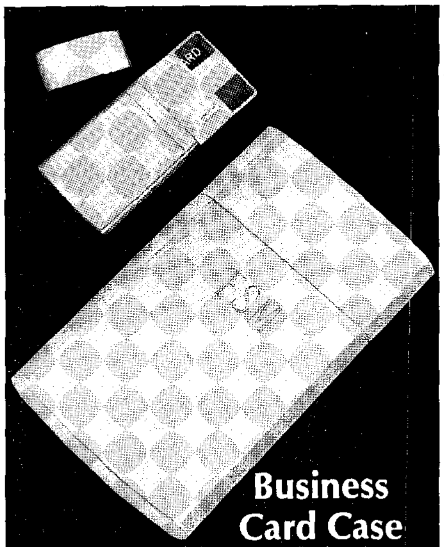

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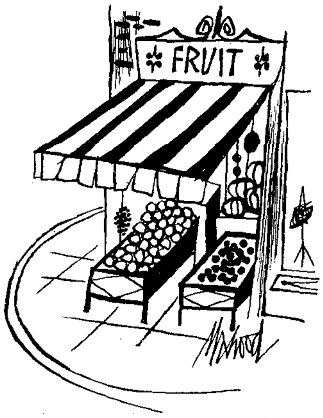
demonstrated unforgettably that one of the traits that separate the great champions from players of high talent is an indomitable resolution that enables them to keep going and to win championships when they are in far from top form.

Now that he had won both the British Amateur and the British Open, Jones began to think about the possibility of a Grand Slam for the first time. The U.S. Open, up next, was scheduled to begin on July 10th at the Interlachen Country Club, near Minneapolis, so Jones had ample time on his return from Europe to rest up before starting to get his game in order. With his relaxed drawl, his calm and pleasant eye, his unhurried manner, and his natural amiability, he did not give the impression of being high-strung, but the tensions of tournament golf took it out of him. In one championship, he lost eighteen pounds. In another, he was so exhausted at the end that he couldn't begin to undo his sweated-up necktie. The U.S. Open, everyone agreed, would be his big test. If he managed to get by it, then the Amateur should not be all that much trouble. Mind you, you never could tell.

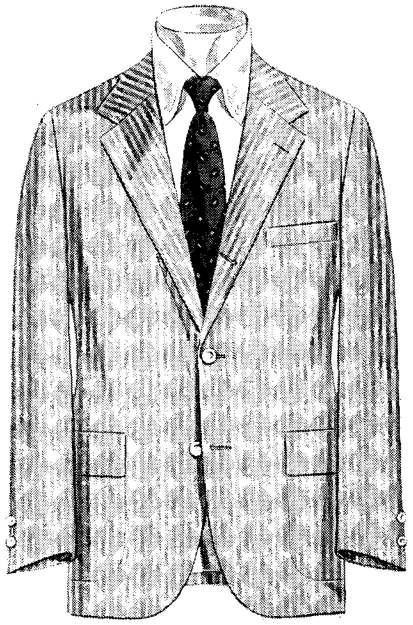


The way to play the first two rounds of a stroke-play tournament is to take no unnecessary chances, attempt no flashy shots, and go purring softly along, making one prosaic par after another. This will generally put you close to the leaders at the halfway mark. After that, it's up to you whether you wish to stick with this patient pace or prefer to make your big move on the third round or on the fourth. At the end of the first thirty-six holes, Jones, after a 71 and a 73, was just where he wanted to be—two strokes behind the leader, Horton Smith. He had played serene, tidy golf. The one time he made a mistake that might have been costly, he got away with it. That was in the second round, when, following a good drive on the ninth, a 485-yard par 5 that swung to the right, he chose to take the short route to the green over a small lake that edged into the bend of the fairway. It really wasn't much of a gamble; Jones could usually count on clearing the hazard with yards to spare. This time, for some reason, he half-topped his second, a spoon shot. The ball, buzzing in a low trajectory, was obviously not going to carry the lake. About twenty yards from the far bank, it dipped down, but instead of disappearing into the water it skipped off the surface like a scaled stone, took another skip, and ended up in the fairway beyond the bank, thirty yards from the green. From there, he pitched to two feet and holed for his birdie. The Lily Pad Shot, as it came to be called, had saved him two strokes, and probably more. It is the only bad fairway wood that I can recall Jones hitting in his entire career. In his day, he was in a class by himself with the wooden clubs. Off the tee, he was straight and very, very long. Now and then, he drove the ball three hundred yards—a considerable accomplishment with the hickory-shafted clubs of that period, which, because of their torque and torsion, required much finer timing than steel-shafted clubs do. A man of medium height, chunky in build, Jones got his power from his full body turn, his smooth exchange of weight, and his superlative timing. Since he was no less remarkable with the spoon and the brassie than with the driver, a number of his contemporaries felt that he won a lot of his tournaments on the par-5 holes. Possibly. And possibly, too, he was the best wooden-club player there has ever been.

Jones won the 1930 Open in the third round. He had started the round bunched among such able players as Horton Smith, Tommy Armour, Harry Cooper, Johnny Farrell, and Macdonald Smith, but his 68 scattered the field and gave him a five-stroke margin over the nearest man, Cooper. Jones always thought that one of the weakest parts of his game was his short pitches, but three times that morning he came within an inch of holing out mashie-niblick pitches of about a hundred yards. In the afternoon, he played an up-and-down round that included three double bogeys on par-3 holes. One of them came on the seventeenth, the seventy-first hole of the tournament, and left him only one stroke ahead of Macdonald Smith. He regathered his poise, however, and birdied the last hole, making a forty-foot putt up and over a ridge, and this clinched the tournament for him. Smith, who had finished two strokes behind him at Hoylake, finished two strokes behind him at Interlachen as well.

The U.S. Amateur that year was played at the Merion Golf Club (then the Merion Cricket Club), outside Philadelphia—a green and rolling course of good, subtle golf holes. Jones knew it well. It was there that he had made his début, in the Amateur in 1916, at the age of fourteen—he was eliminated in the third round by the defending champion, Bob Gardner—and eight years later he had won his first Amateur there. Returning to Merion in late September for the 1930 Amateur, he was under immense strain. When people first started talking about the Grand Slam, it had seemed as unattainable as the Holy Grail. Now it was Jones' for the seizing if he could win the Amateur. If he succeeded in doing so, it would be as much a testament to his personal qualities as to his golfing genius, for the pressure on him had been building up steadily since his victory in the British Amateur back in May. Joe DiMaggio's exploit of hitting safely in fifty-six consecutive games in 1941 is one of the few sports achievements that seem to me to be at all comparable to the Grand Slam, but, to be sure, DiMaggio's ordeal was over in two months, whereas Jones' extended over more than four months. (For some reason, I do not feel that Don Budge's Grand Slam of the four major tennis championships in 1938 or Rod Laver's in 1962 and 1969 are in the same class with what Jones pulled off, though these Slams also took many months to complete, and Laver's in 1969 was not an easy one inasmuch as he had to beat Ken Rosewall in the French Championships and John Newcombe at Wimbledon.) It must have been a relief of sorts for Jones when play in the Amateur got under way, on Monday, September 22nd. More than two months had passed since the Open, and the interim, what with the incessant slaps on the back by well-wishers and the never-ending inquiries about how he was feeling and playing, had not been easy.

Under the circumstances, Jones' golf at Merion was extraordinary. That year, the championship called for a thirty-six-hole qualifying round, after which thirty-two survivors would battle it out in two rounds of eighteen-hole matches on Wednesday, the thirty-six-hole quarter-finals on Thursday, the thirty-six-hole semifinals on Friday, and the thirty-six-hole final on Saturday. Jones got off auspiciously, leading all the qualifiers, with rounds of 69 and



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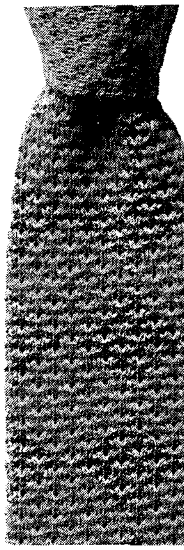

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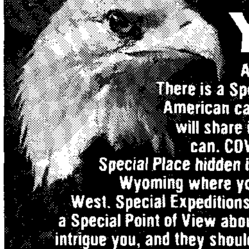

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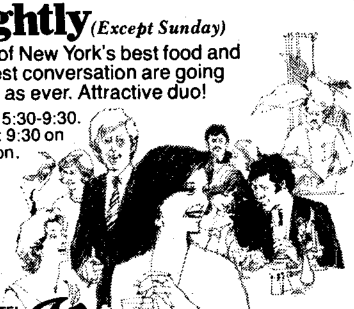

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73, for a record-equalling 142. In Wednesday's first round, he met Ross Somerville, an all-round athlete from Canada, who won our Amateur two years later. Jones went to the turn in 33, three under par, and closed out the match on the fourteenth green, 5 and 4. That afternoon, he came up against another Canadian, Fred Hoblitzel. After an erratic front nine, he got down to business and won that match, 5 and 4. His opponent in the quarter-finals was Fay Coleman, of California, a competent golfer but, to judge from his record, not one who was likely to cause Jones much concern. (By the quarter-finals, many of the players who might have done so had been eliminated—Lawson Little, George Voigt, George Von Elm, Johnny Goodman, and Francis Ouimet among them—and this considerably reduced the drama of the championship.) Nevertheless, I can remember being terribly worried that Jones might lose the Coleman match. On the day of that match, when school let out, at one-fifteen, I started for home, about a mile away, at a fast walk that soon changed into a dogtrot: I wanted to be sure not to miss the two-o'clock news broadcast. Because of the widespread interest in Jones' bid for a Grand Slam, some radio stations supplied brief reports that week on how he was faring. Jones, I learned, had finished the morning eighteen 2 up. That was encouraging, but I did not really relax until the six-o'clock news brought the word that Jones had won, 6 and 5.

In his two remaining matches, Jones overwhelmed Jess Sweetser 9 and 8 in the semis and Eugene Homans 8 and 7 in the final. As the one man standing between Jones and the Slam, Homans was in a most unhappy position. This bothered him greatly, and it took him six holes to make his first par. From that point on, he played fairly good golf until the match ended on the eleventh hole of the afternoon round. When they came to the eleventh, a drive-and-pitch par 4, Jones stood dormie 8; that is, he was eight holes up with eight holes to play. Both men put their second shots on the green. Jones rolled his approach putt stone dead. To keep the match alive, Homans had to hole from about twenty feet. The moment they saw that Homans' putt was not going to fall, the eighteen thousand spectators jammed around the green and back on the fairway let out a stentorian roar—a roar that reverberated around the world.

Two months later, Jones announced his retirement from competitive golf. His decision was understandable. Although he was only twenty-eight, he had been playing tournament golf half his life. Fulfilling the hopes of his millions of fans had become a heavier and heavier burden. The more he accomplished, the more they expected of him. Besides, he had won everything there was to win in golf, and there were other things in life that counted.

Until Jones died, late in 1971, he remained a tremendous force in golf. Just as his friends had always looked forward to talking *with* him in Augusta or Atlanta, they rediscovered after his death something they might have almost forgotten: one never gets tired of talking *about* Jones. Recently, I found myself at a small gathering where the guests included a granddaughter of his—the daughter of his son Bob—who works in New York as an editor. (A literary strain definitely runs in the family.) She told me a few things about her grandfather that I had never heard before, such as that he and her father would stay up well past midnight playing chess or just talking. On the nights they simply talked, Jones would recite at length some of his favorite passages from Shakespeare. He loved the English language. Frequently, to make sure he understood the exact meaning of certain words, he consulted the dictionary and studied their roots. "My grandfather had a parliamentary mind," she said. That is the perfect word, I think. In his view, there was a right way and a wrong way to proceed in any matter, and much of the pleasure of life lay in establishing the proper course in any situation and following through.

THE Augusta National, the course that Jones and MacKenzie built almost fifty years ago over the rolling slopes of a natural amphitheatre, is a dramatic exposition of Jones' belief that golf holes that are strategic in design are far superior to those that are penal in design. On a penal golf hole, a golfer is punished whenever he strays from the straight and narrow path between the tee and the green. The key to scoring well is to play conservatively and stay out of trouble. On the other hand, a strategic hole, by presenting a golfer with more than one route to the green, encourages him to play assertive golf, since it rewards him suitably for his initiative and skill whenever he attempts a difficult shot and brings it off. At the same time, it also makes him pay a stiff price if he elects to gamble and fails to produce the shot that is called for. The character of the holes at the Augusta National—especially those on the second nine, where five of the greens are protected by intimidating water hazards—unquestionably accounts for the spectacular shotmaking that the course evokes, and this, in turn, explains why the Masters tournament has been known since its inception for its exciting finishes.

Take the five tournaments held between 1975 and 1979. The 1975 Masters resulted in what was perhaps the most thrilling three-man battle I can remember. In the final round, after four hours of explosive golf, Tom Weiskopf and Johnny Miller, paired in the last twosome just behind Nicklaus, came to the last green, each with a makable birdie putt to tie for first with Nicklaus, who had gone around in 68, four under par. Both missed their putts by inches. In the 1977 Masters, Tom Watson and Ben Crenshaw were the leaders after the first three rounds, with Rik Massengale one stroke behind them and Nicklaus two strokes behind Massengale. The pairings for the fourth round were arranged so that Watson and Massengale went out last, eight minutes behind Nicklaus and Crenshaw. Watson, accordingly, was in the unenviable position of being able to observe Nicklaus, the best fourth-round golfer ever, birdie seven of the first fifteen holes and move into a tie for the lead. Watson fought back, and on the seventeenth he came through with the winning shot—a sixteen-foot birdie putt that broke from right to left and into the center of the cup. In the 1978 Masters—the plot always varies in unexpected ways—the tournament was turned inside out by a fabulous rush on the final day by Gary Player, the South African veteran. Seven strokes off the lead when play started, and not considered so much as a minor threat, Player birdied seven of the last ten holes (including the eighteenth) en route to a record-equalling round of 64 and a one-stroke victory. In 1979, the Masters was decided for the first time by a sudden-death playoff, which

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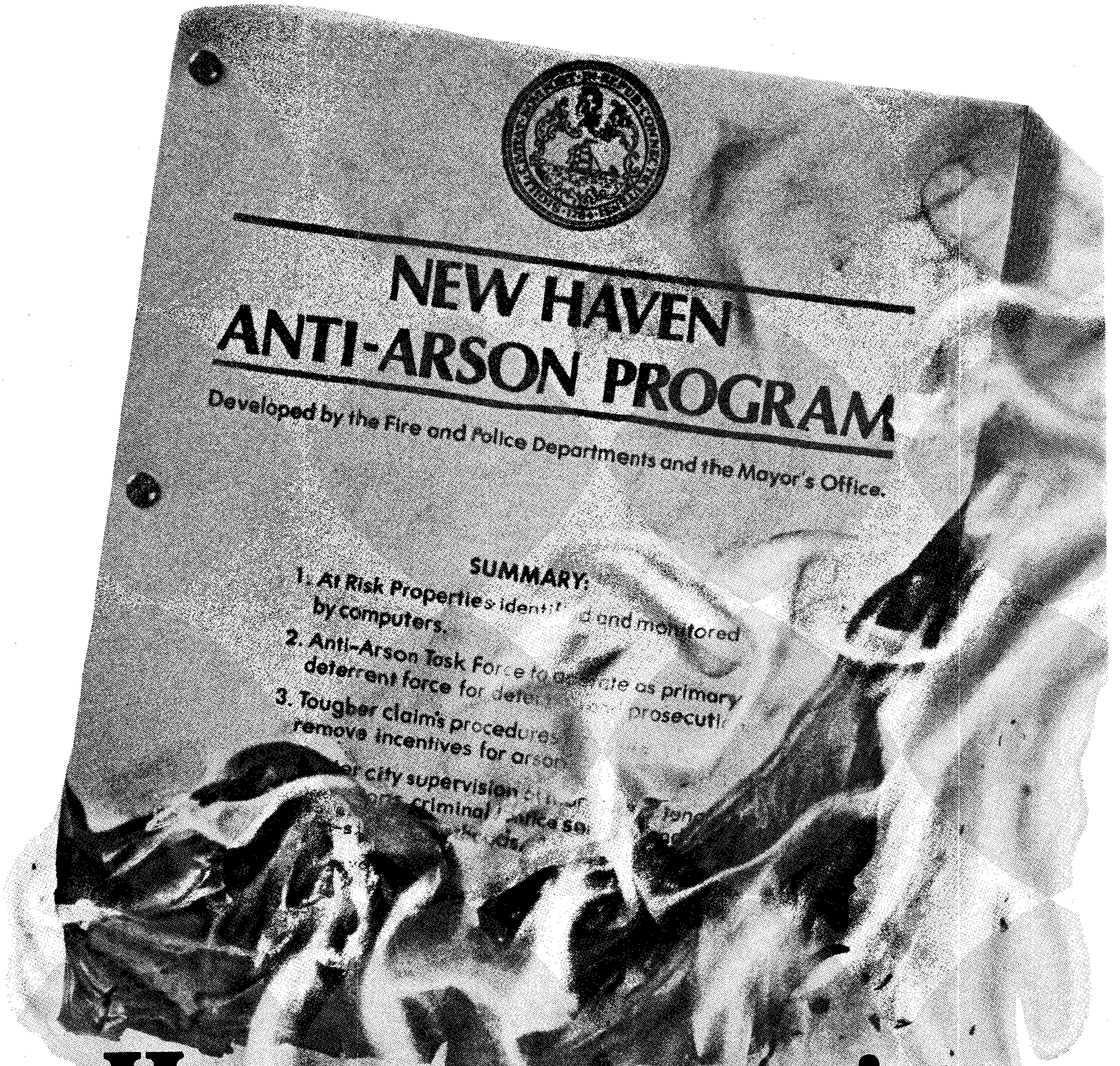

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2. Anti-Arson Task Force to [illegible]ate as primary deterrent force for dete[illegible] prosecuti[illegible]
3. Tougher claims procedures [illegible] remove incentives for arson

[illegible]r city supervision [illegible]

[illegible] criminal [illegible]

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Ætna also supports fighting fire with legislation. The recent congressional classification of arson as a crime on a level with murder is just a start. The proposed Anti-Arson Act of 1979 goes further...it puts federal law enforcement tools in the hands of state and local governments.[4]

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[1] New Haven is but one exam- : of organized anti-arson efforts oving their worth. Seattle, ashington has reduced arson 30%; *Tampa, Florida by 47% just two years!*

[2] New Haven's crack Arson uad is made up of city inves- ators, prosecutors, and the police and fire departments. Cities with divided anti-arson forces all too often fail to detect or convict the culprits.

[3] Ætna is supplying funds to establish two model anti-arson programs: for New Haven ($97,000) and for the California District Attorney's Association ($140,000) to develop manuals for national distribution on how to prosecute arsonists successfully. We've hired John Barracato, one of the nation's foremost arson experts whose credentials include Deputy Chief Fire Marshal of New York City, to coordinate our anti-arson efforts. To learn how you can help your city, write to John Barracato at Ætna Life & Casualty, Hartford, CT 06156.

[4] Connecticut recently passed some of the toughest arson laws in the country, and Ætna is working hard to get such laws in other states. This effort needs the help of every citizen.

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began at the tenth hole. Three men were involved: Watson, Ed Sneed, and Fuzzy Zoeller. On the tenth and eleventh, they played an unbroken succession of beautiful golf shots before Zoeller wrapped things up on the eleventh green by holing for a birdie from eight feet. What about the 1976 Masters, which was omitted from this quick review? Well, every now and then even the Masters fails to come to life, and this happened in 1976. Raymond Floyd jumped out in front with a 65 on the first day, led all the way, and tied the record four-round total of 271 that Nicklaus had set in 1965. At no point was Floyd seriously challenged, and he finished the seventy-two holes eight shots ahead of the nearest man. A superb performance and, necessarily, one of the most boring Masters tournaments ever.

I mention all this because in the latter stages of this year's Masters, which was held in mid-April, it seemed to the spectators thronging the Augusta National that the tournament would probably turn out to be as soporific as the one in 1976. The leader, Severiano Ballesteros, of Spain, entered the last round a full seven strokes ahead of the nearest contender. That morning and during the first nine holes of his round, just about the only subject under discussion was how many records Ballesteros might set. Would he get the 67 he needed to break the record low total of 271 held jointly by Floyd and Nicklaus? Would his margin of victory surpass the nine strokes that separated Nicklaus from the runner-up in 1965? Would he become the first man to play all four rounds of the Masters in the 60s? Halfway through the final round, however, Ballesteros, under the mounting tension, began to make some mistakes, and before you knew it the entire complexion of the tournament had changed. Still, in the end Ballesteros won, and won well. His victory holds considerable significance. He is only the second foreign golfer to win the Masters—and, since Player is the other, the first European golfer to do so. As the first winner of a major event in the United States who comes from a country where golf is played almost exclusively by the well-to-do, his achievement brings to mind the year 1907, when Arnaud Massy, of France, where golf was and is a rich man's game, became the first foreign player to capture the British Open, then the most important championship in the world. (Massy won at Hoylake, and when, soon after his triumph, he became the father of a daughter, he named her after the course, dismissing as irrelevant the obvious difficulty of pronouncing the name in French.) Ballesteros, who turned twenty-three the day before the start of the tournament, is also the youngest man to win the Masters. This distinction had previously belonged to Nicklaus, who was twenty-three years and almost three months old when he carried off his first Masters, in 1963.

Ballesteros' feat can be better appreciated, I think, if one studies the 1980 Masters a bit more closely. The tournament got under way on one of those balmy Georgia spring days that Masters regulars who live in the North look forward to all winter long. The temperature hovered around seventy, and there wasn't a cloud in the soft blue sky. In the morning, a northwest wind gusted over the course, fluttering the white and pink dogwood and the banks of azaleas. In the afternoon, it died down and then vanished. The course itself was in good shape, but both the fairways and the greens were a little puffy, and, with the greens slower than usual, the scores ran lower than usual. There were three 66s—one by Ballesteros, the others by Jeff Mitchell, a young Texan, and David Graham, the transplanted Australian who is our current P.G.A. champion. Neither Graham nor Mitchell had a bogey on his card, and Ballesteros played an uncharacteristically steady round in which he missed only two fairways off the tee and failed only once to hit the green or the fringe of the green in the regulation stroke. Ballesteros was swinging with much more restraint than he generally does. An extremely strong six-footer who burns with the intensity of a matador, he has been an impressive but wild power hitter since he first came to attention in 1976, when, at nineteen, he finished first in the British Order of Merit, teamed with Manuel Piñero to win the World Cup for Spain, and tied for second with Nicklaus (behind Miller) in the British Open. In those days, he had an ungovernable urge to try to hit the ball out of sight off the tee. It was his practice to take the club back much too far and then, on the downswing, to whip his body violently into the shot. The human body has its limitations, and in 1977 Ballesteros came down with back trouble. It has bothered him on and off ever since and forced him to make some modifications in his style of play. Still, he is a golfer of stunning natural talent. On his best days, he takes the club back effortlessly, but you can sense the power he is loading up to release on the downswing. In the green area, he has a flair for improvising touch shots. He is also an exceedingly sound putter. In 1978, on his first visit to this country, he won the Greensboro Open. Last year, he won his first major championship, the British Open, despite the fact that in his final round he hit only two fairways off the tee. Ballesteros' admirers, a fervent band, regarded the dazzling recoveries he made from the rough in this round as testimony to his rare ability, but the old golf hands who believe that accuracy off the tee is the hallmark of a champion felt that he was inordinately lucky in that round, inasmuch as nearly all his sprayed drives avoided the heavier clumps of rough. On the sixteenth, for example, his drive, cut far to the right, ended up in a parking lot; after being allowed to lift and drop without penalty, he proceeded to birdie the hole with a good pitch and an even better putt. The two schools of thought are in agreement that the golfer Ballesteros most resembles in his approach to the game is the young Arnold Palmer. Indeed, when Palmer was coming to the fore, it was his genius for recovering from here, there, and everywhere that, along with his personal appeal, was primarily responsible for his popularity with the galleries who formed the first cadres of "Arnie's Army."

On Ballesteros' first-round 66, he seemed a much more mature player than he had in winning the British Open. His backswing was a good deal shorter, and he did not try to pulverize the ball. On Friday, the day of the second round—and another ideal spring day—he did not have his swing that well under control. On the second hole, for instance, he hooked his drive into a stand of trees—it ricocheted back to the edge of the fairway—and on the par-3 fourth hole his badly pushed 4-iron came down short of the green and twenty yards to the right of the pin. When Ballesteros attempts to

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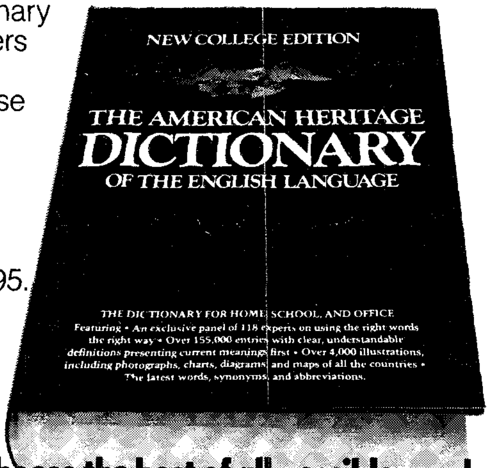
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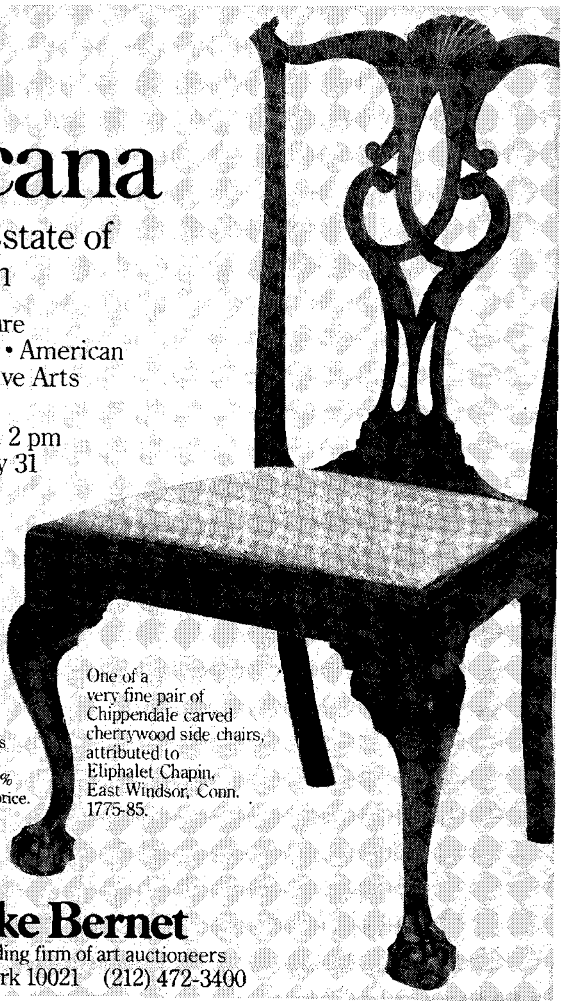

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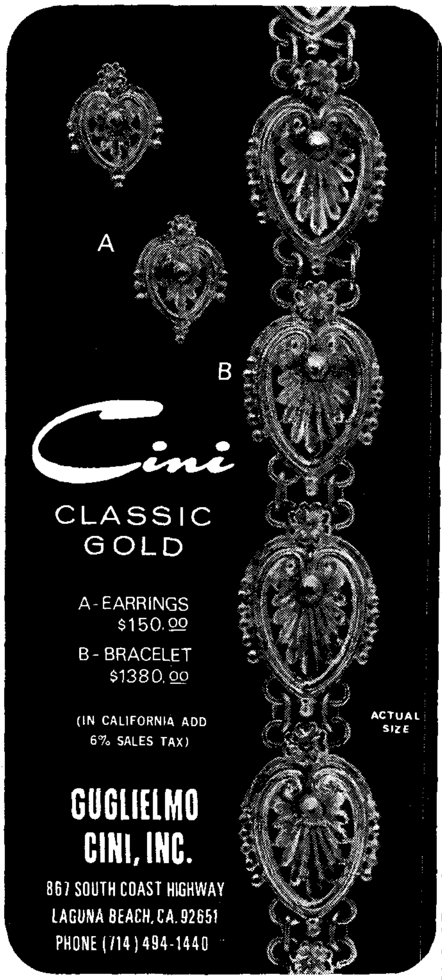
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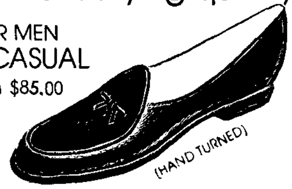

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hit the ball too hard, he loses his timing—even as you and I do. Of the many wayward shots he hit in this round, the one that will undoubtedly be best remembered was a mammoth hook off the seventeenth tee that bounded through the rough on the left side of the fairway and hopped onto the adjacent seventh green. He was allowed to place the ball on the front edge of the green after his attempts to drop it over his shoulder in that area did not work out, because of the tilt of the terrain. From there, he smashed a 7-iron onto the seventeenth green some fifteen feet from the pin and ran in his putt for his birdie—his fifth birdie on the inward nine. He finished with a 69, which gave him a total of 135 at the halfway mark and a four-stroke lead. This year, the thirty-six-hole cut, which reduces the field for the last two rounds to the forty-four lowest scorers and all other players tied for forty-fourth place, came at 146. It was fascinating to see how the top-class players, sensing the score that would be needed to make the cut, were able to call on themselves for an extra effort on the last few holes. Nicklaus, who had been struggling hard to find his groove, birdied both the seventeenth and the eighteenth for 145. Miller birdied the seventeenth to slip in at 146, and Ben Crenshaw just got under the wire with a birdie on the eighteenth. The best finish of the day, though, was made by Sandy Lyle, England's bright hope, who made the cut by birdieing three of the last four holes. Eleven players in all stood at 146. A rather distinguished group, it included Palmer and Art Wall, the 1959 Masters champion, who, at fifty-six, is one of the oldest men to qualify for the last two days of play since the thirty-six-hole cut was introduced, in 1957. Gene Sarazen and Sam Snead both made the cut when they were sixty-one, but they don't count—they defy all laws of nature. Incidentally, this year, at seventy-eight, Sarazen participated in a nine-hole tournament on the Augusta National's rangy par-3 course the day before the Masters began. He had a 27—even par.

JEANNE

The weather changed drastically on Saturday, the day of the third round. Thunderstorms had been predicted. Had they arrived, they might have washed out the day's play, and so everyone connected with the tournament felt fortunate when all that hit Augusta was a steady light rain and, at times, a blustery wind. It wasn't bad weather for scoring. Watson made this clear when he birdied the sixth, seventh, and eighth. He had had his troubles getting untracked, but now he was four under par and only four shots back of Ballesteros, playing about five holes behind him. Over the last three years, Watson, although not the force one expected him to be in the big championships, has probably been the best golfer in the world. The way Ballesteros was moving, it seemed that a shotmaker of Watson's quality would be needed to close in on him and make a contest of the Masters. Watson, however, dropped a stroke to par on the eleventh. Then he blew himself out of the tournament with a triple-bogey 6 on the twelfth, the dangerous 155-yard par 3, where the long, lean green sits only a few feet above Rae's Creek. Here Watson's iron off the tee drifted to the right and caught the creek, and that was that.

Moments later, Ballesteros, who had been playing a mixture of brilliant and loose golf, got his round straightened out on the eighth, a 530-yard par 5 that, after the drive, breaks sharply uphill to what is once again, for the first time since 1956, a punch-bowl green, protected by high mounds along both the left and right sides. Ballesteros eagled the eighth with a magnificent second shot, a full-blooded 3-iron that sailed through the narrow opening to the green and stopped five feet from the flag. That 3-iron travelled two hundred and forty-five yards, which gives you an indication of his power. He played the remaining holes with conspicuous dash, ending up with a 68, which gave him a fifty-four-hole total of 203 and a seven-shot lead over the nearest challenger, Ed Fiori, a former University of Houston golfer who is in his third year on the P.G.A. tour. The general feeling was that, to all intents and purposes, the tournament had been settled by Watson's first shot on the twelfth and Ballesteros' second shot on the eighth.

On Sunday, the day of the final round, the Masters received another tremendous break in the weather. In Hattiesburg, Mississippi, where the touring professionals who hadn't qualified for the Masters were gathered for the Magnolia Classic, heavy rains forced the cancellation of play for the third straight day, and in Raleigh, North Carolina, the members of the Ladies' Professional Golf Association had to slog through a torrential downpour to complete the American Defender tournament, but in the Augusta region the thunderstorms and tornadoes that had been forecast veered away from the city, and the last round was played under almost ideal conditions. As is customary for the leader, Ballesteros went out in the last twosome, paired with Jack Newton, the vastly improved Australian professional. Ballesteros started fast, birdieing the first and third holes after two elegant approach shots with his pitching wedge. Throughout the tournament, he had been brimming with quiet assurance, and he seemed to be in that same playing mood on the fourth round. I left him after watching him birdie the fifth hole, and headed for the Amen Corner, which affords a view of the action on the eleventh, the twelfth, and part of the thirteenth. Traditionally, the man who is leading the Masters in the last round almost always experiences some form of trouble at the Amen Corner—occasionally just a mild scare, at other times outright catastrophe. Small wonder. The eleventh is a long par 4 on which a pond, a dammed-up extension of Rae's Creek, hugs the left side of the green; on the par-3 twelfth, Rae's Creek swirls in front of the green; and the thirteenth, a 485-yard par 5 that doglegs to the left, can be reached in two and is frequently birdied, but it can also cause a golfer plenty of grief, since an arm of Rae's Creek cuts across the fairway just in front of the green and then curls tightly along the right side of the green.

This year, watching the last third of the field swing around the Amen Corner was much duller than it usually is. Nobody was making a run at Ballesteros, and the numbers on the leader board on the far side of the eleventh showed him sixteen under par for the tournament after going to the turn in 33, and out in front by a full ten strokes with only nine holes to play. A runaway. He lost a stroke of his lead when he three-putted the tenth. He

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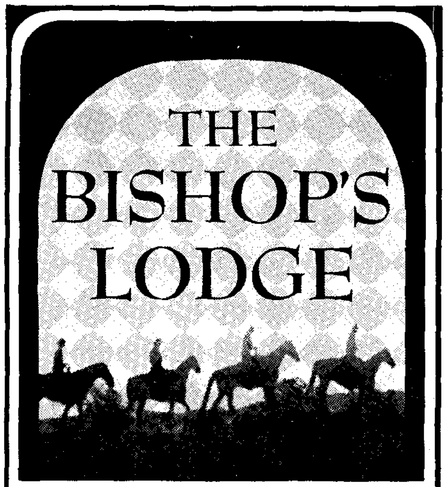
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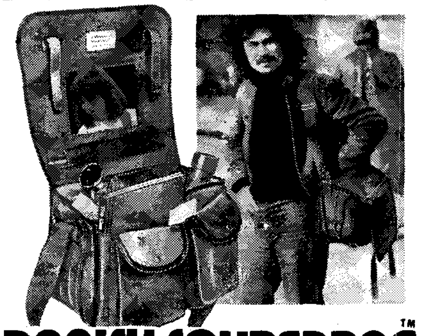
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lost another stroke when Newton birdied the eleventh to go seven under par. At this point Ballesteros had nothing to worry about—he still led by eight strokes, and he was hitting the ball nicely. Then things began to happen, very quickly. On the short twelfth, Ballesteros' 6-iron landed on the bank in front of the green and kicked back into Rae's Creek. He took a double-bogey 5 on the hole, which Newton birdied, and, as suddenly as that, three more strokes of his lead had been cut away, and he led by only five.

Ballesteros hit a long drive on the thirteenth. It was then, for the first time, that it became apparent that the pressure of the occasion was getting to him. Playing a 3-iron on his second shot from a good lie, he made poor contact with the ball, striking the ground well behind it. The ball flopped down on the fairway forty yards short of his target and bounced into the creek in front of the green. Ballesteros was now thoroughly rattled. Dropping his ball over his shoulder onto the fairway after taking a penalty stroke, he drifted about five feet to the left of the correct line—the line between the point where his ball entered the hazard and the pin on the green. Jack Sargent, one of the officials on the thirteenth, explained his error to him, and Ballesteros then redropped the ball, on the correct line. He was down with a wedge and two putts for a bogey 6. Newton, having made his birdie 4, was now only three strokes behind. In the space of two holes, Ballesteros had lost five more shots of his huge lead. "I was very angry with myself after the thirteenth hole," he remarked when the tournament was over. "I told myself, 'You are so stupid. You were in such comfortable position. What are you doing? You can lose the tournament. You must work hard.' "

Ballesteros hooked his tee shot into trouble on the fourteenth but made his par after a remarkable recovery shot up and over a tree dead in his line. The fifteenth, a 520-yard par 5, proved to be the crucial hole. The hazard that makes the fifteenth is a pond the width of the fairway which sits in front of the slightly elevated green. Ballesteros hit his tee shot on the fifteenth at about the same time that Gibby Gilbert, a touring professional who has seldom been a force in the major tournaments, birdied the sixteenth. This birdie, Gilbert's fourth in a row, put him ten under par for the distance and narrowed Ballesteros' lead to two strokes. Ballesteros had the good sense not to depart from his aggressive tactics. He played the fifteenth perfectly. First, he belted a colossal drive more than three hundred yards down the fairway. He followed this with a fine 4-iron that drew up twenty feet to the right of the pin. He was down in two safe putts. After that birdie, which bolstered his lead to three strokes, he was a different man. Hitting his shots once more with the timing he is capable of when he is confident and composed, he finished with three flawless pars. His four-round total of 275 (66-69-68-72) gave him a margin of four strokes over Gilbert and Newton, who tied for second.

IF his back holds up, Ballesteros should be a commanding figure in international golf for many years. He now knows that he must learn to play well within himself in order to attain the control and consistency of the true champions. When things go a little sour, however, it is still difficult for him to resist reaching back and trying to swat the ball a mile, because that is how he won the British Open and most of his other tournaments. He should be able to gain the necessary discipline, since, as I say, he appreciates much more keenly than he formerly did that his wonderful coördination is nullified when he attempts to hit the ball too hard. It is then that his right hand is apt to overpower his left, and he either blocks the ball out to the right or hooks it far to the left.

Ballesteros has many other natural assets going for him besides his aptitude for golf. With his flashing dark eyes, he is a strikingly handsome young man, and as he strides down the fairways he radiates the glamour and effulgence of a star. He reminds me at times of Tyrone Power in the role of Juan Gallardo, the young bullfighter, in the version that Rouben Mamoulian made of Blasco Ibáñez' novel "Blood and Sand." There is more than a little resemblance in the rapid rise to the top of Gallardo and Ballesteros. Gallardo was a poor boy of immense courage who, at a very early age, would sneak onto the country estate of a rich family that raised fighting bulls and try to emulate the famous toreros. Ballesteros, the son of a dairy farmer, got into golf in his home town of Pedreña, which is on the Bay of Biscay, a few miles from the industrial city of Santander. King Alfonso XIII had ordained that there should be a golf club in that area, and in 1929 an eighteen-hole course, Real Golf de Pedreña, was built. Ballesteros' three older brothers, Baldomero, Manuel, and Vicente, caddied there, and Severiano joined them when he was nine. That same year, he started playing golf, sneaking onto the course at dusk and practicing various kinds of shots with the one club he owned, a 5-iron. At fourteen, he left school to concentrate on his golf. At fifteen, he shot a 65 on Real Pedreña. At sixteen, he turned professional. At seventeen, he qualified for his first big event, the Portuguese Open. In addition to playing in tournaments throughout Europe, he picked up valuable experience in other tournaments by caddying for his brother Manuel, an able professional golfer. At nineteen, he arrived when he went to Birkdale for the British Open and tied for second.

Seve Ballesteros and Bobby Jones, though quite dissimilar in background and personality, and in other respects, stand as two of the most precocious golfers in the history of the game. Jones captured his first U.S. Open at twenty-one, and at twenty-four he became the first man to win the British Open and the U.S. Open in the same year. Ballesteros, just twenty-three, has already won the British Open and the Masters, and I think that the odds probably favor his going on to win the U.S. Open and our P.G.A. in the years ahead and joining the élite company of four players who have won the modern Grand Slam during their careers: Sarazen, Hogan, Player, and Nicklaus. Ballesteros may accomplish more than this. He is something, this young Spaniard, and, all things being equal, he has an excellent chance of becoming one of the authentically great golfers of all time. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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AROUND CITY HALL

SEASONAL GAMES

IN this turbulent spring, when most of the big headlines have had to do with international crises, and campaign notes from the battle for the White House have accounted for many of the rest, it has often seemed that not much was happening on the local scene. One recent city story did regularly make the front pages: the transit strike. Editors did not have to be reminded that, despite the general preoccupation with national and international matters, a development that could require a New Yorker to slog four or five miles to and from work each day for God knows how long is one that concentrates a reader's mind wonderfully. In fact, quite a lot has gone on here this spring besides the confrontation that culminated at 2:05 A.M. on April 1st, when John Lawe, the president of Local 100 of the Transport Workers Union, stepped before the microphones at the Sheraton Centre Hotel, the site of the negotiations with the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, over the terms of a contract to replace the one that expired at midnight, March 31st. Lawe said, sadly, in his County Roscommon brogue, "Since the management's offer is totally inadequate, we are now on strike"—thus launching a shutdown of the city's buses and subways which lasted eleven days. Moments earlier, Richard Ravitch, the M.T.A. chairman, had asked the union leader, "Before we commit hara-kiri, is there anything we can do?" Lawe, who was under severe pressure from militant T.W.U. members not to "sell out"—just as Ravitch was under pressure from M.T.A. colleagues and political leaders, particularly Mayor Edward Koch, not to "cave in"—said there was nothing.

Another April 1st development in a labor-management dispute was also of significant local interest, leading, as it did, to the departure of sixteen members of the New York Mets from their St. Petersburg spring-training camp. That day, the Major League Baseball Players Association announced that its members would not take part in the ninety-two preseason games remaining, and that although they would start the season on schedule, they would strike on May 23rd if no new contract agreement with the owners had been reached by May 22nd. A major issue in the T.W.U. negotiations was that of so-called givebacks: whether the union would agree to relinquish privileges that had been won in previous contracts and that the M.T.A. now believed were costing too much money. The message on signs that T.W.U. members were waving in the Sheraton Centre corridors was "No givebacks—no way!" The baseball owners' goal was to exchange the provisions in previous contracts for some that were more "realistic," as they put it—especially one that would hamper exercise of free-agent rights by the players, whose average contract is for a hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars annually. This was some distance from the proposed surrender of twenty-minute daily coffee breaks that were an issue for the T.W.U. members, but the response was not so very different. "There aren't going to be any givebacks," said Marvin Miller, the executive director of the Players Association.

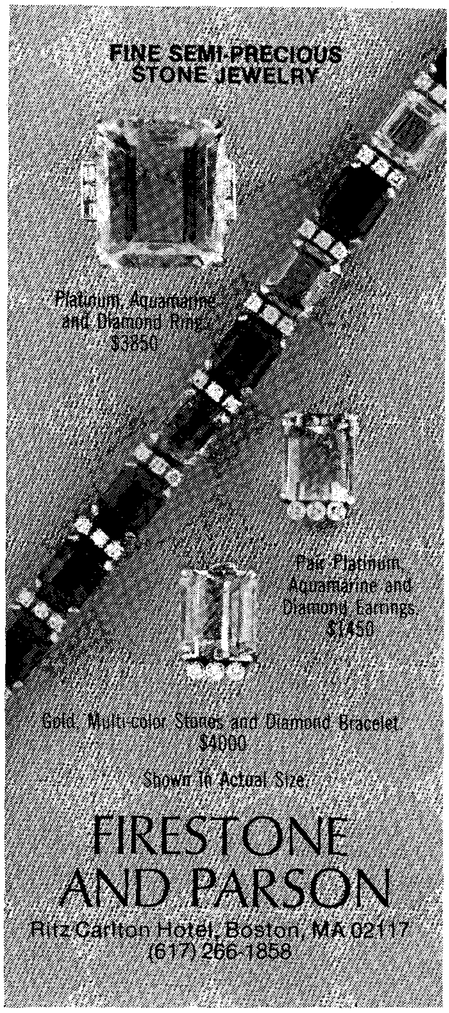
The day after the Players Association's announcement of the shutdown of preseason games, the Mets made their contribution to the popular impression that New Yorkers tend to be bad sports, or, anyhow, tend not to play by the rules. (April was also the month of the Boston Marathon, when the name of Rosie Ruiz, of Manhattan's West Side, became a standard reference in standup-comic monologues.) While most of the major-league players stayed in their training camps, getting in shape for the season, the sixteen Mets packed up and left for home. After they got here, some of them were quoted as implying that, in the case of the Mets, training didn't matter, since the team's 1980 prospects were hopeless anyway. This judgment reinforced local fears that 1980 might be a rerun of 1979, when virtually all the city's teams ended their seasons dismally. The Mets, for example, lost ninety-nine games. In the season's final days, there was a clamor for them to make it a hundred, a round number that would have represented an achievement of sorts. After all, in 1962, their first season—the one that inspired manager Casey Stengel's question about whether anybody here could play this game—they succeeded in losing a hundred and twenty games, for a major-league record. One exception to the grim reading last year for New Yorkers who pay attention to the sports pages was the U.S. Open Tennis tournament, which was played at the new, city-owned Flushing Meadow Park National Tennis Center. Tennis is a game in which players from the Sun Belt are generally considered to have a natural advantage, but for the first time in history two New York City boys met in the tournament finals. The contenders, Vitas Gerulaitis and John McEnroe, were brought up in, respectively, Howard Beach and Douglaston, which are both in Queens. (McEnroe won.) The event inspired another local sports question-and-answer: "How does a tennis player reach the finals of the U.S. Open? Answer: He goes west on the Long Island Expressway."

THE city's transit system wasn't the only New York operation for which the moment after midnight on April 1st was a critical time; it also marked the beginning of the 1980-81 fiscal year for New York State. Because of poor management—in a state capital of split political allegiances, there was naturally no agreement on where to lay most of the blame—New York began its fiscal year in the embarrassing predicament of having no operating budget, a condition that would prevail for the next seventeen days. State Comptroller Edward Regan, the only Republican to hold statewide elective office in Albany, had pointed out that without a budget many of the state's hundred and sixty-two thousand employees would have to be paid in scrip, and that was the way it was done for the next pay period. For a time last month, the state had two budgets that were declared to be balanced—one of them certified by the legislative leaders and the other by Governor Hugh Carey. A major trial that Albany legislators—and particularly the Republican legislators—have had to bear in recent years has been a governor who was elected as a liberal Irish-American product of the Democratic Brooklyn machine, and whom the Republicans had been prepared to denounce at regular intervals for giving away the store. Instead, from the time he delivered his first budget address, in January, 1975, warning that in state government "the days of wine and roses" were over, Carey has presented himself as an exemplar of fiscal prudence—one of the earliest prominent Democrats to preëmpt the hard-of-head, close-of-fist political line on which the Republicans thought they had an exclusive. His predecessors whose allegedly profligate ways Carey was urging New Yorkers to turn their backs on were both Republicans: Nelson Rockefeller, who was governor

from 1959 to December, 1973, and Malcolm Wilson, who served for a little over a year before Carey took over. Republicans in the state have been somewhat off balance ever since—so off balance that eighteen months ago they were unable to prevent Carey from winning reëlection: the first Democrat to pull off such a feat since Herbert Lehman in 1938.

In Albany, on Saturday, March 29th, the Republican-controlled State Senate passed a budget that Carey immediately denounced as "drastically out of balance"—by four hundred and ninety million dollars. Accusing the senators of being fiscally irresponsible, he suggested that they had raised revenue estimates to unwarranted heights and dangerously depleted the state's reserve fund in order to pay for election-year handouts to voters back home. Because it is an election year for the State Senate and the Assembly, Republican and Democratic members of these bodies were expected to have more in common with each other this spring than Democratic legislators had with the Governor, whose number doesn't come up again until 1982. Two days after the State Senate passed the budget that Carey had described as drastically out of balance, the Democratic-controlled Assembly voted for essentially the same document. The Assembly members then got out of town, recessing until April 14th, as the State Senators had already done—moves by the legislators which enabled the Governor to make more sounds about their fiscal irresponsibility. On April 3rd, Carey vetoed two hundred and forty million dollars' worth of items in the legislative budget. These items included a hundred and seventeen million dollars in state revenue sharing that the legislators had restored in order to benefit state "localities"—that is, villages, counties, and cities—of which seventy million would have come to New York City. Carey also made about a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of administrative cuts and, playing the fiscal skinflint to the hilt, announced that five thousand state employees would have to be laid off if the Legislature did not pass certain revenue bills that would fund their salaries. He then certified that the budget was balanced. Of course, that was not the end of it, since the legislators might well override the Governor's vetoes, something that had happened to Carey before. In 1920, Al Smith, the only Irish-American governor of New York before Carey, vetoed an entire budget, and everybody had to start all over. In 1980, it was essential for the state to have an operative budget as soon as possible, not only so that state employees could be paid in something besides scrip but so that the state could engage in its annual spring borrowing, which had been scheduled for April 4th. Each spring, the state issues several billion dollars' worth of short-term notes—the 1980 total was to be three billion one hundred million dollars—to provide advances to school districts around the state which run out of money before the revenues begin coming in for the state's first fiscal quarter. Since 1977, when the state's financial standing recovered from the damage done to it as a result of Albany's involvement in the city's 1975 fiscal crisis, the state's short-term notes have won an M.I.G.-1 rating, the highest investment grade given by Moody's Investors Service. When Carey presented his figures for the state's new budget last January, it was expected that the state would pay seven and a quarter per cent interest on its spring borrowing, but because of the confusion over the budget Moody's declined to rate the state notes at all until a final version was agreed on. Comptroller Regan predicted that the state might have to pay an interest rate of eleven and a half per cent, or perhaps even as high as thirteen per cent, on the tax-exempt securities, which would bring borrowing costs close to three hundred million dollars. Regan, an attractive, articulate man from Erie County, in upstate New York, is believed to be contemplating a race against Carey in 1982 in an attempt to become New York's third Irish-American governor. However, a state comptroller, and especially a Republican comptroller, can hardly come out against fiscal prudence, even when, as in Carey's standoff with the Legislature, the opposing forces are led by a fellow-Republican—in this case, the Majority Leader of the State Senate, Warren Anderson. Regan declared that New York's failure to resolve its budgetary confusions might adversely affect not only future state borrowings but those of New York City and all other state entities, and could "undo five years of work since the fiscal crisis."

IN criticizing the legislators' budget for its depletion of the reserve fund, the Governor frequently referred to the need for the state to have a substantial buffer against the coming national recession. April was the first month in which the recession was routinely



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referred to as a reality even by members of the Carter Administration. Alfred Kahn, the head of Carter's Council on Wage and Price Stability, was now allowed to say the word out loud—in contrast to last summer, when he was reproved by associates for doing so, and announced that thenceforward he would say "banana" instead. This irreverence on the part of Kahn, who was Carey's appointee as head of the New York State Public Service Commission before he joined the Carter Administration, may have reinforced the President's impression that New Yorkers are not team players. That onetime Carter favorite, talkative Midge Costanza, of Rochester, lasted less than two years as a White House assistant. John Heimann, who was Carey's Superintendent of Banks and Commissioner of Housing and Community Renewal before he joined up with Carter as Comptroller of the Currency, was the public official who insisted on following up the charges against the President's old friend Bert Lance, a task for which other Carter Administration members had shown little enthusiasm before Heimann got to Washington, in July, 1977. Earlier this month, after Lance's partial exoneration by a federal court in Atlanta, the former director of the Office of Management and Budget suggested that the Comptroller of the Currency was the man to blame for the long judicial proceedings and what Lance regarded as a waste of taxpayers' money. And another member of the Administration who proved to have a mind of his own, former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, is also from this city.

People who are tired of having their elders tell them how much worse things were during the Great Depression can point out that at least the American economy in the thirties was not suffering from what Kahn late last month called "the twin ugly evils" of recession and inflation. On April 1st, the Chase Manhattan Bank, of which David Rockefeller is chairman of the board, made headlines with the announcement that it was increasing its prime rate to nineteen and three-quarters per cent. In August, 1979, the figure had been twelve. By the third of April, Chase, along with all the other major banks, had raised the rate to twenty per cent. The theory that the death, in January, 1979, of Nelson Rockefeller, the member of the family who had shown the most open enjoyment of the public arena, would mean an end to headlines about the Rockefellers has not, of course, proved out. David Rockefeller may have been prepared for the public controversy over his part in arranging to have the Shah of Iran admitted to this country (though surely not for the more dramatic consequences), but he was presumably astonished to learn that in some of this year's Republican primaries the Trilateral Commission, an alliance of international leaders from the business and financial—and, occasionally, political—worlds which he established in the nineteen-seventies, would be used as a bumper-sticker type of pejorative, along with the name "David Rockefeller." The organization sponsored by the chairman of one of the world's most powerful banks is considered insufficiently anti-Communist by a number of ultraconservative political leaders, who also resent its founder's Northeastern geographic base. Especially in the South, George Bush's former membership on the Trilateral Commission was turned by some into a black mark against him. In South Carolina, John Connally urged that a vote for Bush was an invitation to be "Bushwhacked" by that dangerous triad, the Northeastern liberal establishment, David Rockefeller, and the Trilateral Commission, and, in Florida, Ronald Reagan's state chairman denounced Bush as a candidate "controlled by David Rockefeller and other one-worlders." It appeared that some conservative Republicans terribly missed having Nelson Rockefeller to flail at and might be consoling themselves by taking swipes at his brother, instead. Not all of Rockefeller's controversial activities are on the national and global scene, however. Only a few hours after the start of the city's transit strike, flyers were being passed out on street corners around town asking in large type, "WHO'S TO BLAME FOR THE TRANSIT CRISIS?" The flyers were illustrated with a picture of Rockefeller, captioned "Public be damned." An adjoining article, under the headline "ROCKEFELLER GAVE THE ORDERS," explained that shortly before the strike Rockefeller, wearing another of his hats, that of president of the New York Chamber of Commerce and Industry, had issued a statement saying that although a transit strike would have serious consequences for the city, "the long-range damage of an unaffordable labor settlement could be even greater than the painful short-range consequences of a strike." In his statement, Rockefeller commended lo-

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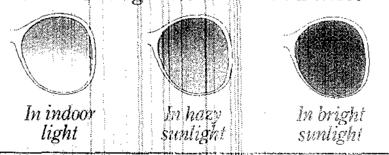

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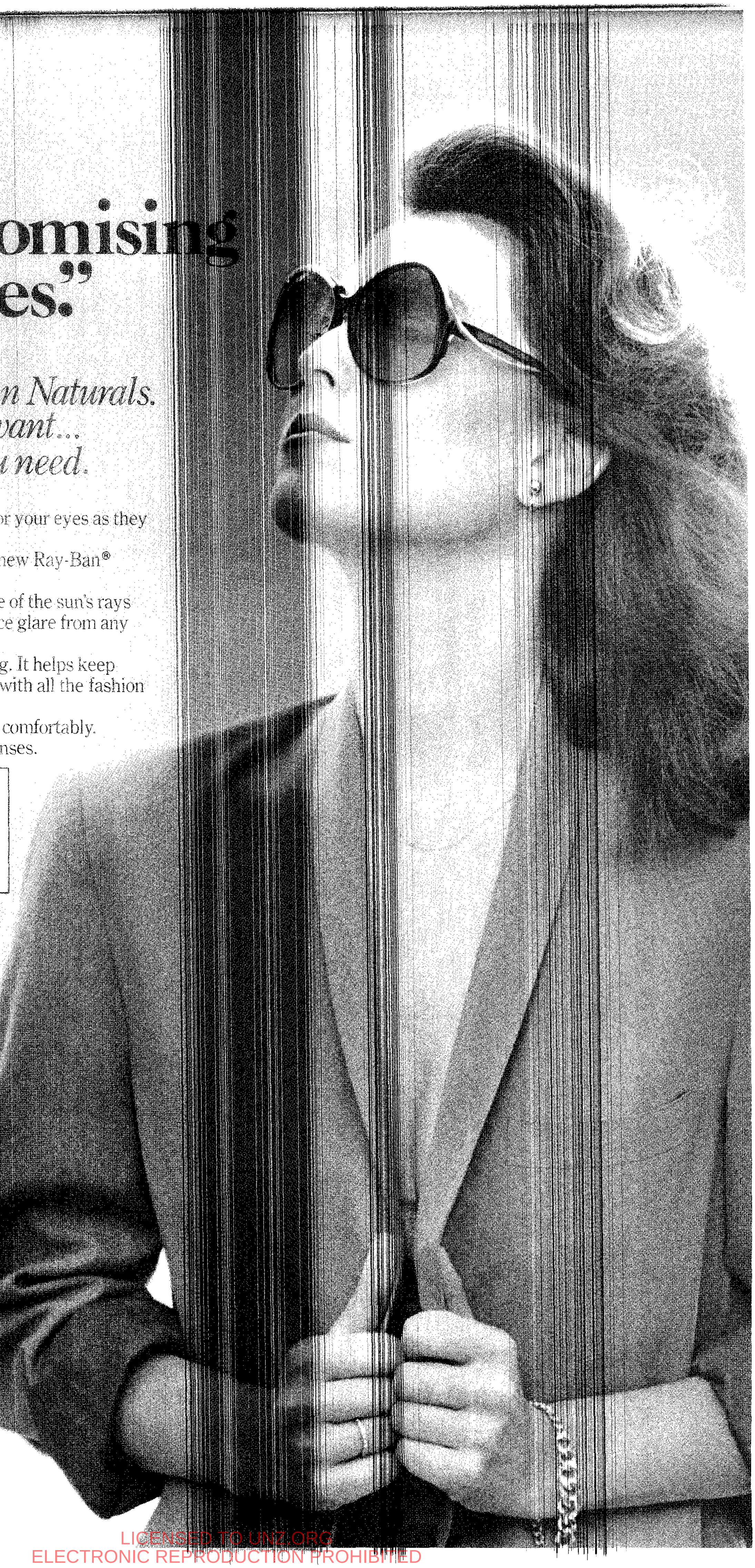

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cal labor unions for having helped start the city on its way to fiscal recovery—a reference to their having accepted partial wage freezes and, in 1975, havng invested their pension funds in city paper that banking institutions (includng Chase Manhattan) would not touch. However, added Rockefeller (a few days before his bank raised the prime rate to its highest point in history), "the city needs labor's continued help in a partnership aimed at keeping New York on its feet." It was assumed that Rockefeller would not have resorted to this particular metaphor if he himself had expected to suffer any of the painful consequences of a transit shutdown. The flyer also announced that two groups, called the People United for Justice and the Center for United Labor Action, were filing for an injunction in Brooklyn Supreme Court to prevent the good friend of the Shah from further interfering with collective bargaining in the transit negotiations.

The most important April 1st event n this city was not the transit strike but the taking of the national census, whose results will govern how much New York will receive in the next years from the hundreds of millions of dollars in federal programs and grants hat are distributed annually accordng to population. It will also settle he question of how many House of Representatives seats New York will ose to the Sun Belt areas, a loss that will affect the state delegation's power o move legislation favorable to the city and to the Northeast. The predicions now are that New York will lose four seats—more than any other tate—of which three will probably be ost by the city. The fact that the Legislature will draw the boundaries of the new congressional districts helps xplain the special urgency with which Democrats in the State Senate are working this year to win a majority for their party in that body. If the Democrats control both legislative houses as well as the governorship, they will clearly have a far freer hand in designing the new districts to their best advantage than they would have if hey were forced to haggle and compromise with Republican leadership in he State Senate. There was a suspicion hat this prospect helped explain the inal outcome of the recent Albany budget crisis, during which Democratic State Senators delivered speech after speech that featured such phrases as "fiscal accountability," defying the threats of Republican colleagues, who predicted (in a switch) that the Democrats would be paid back in the voting booths in November for cutting popular social programs. In Washington, budget-cutting fever has been running rampant, as New Yorkers have reason to know; it seems that nearly every day has brought news of still another federally funded local program that has been ground under in the name of the new frugality. But the judgment had been made by the President and many members of Congress that budget-balancing rather than the old openhandedness was the political way to go this year, and some of the legislators in Albany were ready to take a chance that—in this case, anyhow—they knew what they were doing.

ON the sports pages, six weeks into the season the Mets were in last place in their division. However, the Yankees were at the top of theirs, so there was some hope that 1980 would not be a rerun of 1979 after all. One repeat performance was welcome: earlier this month, the two Queens boys, Gerulaitis and McEnroe, played each other in the final of the Tournament of Champions matches, at Forest Hills. (Gerulaitis won.) In another kind of game, on April 16th Chase Manhattan became the first major bank to lower its rate from twenty per cent, dropping it to nineteen and three-quarters. By the middle of this month, the prime rate had reached seventeen per cent, with many mortgage rates falling accordingly. It appeared that this spring might have been a turning point, and that as the windchill factor of the recession rose the inflation rate would moderate.

On the ninth day of last month's transit strike, Mayor Koch, though he played no formal public role in resolving that conflict, demanded that the leading figures in the effort to end the shutdown, who by this time included Governor Carey, conduct round-the-clock negotiations. About the same time, Manhattan State Senator Manfred Ohrenstein, the Senate's Democratic Minority Leader, demanded that Carey summon all the legislative leaders back to Albany and conduct round-the-clock negotiations there to end the state budget crisis. One of the reasons the Governor later gave for involving himself in the efforts to end the strike was the fear that the twin spectacles of transit disarray downstate and disorder over the budget upstate would be taken by the financial community (which, despite its view of itself as responsive only to hard numbers, is notoriously affected by the appearance of things) as an excuse to push the interest rate even higher on

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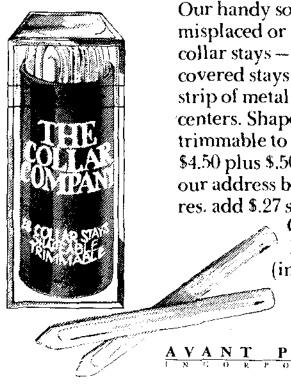

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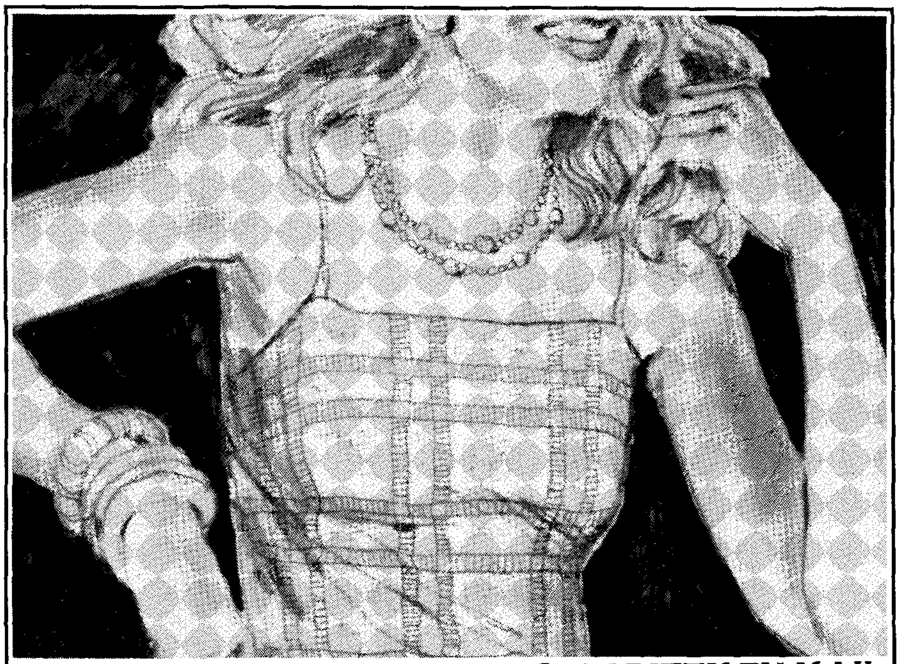

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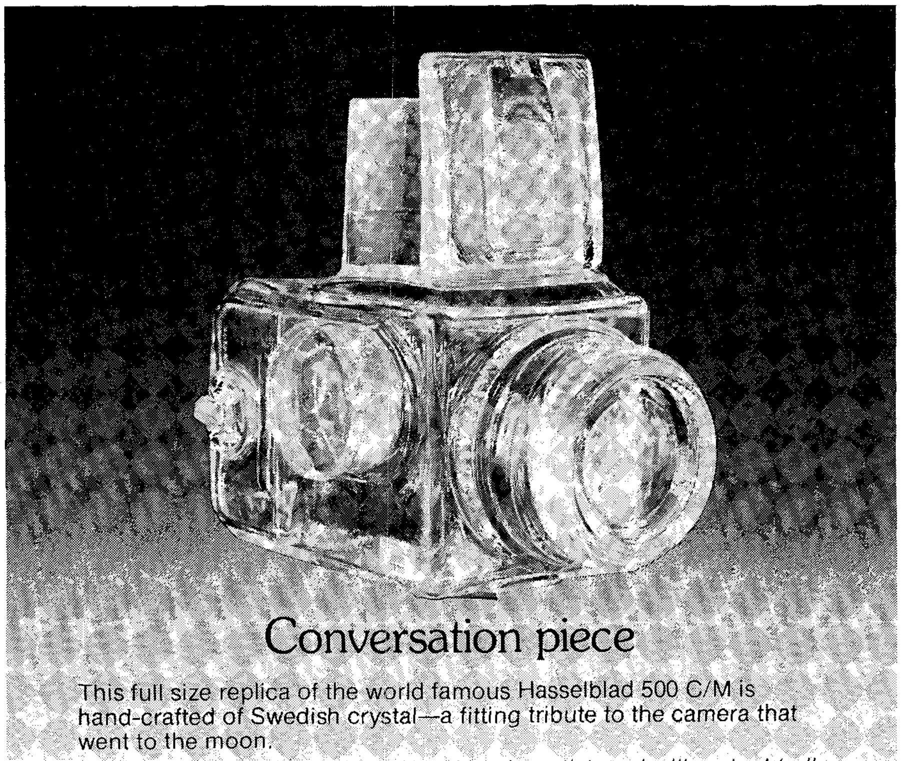

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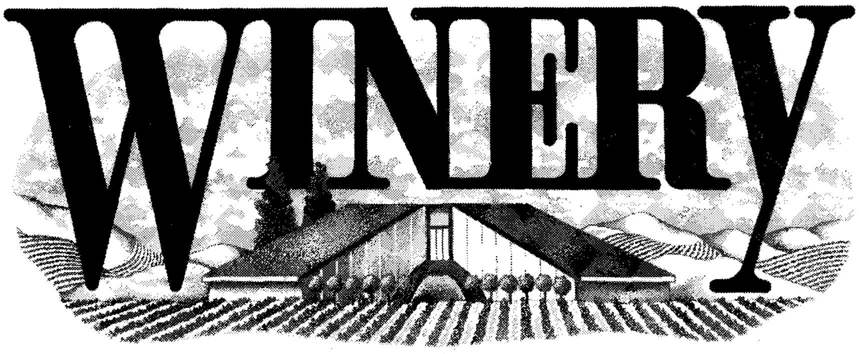
the state's short-term notes. The transit settlement that was eventually reached on April 11th required some givebacks from the union but not as many as the M.T.A. had asked for, and because the Governor had played a part in the negotiations the Mayor was able to include him among those whom he accused, a few hours afterward, of having "caved in" to the unions. Three days after the transit settlement, the legislators returned to Albany to try to override the Governor's budget vetoes—a feat that would require a two-thirds vote in both houses. The effort began in the State Senate, where the override chances seemed brighter, since its membership of sixty includes thirty-five Republicans. After four tumultuous days, the attempt to override the vetoes ended mostly in failure. For all but about twenty-five million dollars' worth of the two-hundred-and-forty-million total of vetoed items, the veto was sustained, by a vote of 36 to 20. (Three Republicans and one Democrat were absent, for various reasons.) The twenty senators who voted to uphold the Governor's actions were all Democrats. At one point, when Carey was meeting with the Democrats one by one to urge them to hold fast, Anderson, the Republican Majority Leader, blocked the maneuver by summoning all senators to the Senate chamber and locking them inside. Within that room however, they were not beyond the reach of a barrage of phone calls from Koch and his City Hall aides and from at least three of the city's five Democratic bosses, whom the Mayor had lined up to put pressure on the legislators. Many other areas of the state would suffer from the Governor's veto of the revenue-sharing funds, but apparently their top officials relied on assurances by the Governor and the Democratic Senate leadership that, for all the speeches about fiscal austerity the money would eventually reach them, by one route or another. Austerity might now be seen as the winning line in budget debates, but in the case of later, supplementary appropriation and other revisionary processes the old political realities would be bound to reassert themselves. In any event, none of the other officials around the state engaged, like New York's Mayor, in an all-out battle to override the Governor.

Koch had arranged to have the State Senate debate piped directly into his City Hall office and was making phone calls trying to change votes until just before the roll call began in Albany. The gist of the Koch message was that if the Democratic senators from the city did not vote right the Mayor, whose rating in local polls remains very high, would be campaigning against them or taking other political action to their disadvantage later this year. Some of those making phone calls for Koch suggested to stubborn senators that if they voted wrong they would be faced with primary opponents in the fall—an expensive and potentially perilous prospect that strikes fear in the hearts even of many long-term officeholders. The Bronx Democratic boss, Stanley Friedman, denied that he was putting any pressure on the senators. He had just told them, he explained, that if they didn't provide the votes to override they shouldn't bother to come home. Said Bronx Senator Olga Mendez, after taking a phone call from the Mayor, "If I have a primary, I'll do what I can. If I lose, I'll sit down and cry a little, but I'll continue my life"—thus establishing herself as what professional politicians regard as the most dangerous of officeholders, one for whom politics isn't everything. The week before, the question raised at City Hall had been whether the Governor would cave in to the transit unions. Now the question was whether the Democratic senators would cave in to the Mayor. Accordng to the *Times*, as the final debate went on till all hours reporters sitting n the press gallery, grown thoroughly weary of it all, began shouting "Cave! Cave! Cave!" The decision of twenty of the twenty-four Democratic senators to sustain most of the Carey vetoes was recognized as a big victory for the Governor, who congratulated them on heir "high act of statesmanship" and nvited them all to the Executive Mansion for a celebration. The major responsibility for keeping the twenty Democrats in line, however, had been Ohrenstein's, and he was soon being hailed as a folk hero of the great budget crisis and showing no sign of alarm at the news that, even before the final vote was taken, Koch emissaries were scouting his West Side district for candidates to run against him in he September primary. There was ittle doubt that Ohrenstein took special pleasure in beating the Mayor on the budget issue, because a few months earlier the Mayor had endorsed Republican State Senator John J. Marchi, of Staten Island, for reëlection. Koch has made no secret of his nterest in receiving the Republican as well as the Democratic endorsement in his own campaign for reëlection next year, and the Marchi endorsement, like Koch's coöperation with Republi-



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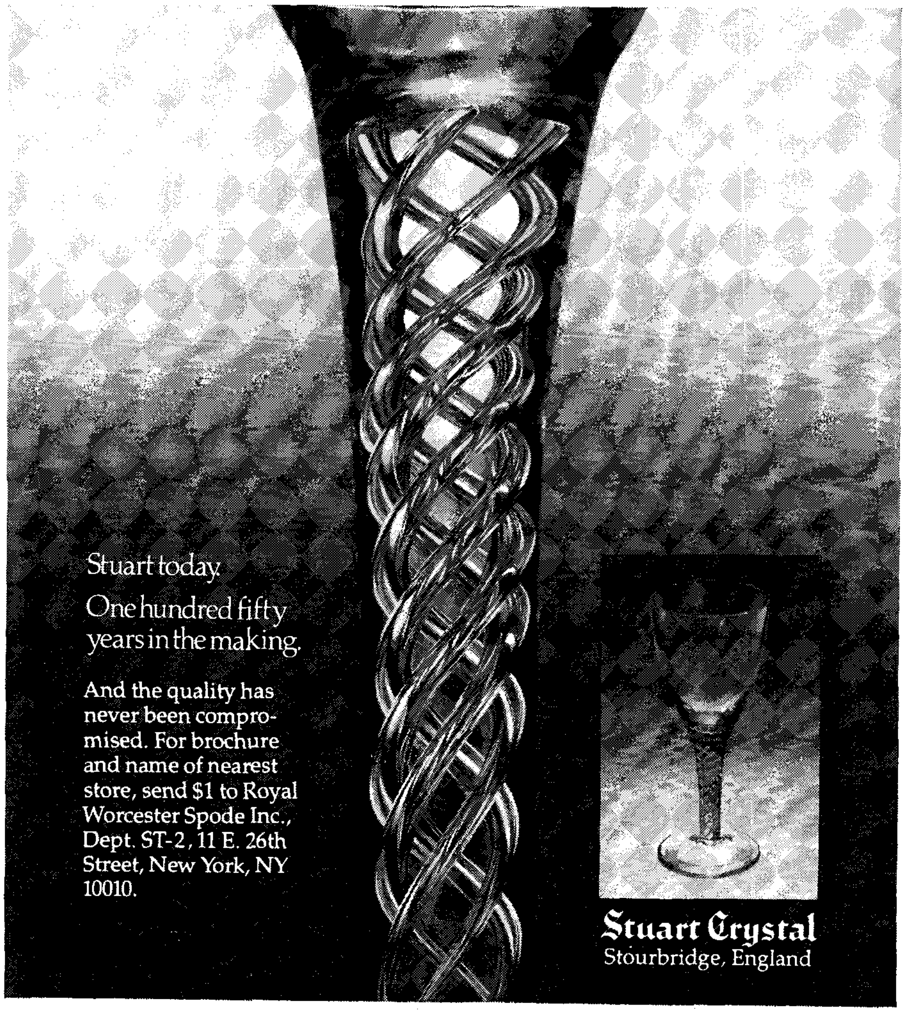

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can Majority Leader Anderson in the budget fight, fits in neatly with that possibility. In Ohrenstein's view, this personal ambition clearly had a higher priority with the Mayor (who obviously knew that Marchi's seat was one that the Senate Democrats had their eye on) than winning Democratic control of the Senate in time for the big redistricting fight. Early this month, when local Democrats took in a hundred and fifty thousand dollars at a fund-raising party to help bring about the power shift in the Senate, Koch was not among those on hand.

There was an ironic development on April 21st, when the state sold the short-term notes whose rising interest rate had been constantly referred to in the speeches on the need for fiscal prudence that were made in the override debates. During the state's seventeen budgetless days, the growing talk of recession had greatly strengthened the bond market and brought a sharp fall in interest rates. Instead of the eleven and a half, or even thirteen, per cent that had been predicted, the notes were sold to the public at rates ranging from eight per cent to eight and a quarter. Comptroller Regan calculated the saving as a result of the delay at seventy million dollars, and there was another twenty-two-million-dollar saving because, by the time the state could sell its notes, it had concluded that, as the result of what a Carey spokesman airily described as "tinkering with cash management," it would only have to borrow two billion eight hundred million dollars, or three hundred million less than had been advertised. In investment circles, there was widespread marvelling over the state's great exploit in having, as they saw it, provided an execrable example of mismanagement of the budget process and yet succeeded in coming out ahead by ninety-two million dollars—a sum that would now be available for averting threatened layoffs and restoring other disputed items to the budget.

KOCH, in a January version of his budget for the city's 1981 fiscal year, which begins July 1st, included a hundred million dollars in federal funds and seventy million dollars in state funds to close a projected budget gap. The seventy million was the money cut last month when the Governor's veto was sustained by the State Senate. The hundred million from Washington was not part of any legislation that has yet got through Congress. Nevertheless, in presenting his formal budget, on May 9th, the Mayor continued to include both sums as

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city revenues for the coming fiscal year, and made it clear that in his view the burden was on the President and the Governor to rustle them up somehow. The Mayor was one of the earliest politicians to endorse Carter for re-election, but last month he declared that his fervor might diminish. He has also been trying to goad the Carter Administration into actions helpful to New York by saying ominously that as of now Ronald Reagan would carry New York City, where most of the state's Democrats live. In this year of political upsets, such a thing could perhaps happen. However, the last Republican Presidential candidate to carry the city was Calvin Coolidge in 1924, and in this century the city has never failed to give its votes to an incumbent Democratic President. Another recent example of what Carter supporters must see as New York obstreperousness was Governor Carey's recent call for an open Democratic Convention in August. A surprising number of Democrats—not, of course, including the President—were not ready to dismiss this suggestion out of hand as they contemplated a Presidential race in which they would have to choose between Carter and Reagan, a prospect that some of them discussed as if they were being forced to choose between two forms of hara-kiri. After Carey's proposal for an open Convention, Lieutenant Governor Mario Cuomo, who is Carter's campaign chairman in the state, and whose fervor has not diminished, described it as changing the rules of the game in the eighth inning.

When Carey and New York Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan (both of whom have been close to Senator Edward Kennedy in the past) answer questions about their failure to endorse the President, they usually mention Carter's failure to respond to the needs of the cities, particularly this one. In reality, of course, it is Congress that often seems to take particular satisfaction in blocking Administration moves that would be helpful to New York. Last month, Moynihan had an unsettling encounter with congressional antipathy to this area at a meeting of the Senate Budget Committee, of which he is a member. One of the other members, South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings, referred to him as the Senator "who represents the fiscal debauchery of New York," whereas, said Hollings, "I represent a Triple-A credit rating." While he was at it, he took out after David Rockefeller, remarking that "all those fiscal whiz kids from the Trilateral Commission"

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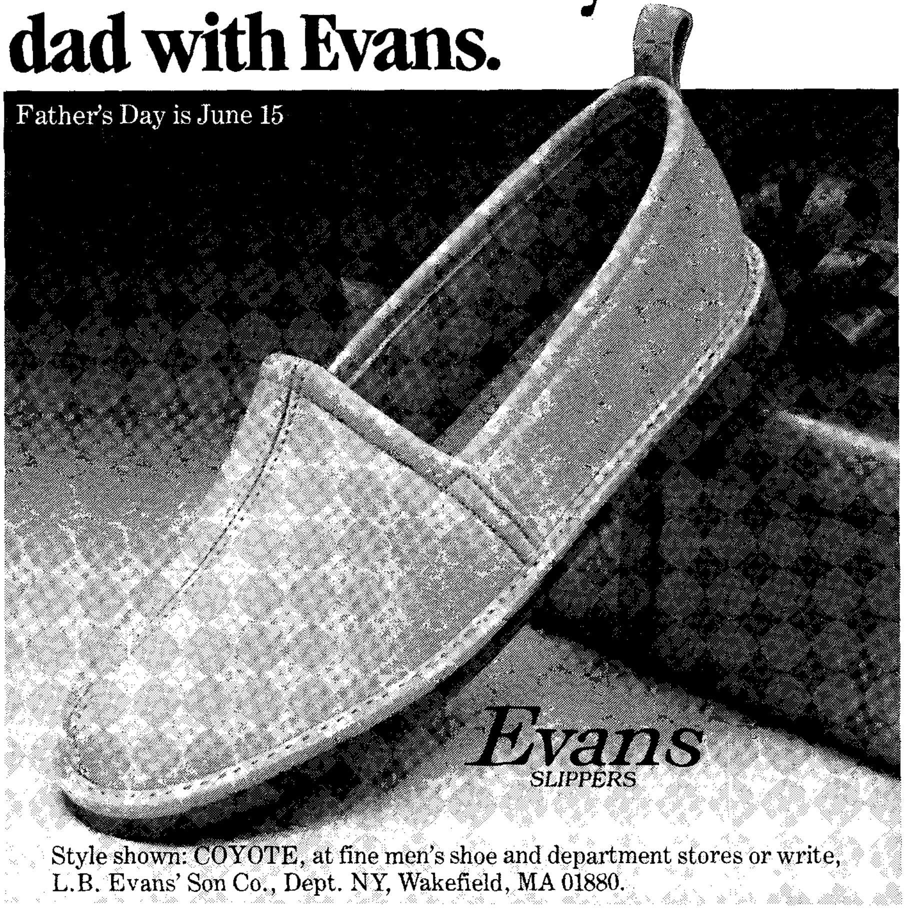

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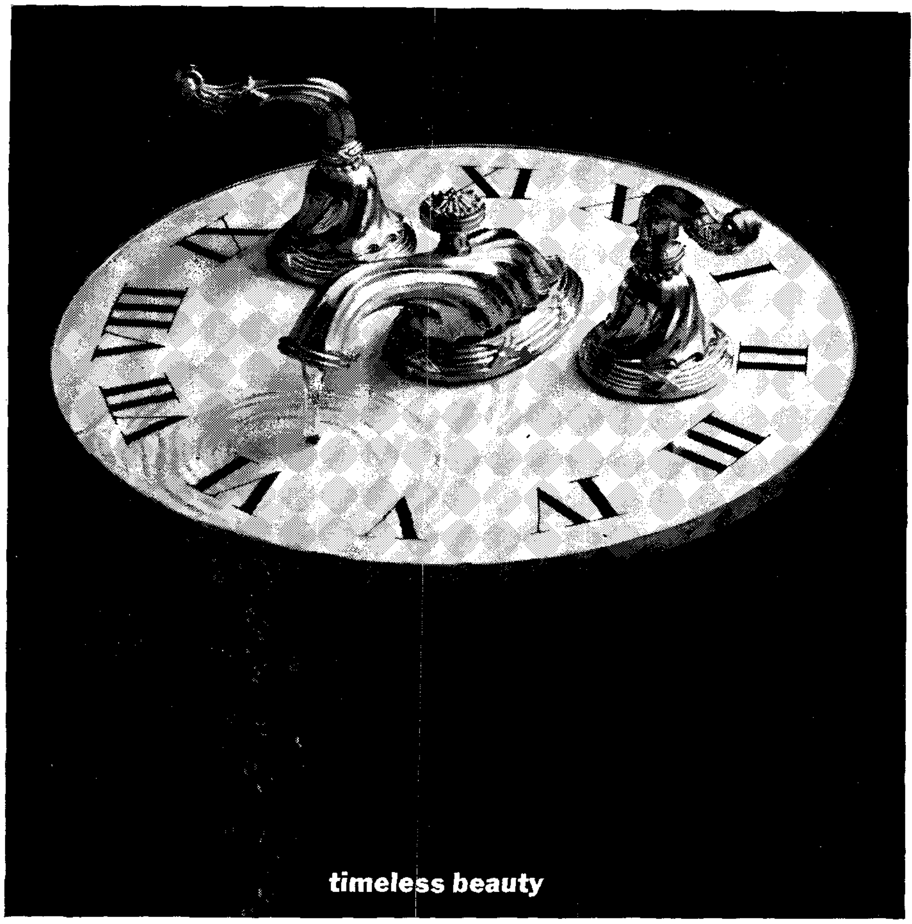

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should come down and learn how to run budgets in his state. Hollings had visited Rockefeller at the Chase Manhattan offices in New York, he said, and Rockefeller had been full of financial advice for South Carolina. Hollings told his fellow committee members, "I looked around, and this whole town is broke. The whole city is on federal food stamps." Rising on what he called a point of personal privilege, Moynihan asked what Hollings had meant when he had said "the whole city of New York is on food stamps." The South Carolina Senator explained that by "federal food stamps" he meant federal loan guarantees. Said Moynihan of Hollings' statement, according to the *Congressional Record*, "I do not think it is very mature. How do you like that word?" Knowing, in his maturity, that many members of Congress do not understand—possibly prefer not to understand—that the seasonal federal loans that benefitted New York between 1975 and 1978 were paid back with interest plus a surcharge, and that the current federal-loan-guarantee program also involves some cost to the city and no expense to Washington, Moynihan concentrated on Hollings' reference to New York's being on food stamps. Thanks to some fast research by his staff, he was able to point out to Hollings later in the hearing that whereas nine per cent of the residents of New York are on food stamps, in South Carolina the figure is twelve per cent, and that while the average monthly food-stamp allotment in South Carolina—where the cost of living is much lower—is thirty-one dollars and seventy cents, in New York it is twenty-six dollars and ten cents. Moreover, the rate of increase in the use of food stamps during the last year has been sixteen per cent in New York, compared with forty per cent in Hollings' state. Moynihan was not surprised when this information inspired no change of heart, or even any noticeable degree of interest, in the South Carolina Senator. Some times keeping up with the international headlines is one way to keep up with the city's prospects for getting more money for, say, the South Bronx. Because of the rescue effort in Iran, Secretary Vance resigned. His chosen successor, Maine Senator Edmund Muskie, had been chairman of the Senate Budget Committee. Senator Hollings, as the ranking Democrat, has become the committee's new chairman, and is now in a position to take stern measures against what he has called the fiscal debauchery of New York.

—Andy Logan

MUSICAL EVENTS

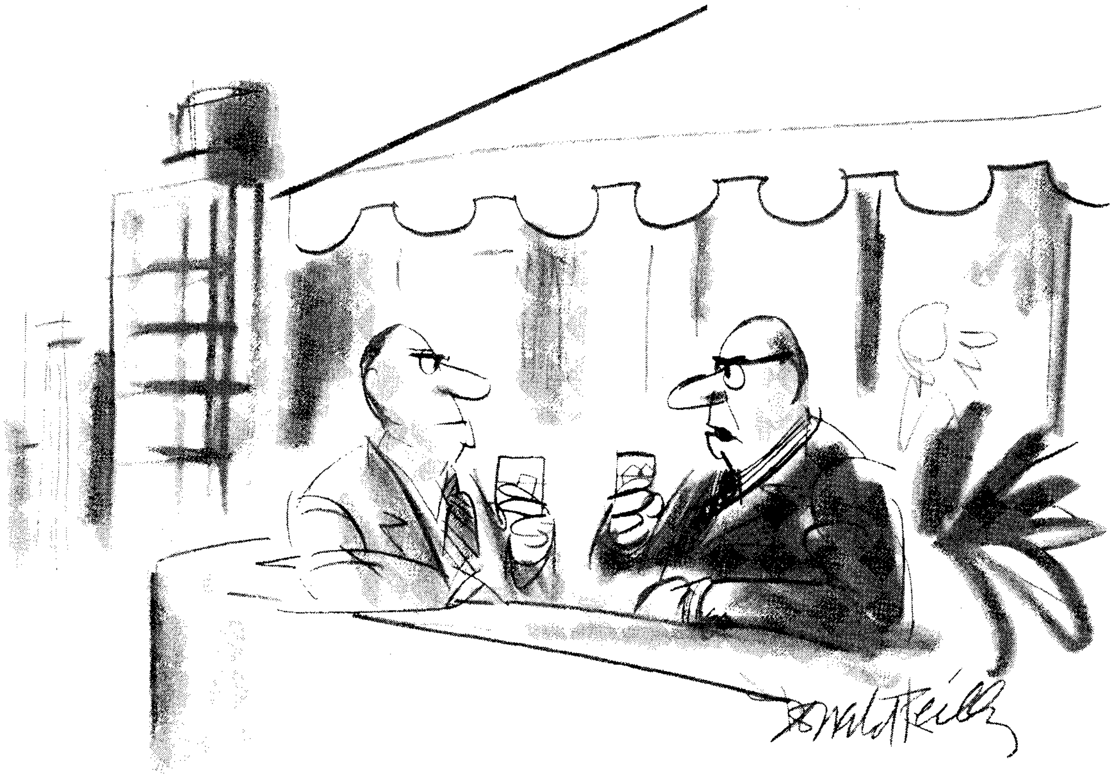
Heroic-Romantic

THE production of Schubert's "Fierrabras" given this month by the Academy of Vocal Arts, of Philadelphia, in the Walnut Street Theatre was billed as the American première of the piece. It may even have been the first-ever production of "Fierrabras" with the music more or less as Schubert wrote it. Although in recent years the opera has received a handful of concert and radio presentations, only two earlier stagings are recorded: the first of them, in Carlsruhe in 1897, had a musical text revised by Felix Mottl, and at the second, in Brussels in 1926, the Mottl version seems to have been used again. Maybe there were other productions, which slipped past the chroniclers; as Julian Budden writes in the April *Musical Times*, "there are few more dangerous statements in music history than those beginning 'X was the first . . .' " (I think I have seen a "first performance" of Mahler's early piano-quartet movement announced on the bills of at least four New York recitals.) And "Fierrabras" has been in print for nearly a hundred years. The odd fact is that one of Schubert's most mportant scores should have been played so seldom.

"Fierrabras," composed in 1823, at the same time as "Die Schöne Müllerin," is the more dramatic of his two big "heroic-romantic" operas. The other, "Alfonso and Estrella," completed the year before, s concerned as much with "ideas"—reconciliation and forgiveness—as with characters in conflict. It is large, leisurely, and rather schematic in its dramaturgical planning. "Fierrabras," which has the Calderón play "La Puente de Mantible" (translated by A. W. Schlegel) in its literary ancestry, contains far nore incident—exploits, excursions, and alarums. The action is set during Charlemagne's Spanish campaign: on the one side, there are Charlemagne and his knights Roland, Eginhard, and Ogier; on the other, the Moorish ruler Boland and his son Fierrabras. Fierrabras and Eginhard both love Emma, Charlemagne's daughter; Roland loves Florinda, Boland's daughter. The libretto, by Josef Kupelweiser, Schubert's friend and Court Theatre secretary, suggests a Cherubinian rescue opera with added romantic complications. The music suggests the rescue operas "Faniska" and "Fidelio" with added romantic influence from "Der Freischütz" and from Rossini's "La Donna del Lago."

It should be stressed that "Alfonso" and "Fierrabras" were conceived at an exciting point in musical history: in a Vienna where Gluck and Mozart were still performed; where "Fidelio" had at last had a success; where Rossini captivated the crowds (and not only the crowds, since Schubert's admiration for his genius is documented in the Great C-Major Symphony) while Weber opened the way toward German romantic opera; where the great singers for whom Rossini and Beethoven and later Donizetti, Bellini, and Wagner wrote were active. Schubert's operas reflect all this. In 1822, there occurred the famous revival of "Fidelio" with Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient as its heroine—the singer admired by Beethoven, by Weber (the Vienna Agathe), and by Wagner (his first Adriano, Senta, and Venus). That year, the Kärntnertortheater and the Theater an der Wien were managed by the great impresario Domenico Barbaia, whose empire extended from Naples, through La Scala, to Vienna, who employed Rossini and Donizetti as house composers and launched the careers of Mercadante, the Riccis, and Bellini. Barbaia brought Rossini in person to Vienna—his works were already very popular there—and commissioned new operas from Beethoven, Schubert, and Weber. (Beethoven couldn't find a suitable subject; Schubert submitted "Alfonso," but it was turned down; Weber wrote "Euryanthe," which went on in 1823, with Henriette Sontag—the famous Rossini singer, and the soprano of the Ninth Symphony and the Missa Solemnis—as its heroine.) In October, 1823, "Fierrabras" was announced for performance at the Kärntnertortheater, but a month later the production was cancelled.

Schubert's operas were, and perhaps still are, too ambitious for general use. Like Haydn, another great composer who wrote a great deal for the stage but is remembered principally for his concert-hall and chamber music, Schubert poured unstinting into theatre music his "symphonic" ideas, structural and instrumental. ("Alfonso" and "Fierrabras" do much to close the famous gap between the Sixth Symphony and the highly developed mastery of the late works.) As in Haydn's operas, the numbers tend to be long—often untheatrically long. Schubert's most



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successful "opera" is the monodrama for voice and piano "Die Schöne Müllerin," where scenic description, narrative, emotions, and dramatic progress are held in perfect balance; "Alfonso" and "Fierrabras" employ means more elaborate. "Alfonso" is sung all through. (Mr. Budden's letter cited above was provoked by a claim that Spohr's "Jessonda," of July, 1823, was the first German opera without spoken dialogue.) "Fierrabras" has some spoken dialogue, some striking melodrama (words spoken over instrumental accompaniment), and very fine accompanied recitatives; there is more variety, a larger musical sweep in the forms, and less repetition. Eginhard's serenade in Act I, "Der Abend sinkt," is like a Schubert song scored (clarinet over *pizzicato* strings, minor turning to major as his beloved appears), and so is the "Lied mit Chor" that opens Act II—though what modern orchestrator could imagine Schubert figuration scored in quite this magical way? The unaccompanied chorus "O theures Vaterland" is one of his best partsongs—sweet, strong, and moving, as Verdi's exiles' choruses are. There are straightforwardly dramatic episodes: the protagonist's passionate "Was quälst du mich, o Missgeschick," in Act I; a colloquy for Florinda and her confidante near the start of Act II, which is like Weber with a touch of Rossini; and, later in the act, Florinda's powerful B-minor aria, of Weberian cut. Eginhard's serenade and Fierrabras's aria are in fact solo movements in larger numbers; there are surprisingly few isolated solo set pieces in the score, and long stretches of beautifully complicated, closely woven ensembles, three of them in several movements. The instrumental elaboration of a movement for Emma and her maidens suggests some Hans Werner Henze of the day, pouring out lovely music in greater profusion than the dramatic situation requires; then a few sentences of tense dialogue spoken over its coda effectively return us to the plot. And, so far as I know, there is nothing in German opera on the scale of the extended ensemble numbers in "Fierrabras"—not even the finale of "Fidelio"—before "Die Feen," "Das Liebesverbot," and "Rienzi." The formal extensions match those of Schubert's late piano and chamber music and his last symphony; the forces used are far larger.

Not only in scale does Schubert anticipate early Wagner. "Fierrabras" opens with a spinning chorus, during which Emma is "sunk in gloomy reflections;" then she rises, to continue the song with a verse (in G minor, after the C major of the chorus) that chimes with her own thoughts. Some of Charlemagne's accompanied recitatives would not sound out of place in "Lohengrin." But the chief link between Schubert and Wagner is one of tone, temper, and intention. There is the same eschewal of easy "effects without causes" and the same high ambition. One of Schubert's aims, it seems clear, was to bring together the high seriousness of Gluck, the energy and grandeur of Cherubini and Spontini, the directness of Beethoven, the picturesqueness of Weber, and the ready charm of Rossini. But, beyond that, "Alfonso" and "Fierrabras" suggest that he had his own, individual vision of what a serious opera should be. It has been plausibly proposed that the "Essay on the Aesthetics of Dramatic Composition," by Ignaz von Mosel—to whom Opus 3, a group of Goethe settings, was dedicated—influenced Schubert's operatic thinking. Mosel rehearsed Gluck's ideals and prescribed an uncomplicated plot, slow-moving action, a historical or mythological setting, and music concerned with "ideas." The standard view of "Alfonso" and "Fierrabras" is that they contain much fine music wasted on worthless librettos; that they could not stand up in the theatre; that sporadic concert performances, recordings, and perhaps an occasional campus revival are all they deserve. (In 1977, "Alfonso" was staged at Reading University, its British première; in 1978, there was a concert performance in Detroit; and last year an Angel recording appeared.) I believe that in ignoring them we ignore two noble, elevated, and attractive works, two important scores by a great composer; that the librettos, for all their ungainliness, were carefully chosen and planned to bear the kinds of music that Schubert wanted to write; and that one day some manager, conductor, and director who know and love the pieces for what they *are* will, by presenting them as such (instead of chopping and revising them to accord with conventional operatic expectations), make audiences love them, too. It will call for courage, imagination, and historical insight coupled with passionate belief—and large resources. Sarah Caldwell might be the person to bring it off. And perhaps a campus able to afford professional soloists would be the place for it, where a large chorus could be lovingly rehearsed, scholarly thought could be applied to the unconventional

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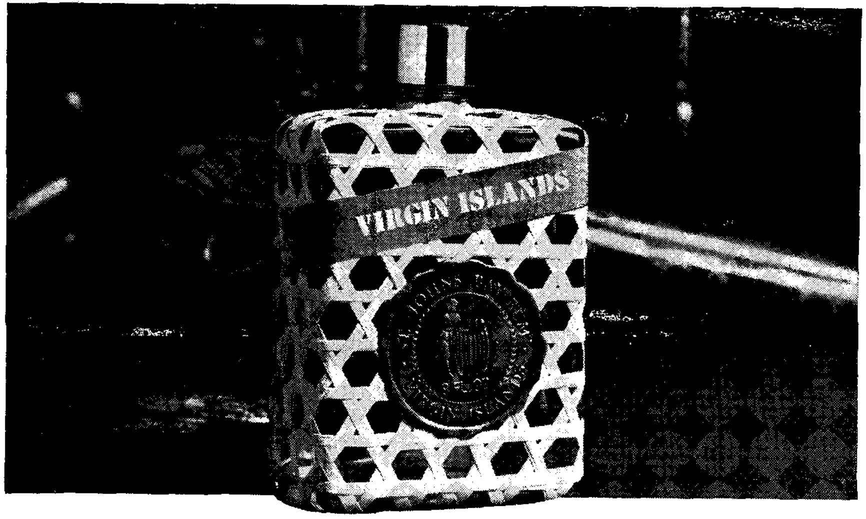

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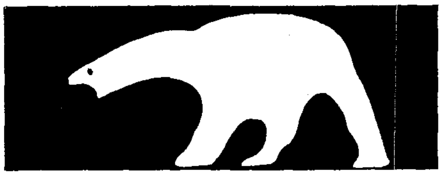

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requirements, and running time would not be subject to commercial clipping. Operas once deemed, for one reason or another, no less intractable and unstageable than Schubert's—"Giulio Cesare," "Idomeneo," "La Clemenza di Tito," "Les Troyens"—have, from campus revivals, gone on to enter the international repertory.

THE Academy of Vocal Arts must be praised for its adventure in choosing "Fierrabras," but in the event the Philadelphia production, sung in an acceptable English translation, by Marcie Stapp, offered no more than a rude sketch of what the opera might be. For one thing, the piece was abridged. Last time I heard "Fierrabras"—the BBC production of 1971—it was given with just three small cuts and lasted a little over three hours. In Philadelphia, some two and a quarter hours was done. (One sad loss was Schubert's bold stroke in ending Act II with a long melodrama.) More important, the piece was ineptly and inadequately staged, in a manner suggesting an amateur production of "Princess Ida" rather than a grand heroic-romantic opera. Robert Yodice's set consisted of two flanking towers, one of them with a (much-used) practicable second-floor opening. Projections on the backcloth simply and not ineffectively indicated the nine scenes, three in each act, that are called for, but "projected" scenery on a shallow stage precludes bright light on the singers. The costumes, designed by Val Read and supplied by the Brooks-Van Horn Costume Company, were a mixed bag—stock-medieval, with some visible zippers—and were uneasily worn. Charlemagne's great cape rakishly wrapped around him ninety degrees off center, suspended from a shoulder, provided the comic high point, but the heroines' troubles with their trains ran it close. What "Fierrabras" needs is a twentieth-century scenic designer's re-creation of Carolingian splendors as a nineteenth-century artist—perhaps Moritz von Schwind—would have seen them. The staging was credited to Dino Yannopoulos, the artistic director of the Academy; all that was apparent was some rudimentary "blocking" of a coarse, obvious, and occasionally risible kind; little could be dignified by the word "acting." I rather like old-fashioned operatic gestures of the Delsarte school—back of the hand raised gracefully to brow to convey distress, hands tight-clasped out front to signal intensity, and so on—but only when they flow

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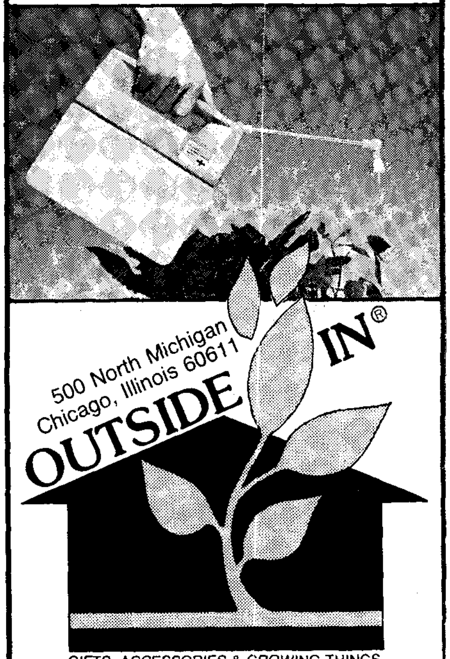

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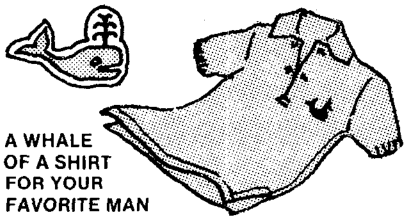

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from and within a consistent, convinced, and convincing style of presentation. In this "Fierrabras," the stock gestures jumped out in a way perilously close to parody of the philistine notion of "operatic acting." The Academy of Vocal Arts should pay attention to the dramatic arts when opera is in question. On the purely vocal side, things were happier. All the voices were clear, well formed, easily produced, and in tune. But one wanted more: some confident feeling for the way Schubert intended his musical inventions to be given shape on the stage, not village-hall theatricals. The purely musical worth of "Fierrabras" has never been in question.

Am I being unkind? One must make allowances. The stage of the Walnut Street Theatre is too small for "Fierrabras," and the choral forces—eight women and sixteen men—were too small for the piece. But even within that space and with those forces more could have been done. I am not severe when with scenic and vocal means less than those a composer intended a serious and imaginative attempt is made to convey his intentions; the Academy's presentation of Rossini's "Otello," last year, delighted me. But in this "Fierrabras" there was much silliness; for example, four dancing girls tripping around in the confined space during choruses. Alessandro Siciliani, who made his American début with that "Otello" and seemed to me then just about the best living Rossini conductor, was less impressive in Schubert. His reading lacked weight, grandeur, dramatic impact. It was neat, nicely shaped, even sensitive, not exciting or forceful. The instrumental playing, by members of the Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia, was deft, but the curious split-level formation of the pit—strings raised, winds deep under the stage—took more toll of Schubert's intricate, often densely doubled scoring than it had, last year, of Rossini's clear, bright textures. After "Otello," this "Fierrabras" was a disappointment. The challenge, admittedly, was greater. But so was the gap between what might have been and what was.

—Andrew Porter

•

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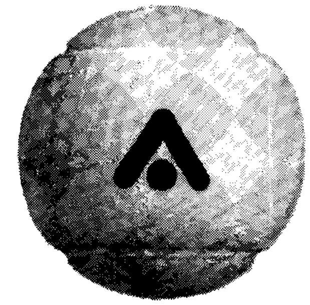

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LETTER FROM LONDON

May 15

THE bill giving the Government temporary powers to join the other European allies in clamping down economic sanctions on Iran had a cool, unenthusiastic sendoff in the House of Commons this week. Mrs. Thatcher got her vote, all right, late on Monday night, but even some of her supporters sounded as though they would be dragging their feet unwillingly into the "Aye" lobby. Ordinary citizens are either apathetic about the whole thing (memories of how ineffectual sanctions were, on the whole, in bringing Rhodesia to book still rankle, and there seems no optimism at all that they will result this time in any good to the hostages) or anxiously uncertain whether—now that Britain is closing ranks behind the President—the step might still confront them with some sort of military action, as it did so shakingly when the European alliance was previously on the verge of solidarity. Though voices spoke up stoutly in Parliament for taking united action to bring moral aid and comfort to old friends, the general tone of the debate was depressingly like a convention of shopkeepers who had been asked to join a demonstration and feared that others might cash in after they put up the shutters. Backbenchers expressed misgivings that Britain's competitors were going to be let into a highly important market, which they would not be prized out of in a hurry whatever happened. The only impassioned contribution was an outside one on Tuesday, when the voting was over and a mere clublike handful of M.P.s were lounging cozily on the green benches arguing proposed amendments to various points in the bill. Loud feminine American accents, uttering sentiments that, as far as could be heard, sounded critical, suddenly cut through the air from the public gallery. Then one of the attendants who show visitors to their seats came sprinting down the steps and bundled the interrupter out with scandalized haste, while the calm, arguing voices went on without pause, expressing some of the doubts and anxieties that one hears outside Parliament, too, these days.

THE successful conclusion of the Iranian Embassy siege was, of course, an enormous lift to British spirits. The operation made a galvanizing end to a May Day bank holiday that was so dull and chilly that the roads out of town were remarkably empty. People had stayed home to save gas and money, and many were about to settle for an old Western on television when their screens suddenly erupted with the real thing from Prince's Gate. After the euphoria died down, Londoners were deeply disturbed by the alarming probability that Middle East nationalist violence may explode again in their streets, in spite of the short, sharp demonstration of the kind of reception waiting for it here. A literary-minded taxi-driver said sadly to his fare the other day as they were passing the beautiful golden dome of the Regent's Park mosque, coming out of which a Libyan journalist opposed to the regime of Colonel Qaddafi was shot dead last month, "Even Hamlet held off killing the King at his prayers, but things are different now. Sanctuary isn't respected anywhere—not in a mosque or an embassy. I often get tourists who tell me that London is the only good place in the world left to live, and though I agree with them, mind you, it worries me that if things go on like this it will soon be as bad as anywhere else." It was the second Libyan political murder in a peaceful corner of London in the past few weeks. People are greatly relieved that the Government has moved briskly and requested the Libyan "People's Bureau," as the mission is now called, to ship home four of its members believed to have been involved in Colonel Qaddafi's retributions.

ON the evening of the day when the Iranian Embassy was taken over, eight hundred guests, English and American, went along to the Guildhall to hear Barbara Tuchman give the 1980 Jefferson Lecture in the Humanities—the first ever to be delivered outside the United States. Ambassador Kingman Brewster and Joseph Duffey, chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, made short speeches introducing Mrs. Tuchman, a slight, gray-haired figure in a peacock-blue dinner dress. She spoke standing at a lectern between two vast sculptured compositions of tangled female figures, lions, cornucopias of fruit, and other allegorical objects—memorials of statesmen, which the bombs had failed to flatten in 1940. "Goodness! Chatham

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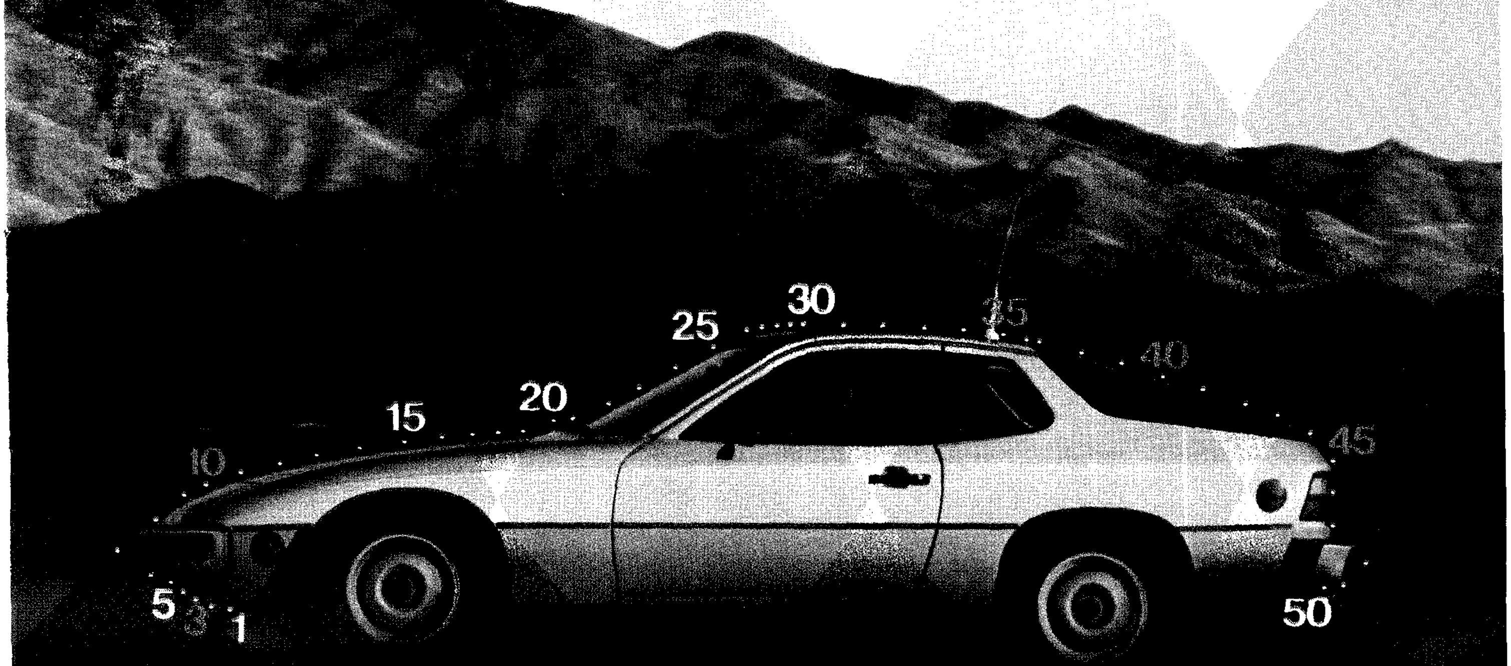

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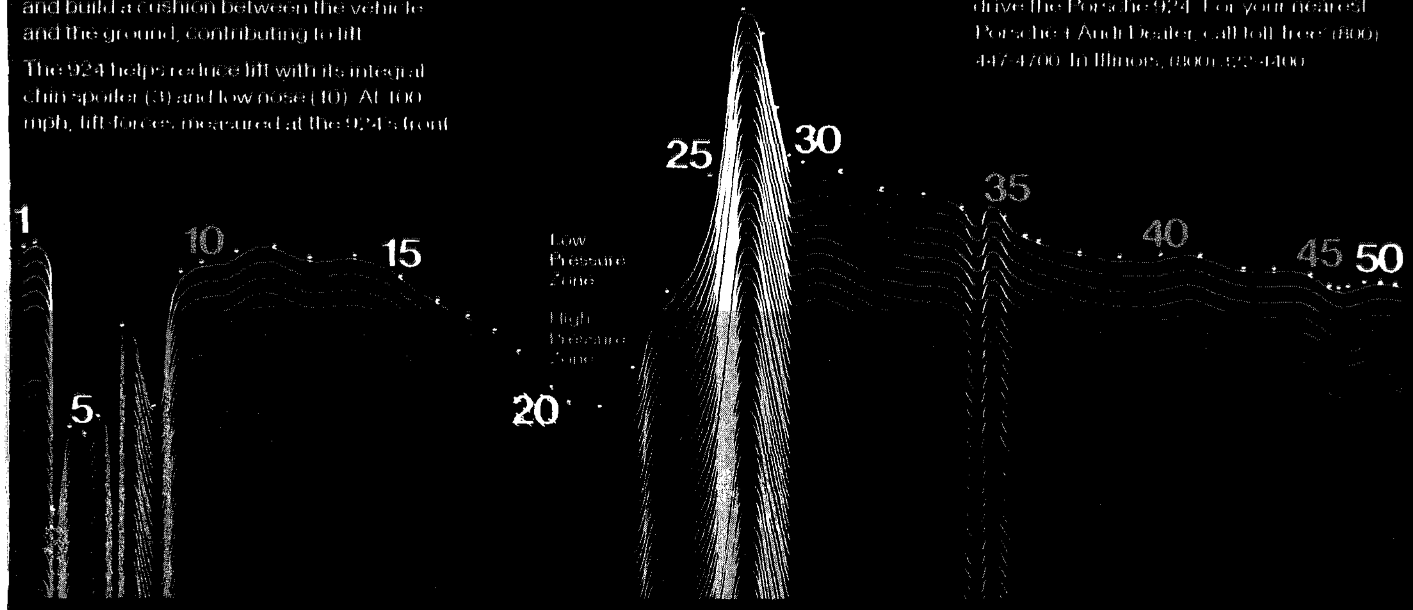

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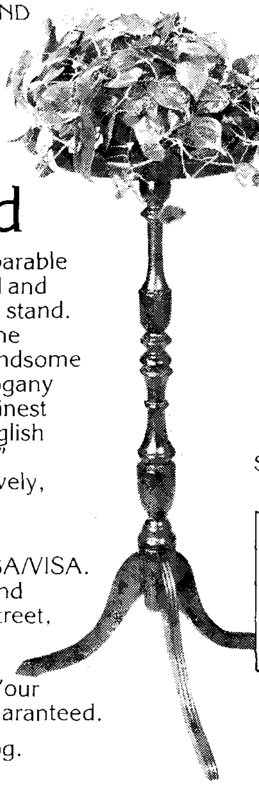
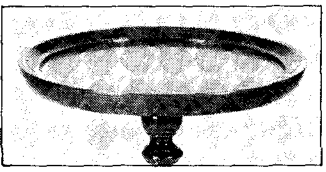
and Pitt!" said the lecturer faintly, glancing up at them. She quickly explained her title, "One Self-Approving Hour." She wished to remind us that the human race—so short today of the bounteous complacency to be seen in Victorian portraits that "our self-image looks more like Woody Allen or a character from Samuel Beckett"—could look back at splendid things to outweigh the melancholy chapters. "Amid a mass of worldwide troubles, we see our species, with cause, as functioning very badly, as blunderers when not knaves, as violent, ignoble, corrupt, inept, incapable of mastering the forces that threaten us, weakly subject to our worst instincts—in short, decadent." So she held up her poetic mirror to distant and nearer views—all very well known, to be sure—that should offer reassurance: the winning fight of the Dutch against the North Sea, the building of the great medieval cathedrals, the push of settlers to the New World, the resistance fighters in many countries, and, as an example of the serenity that men can achieve even in disastrous times, the happy, God-fearing life of Izaak Walton, of whom a biographer wrote, "He passed through turmoil ever accompanied by content."

On that particular evening of confusing, dangerous news, Mrs. Tuchman's reflective catalogue of causes that her historian's eye saw for hope, since people are the same today even if the turmoil is not, was heard with especially attentive pleasure.

MARGARET THATCHER has been in office for just over a year, and all the press gave the anniversary a vast amount of respectful comment. The funniest, most attractive tribute was a cover of the *Sunday Times* magazine supplement. It portrayed her in color as a warrior saint out of some medieval altarpiece: an English Joan in shining armor, grasping her lance topped with the Union Jack, and surrounded by a cloud of plump, naked cherubs with the faces of her Cabinet ministers—not, by a long shot, as is well known, an accurate picture of what goes on at their meetings, where heavenly accord is anything but invariable. What it suggested rather well, though, was precisely the belligerence and the obstinate, often bullying insistence that she is out to get the best she can for England, come what may, which could account for a faint approving twitch toward her in the opinion polls. When she trenchantly turned down as insufficient the really sizable offer of a further reduction





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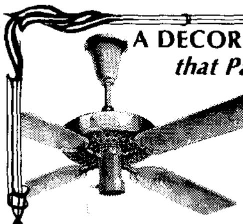

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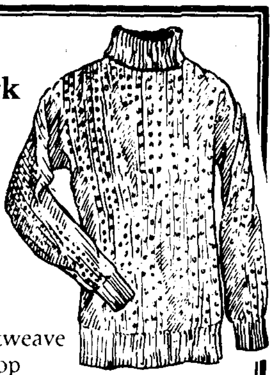

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in Britain's disproportionately heavy contribution to the European Economic Community budget, many people thought that she was being divisively chauvinistic at this moment when Europe should be presenting a firmly composed picture of unity in other directions. The majority of the country was delighted by her telling her exasperated colleagues at the Luxembourg summit that their offer was not yet good enough, though lots of British who dislike the Community and all its works were probably pleased for the backhanded reason that if things come any further apart there is hope that Britain may retreat from Europe.

James Callaghan, the leader of the Opposition, lost no time in saying that Mrs. Thatcher's first year has been a disaster domestically. He cited the frightening rise in unemployment, twenty-per-cent inflation, the havoc that spending cuts are making in local government programs, and the warning portents of a worse slump to come. Yesterday was the day fixed by the unions for all their members to leave their jobs everywhere and come out in the streets to demonstrate the undoubted bitter feelings of resentment running in the country against all these things. London was jammed with the cars of commuters crawling in to work to beat the threatened absence of trains. As it turned out, most of the services ran all right. People got their letters but not their newspapers, Fleet Street having lately been bedevilled with union troubles. Except in Scotland, which loyally obeyed the orders of the Trades Union Congress, the country seemed largely to have ignored the so-called Day of Action and quietly settled for work as usual and not losing a day's pay—very good news indeed for the Government and the country.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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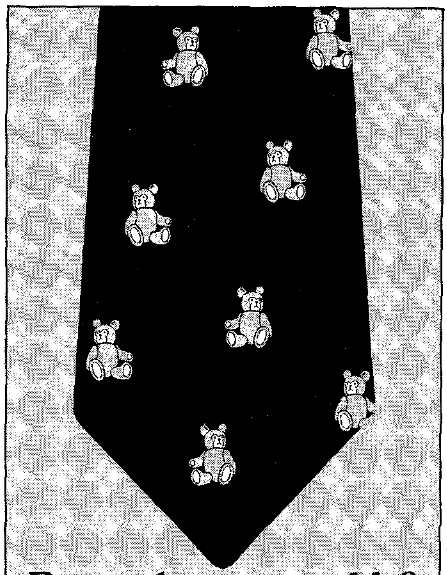
•

You remember Liddy. He's the one guy in the Nixon White House mess who refused to talk about it. Loyalty, dedication were a couple of adjectives that added to his mystique.—*Editorial in the Syracuse Herald-Journal.*

"Mystique" is another good one.



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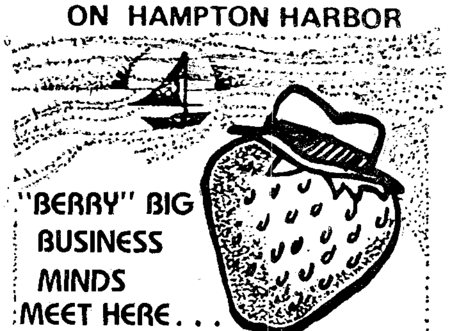

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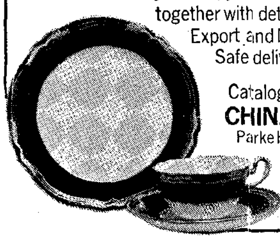

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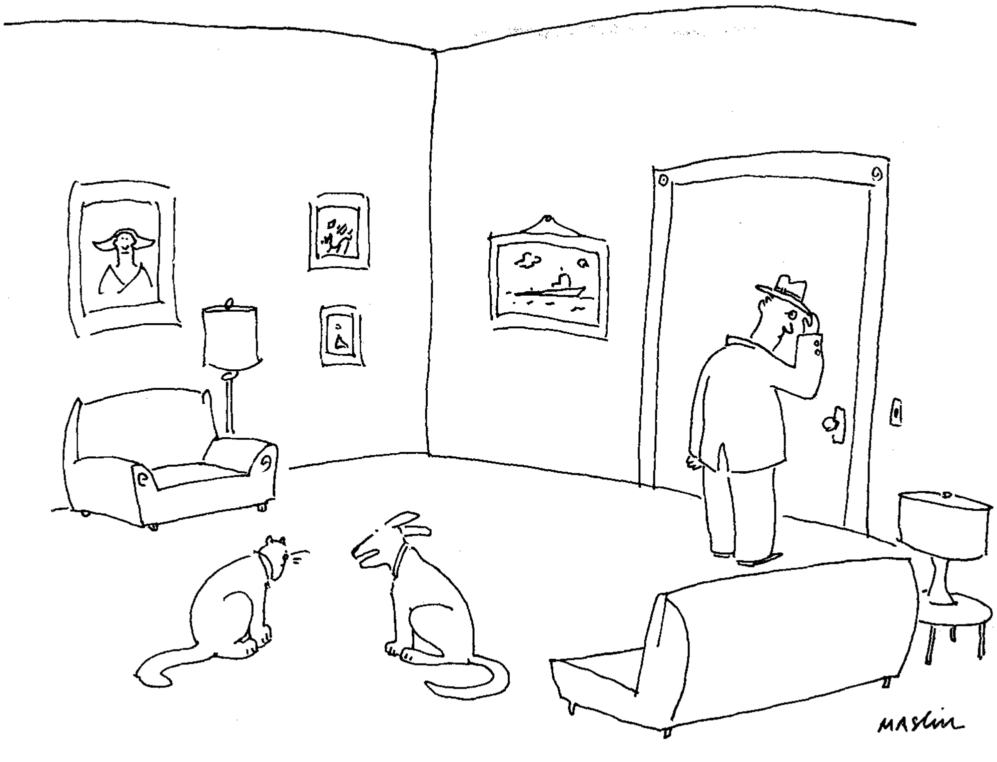
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cheers and Whimpers

NOW that "The Empire Strikes Back" has arrived, several adult friends of mine have told me, in almost apologetic tones, that they never did get around to seeing its predecessor, "Star Wars," the extraordinarily popular and successful George Lucas space epic that opened three years ago (introducing so many of us to Luke Skywalker, C-3PO, R2-D2, Han Solo, Princess Leia, Darth Vader and his Imperial Death Star, the steadfast but vanquished Jedi warrior Obi-Wan Kenobi, and the rest) and went on to gross something like four hundred million dollars and to spawn a whole generation of imitative and inferior outer-space pictures. These people seem to feel that they may have missed out on something pretty big—not just the pleasant, clannish feeling of understanding such a juicily referential, insidey set of names and geographies and weapons, and perhaps not even the youthful, with-it sense of sharing an event that has been such a famous turn-on for children and young people (going to the movies and talking about the movies are increasingly a generation-identifying phenomenon, of course), although these have a part in it. Apparently, the aura of success, money, and youth (George Lucas was thirty-two years old when he directed the original picture, from his own screenplay) surrounding the "Star Wars" prodigy, when combined with advance reports of some new elements of myth and mysticism in "The Empire Strikes Back" and the word that the whole tale is expected to stretch forward and backward in movie space and time, eventually adding up to a nine-part epic, have almost persuaded these friends that they'd better hurry and get aboard lest they miss out altogether on a major cultural event of our time—a flick "Götterdämmerung" or a billion-dollar "Remembrance of Things Past." I think they should relax. I had a great time at "The Empire Strikes Back," and although I did not find it quite as consistently pleasing and exciting as its predecessor, I felt stretched and terrifically entertained—and convinced, as I was at "Star Wars," that I was watching a first-class kids' movie. My own reactions to the picture, then, are perhaps not as important as those of my nine-year-old son, who went along with me to see "The Empire Strikes Back," and who will almost surely catch it again in the next few weeks; he saw "Star Wars" seven times, partly because it was a must on the junior birthday-party circuit in its first year. So far, he doesn't think the sequel is quite up to its famous progenitor, though he may change his mind about that. "But it's excellent," he assured me. "*Ex*cellent!"

George Lucas wrote the basic story for "The Empire Strikes Back," and he produced the picture, but the director this time is the talented and inventive Irvin Kershner. (He directed "Loving" and "Eyes of Laura Mars.") A special contribution of his here is an intentionally overaccelerated pace—a stripping down of the beginnings of scenes and shots and a quick cutting away from their endings; we don't linger quite long enough to pick up most of the battle stratagems or the multiple turns of plot, and thus find ourselves "understanding" all this visually and viscerally, which is probably a good idea. There are some slower, murkily talky sequences on the jungle-like planet of Dagobah, where Luke undergoes indoctrination as a Jedi warrior, but these scenes don't convey the spaciousness and calm and feelings of discovery of the early passages of "Star Wars," where we watched Luke (under those two moons) with his family or riding his Sand Speeder or encountering the tiny, hooded, buglighted Jawas on his home planet of Tatooine. There has been an evident effort here to deepen the overtones and meanings of the "Star Wars" saga—notably in the scenes on Dagobah, where a long-eared, two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda (an extraordinary addition to the dramatis personae of the yarn) and the risen shade of Obi-Wan (Ben) Kenobi (Alec Guinness once again) offer gnostic murmurings to Luke (Mark Hamill) about the darker side of the Force (Luke: "I'm not afraid." Yoda: "You will be."... Yoda: "Try not. Do! Do! Or do not! There is no try."... Ben: "Luke, don't give way to hate—that leads to the dark side"), and in a pseudo-Sophoclean, outer-Freudian turn of events involving Luke and Darth Vader (which does not, thank God, get in the way of their extended light-sword duellings). I don't *mind* any of this, but I don't think this movie odyssey needs to be significant in every possible way. Kids who read as well as go to the movies will know that it doesn't have the density of "The Lord of the Rings" or the sense of mystery of C. S. Lewis's "Chronicles of Narnia," and I doubt if they'll want much of that here. The movie has its own rewards, and the only way this epic could go really wrong in the end, it seems to me, is if it tried for weight in place of speed and light and humor. In another area, Lucas and Kershner seem to be suggesting a slightly less juvenile relationship between the some-



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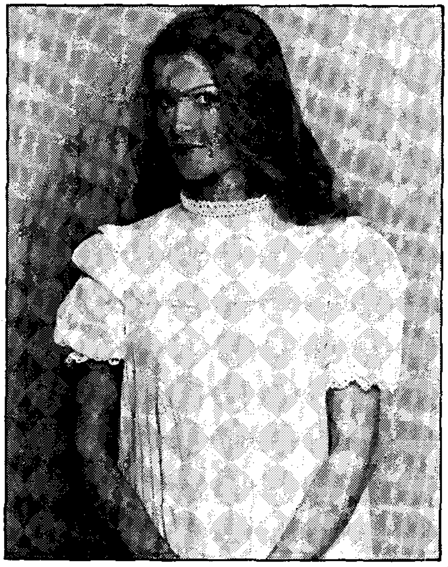

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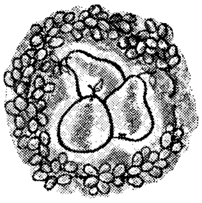
what older-looking romantic leads, Princess Leia and Han Solo (Carrie Fisher and Harrison Ford again), but it comes out as little more than some dumb, bad-tempered sexual exchanges—her “I’d rather kiss a Wookie,” and his “You like me because I’m a scoundrel. There aren’t enough scoundrels in your life.” None of this works or matters, and I was interested to discover that it is the nonhuman characters in the long tale that are becoming more vivid and interesting to me. C-3PO is turning into a fussy little bore, while Chewbacca, the grease-stained Wookie—he and Han Solo spend a great deal of time tinkering with and hammering at the works of Solo’s beat-up space vessel, the Millennium Falcon—is beginning to take on the bumbling charm of a character-actor sidekick: an intergalactic Frank McHugh or Noah Beery, Jr. I think I love Chewie.

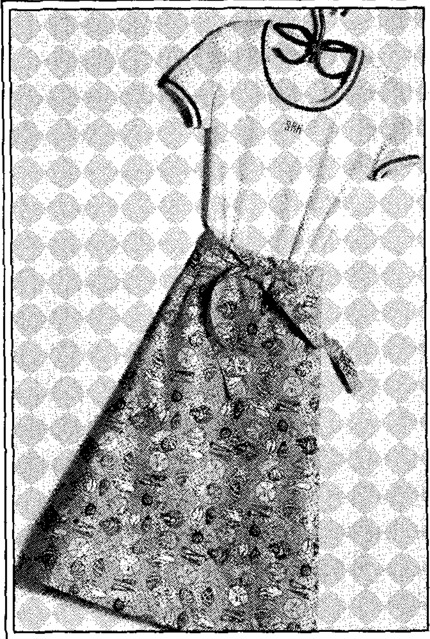
The best things in “T.E.S.B.,” as in its predecessor, are its inventiveness, energy, and humor. Yoda astounds us (he is an articulated manikin philosopher, with the voice of Frank Oz, who is one of the genius puppetmasters of “The Muppet Show”), because he moves and talks and reacts so convincingly that he becomes a person in our minds, all in an instant, but what is truly pleasing is not just that he can change his moods, or seem funny and sad at the same time, but something more—the joyful extra touch of life that Lucas always gives us, such as the little scene in which Yoda has perched himself up on Luke Skywalker’s back, where he clings and talks and gestures like a tiny Sindbad or a sentient backpack. This is wit, and we pick up the same kind of offhand brilliance in sights like the perfectly antlike legs of the enemy Imperial Probe Droids (all together, now, everybody: let’s say “Probe Droid” ten times in a row, fast!), and the inspired anatomical-mechanical details of the enormous advancing AT/AT (All Terrain Armored Transport) Snowwalker vehicles that attack the beleaguered Freedom Fighters on the ice planet of Hoth, clumping across the frozen plains in a fashion that reminds us—reminds us *exactly*—of tortoises, elephants, camels, and (those eyes!) chameleons, and scares us badly in the process. How can they be *stopped*? Why, with a space-harpoon and an unwinding bolo-like lariat that encumbers their legs and brings them slowly, wonderfully crashing to the ground. Nor is the picture too large or too hurried to overlook the extra little comic touch: Han Solo leaps to the controls of the Millennium Falcon at a dodgy moment and flips on the spaceship’s power; hundreds of lights come on in the instrument console and then go off. Uh-oh . . . Then Han pounds irritably on the console with his fist, and the lights come back on.



George Lucas and his colleagues are prepared to bring us seven more episodes of the “Star Wars” saga; these first two movies represent Parts IV and V, and the next picture will complete the middle trilogy. We’ll see. What matters at the moment is that there is no sense that this ebullient, youthful saga is running thin in imagination or that it has begun to depend excessively on its marvellous special effects—that it is in any danger, in short, of stiffening into mannerism or mere billion-dollar style. I’m not sure that I’m up to seven more “Star Wars” adventures (I’m pretty sure that my son is), but I can hardly wait for the next one. At the end of “The Empire Strikes Back,” Mr. Lucas and his colleagues have left things—well, up in the air. Now that we know more about him—for instance, that he was once a noble Jedi warrior, of whom great things were hoped—Darth Vader, the sinister, black-caped, heavy-breathing Lord of the Empire, seems even more menacing and powerful than before. (There is a scene in “T.E.S.B.” that suggests we will someday be told why he must wear that faceless black coal-scuttle breathing apparatus—a quick shot of Vader’s head, seen from behind and without the helmet, which reveals a pinkish labyrinth of frightful scars on a hairless, battered skull. Yeeks!) I don’t want to give away the plight of Han Solo at the end of this Part V, so let’s just say that in his present state he doesn’t look to be much use to anyone, except perhaps as a doorstop or a centerpiece in somebody’s poker den. At the end of “The Empire Strikes Back,” the other good guys are back together in the Millennium Falcon, so there is some hope of Han’s rescue, but the ship is under direct attack by the fighters and Star Destroyers (those great hovering nibbled Good Humor bars and black paper airplanes) of the Empire. The Falcon’s hyper-drive system has broken down once again, and Chewbacca, yowling miserably, is head down in the engine room trying to figure it out. There is a swoosh and a zap as the Falcon, suddenly at light-speed, disappears—out of danger, for the moment. C-3PO cries, "You did it!" and we all yell and cheer in relief, like children at a Saturday matinée.

THIS Ralph Garcy, whose real name is *Raul Garcia*, see, is this kid at P.A.—you know, the School of Performing Arts, in New York, where all these really *talented* kids get to go to school if they're good enough—and Ralph, who's, like, the *hero* of the movie, see, he wants to be a great, great comedian, sort of like Freddie Prinze, who's his *idol*, y'know, because you see Ralph telling all the kids in his class about the day Freddie died because he got *shot* fooling around with that pistol, and Ralph cries when he tells them about it, so right away you know he wants to be another Freddie—be just as great as Freddie, because Freddie was Rican, too, see—and then Ralph gets a chance to play at this night-club place, Catch a Rising Star? Where anybody can be funny, like in front of a real *audience*? And Ralph does *great* there, I mean they really love 'um, and he's so high after, he's all excited, and he says, "You're makin' them *laugh*, that's the meanest high there *is*, it beats *dope* . . . and it beats *sex!*" Only, later in the picture he begins to look real bad, see, like he's been drinking or maybe doping a lot, just like *Freddie Prinze*, see, and his girlfriend Doris asks him why he has ta *do* it like that, see, because he's real good and he shouldn't go down the tubes like Freddie did. She says this great thing to him. "You're full of pain and rage and *love*," she says—great, hunh?—but he just looks at her and he begins to *yell* a lot of stuff, like "You know what's happenin' to me, baby? It's *success!*" And he says, "Either you hang on or you hang *up!*" So then he goes on again at that club, and this time he bombs, see, and Doris walks out, and only his friend *Montgomery* hangs around and sort of, well, saves his *life*, which is so great, because, you see, Ralph was the one who dressed up all in drag and made fun of Montgomery after Montgomery—he's got all this curly red hair and this white, white skin—got up in acting class, where the acting teacher, the one who teaches acting, tells all the kids to think of something real painful from their own life—he says, "And I mean *painful*," see. So Montgomery tells them it was when he found out he was— Well, *you* know—different. And he sits up there in front of the whole class—I could *never* do that, y'know—and says in this real sad, slow voice, " 'Gay' used to be such a happy kind of word once." And then he says in that same real sad way, "I mean, never being happy isn't the same as being *unhappy*, is it?"—great, hunh?—and he tells them how much help he's had from his shrink, this Dr. Golden, that he's been going to all this time because his mother is this famous *actress* so he never gets to see her hardly. She's the one who told him how tough it is being an actor and all when she said, "A pie in the face comes with the job"—real great, hunh? And then there's this Leroy, who is black, and man can he *dance*, only when it comes time for him to read out loud in class, because they've all got to, like, pass all their classes, like English and trig and all, along with their acting and dancing too, the both of them together, but Leroy won't read for the teacher, and he gets real *sore* at her and yells at her and she throws him outa the class, see, and he breaks all these glass windows out in the hall he's so mad, and you begin to wonder, like, if Leroy can really read at *all*, see. . . .

We are talking (only a little unfairly) about "Fame," which is a loud, long (two hours and fourteen minutes) new musical film that follows a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at the unfictional School of Performing Arts. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, was shot in the grungy rooms and corridors of an abandoned New York high-school building that considerably resembles the slummy-looking School of Performing Arts quarters on West Forty-sixth Street, just half a block from Times Square, and it does suggest the inexpungeable energy and barely controlled monster egos of the undergraduates at P.A. (as it is known to its students). It is sometimes great fun, most of all when the kids stop talking and get on with their singing and dancing, but this doesn't happen very often, and most of the musical numbers are awkwardly woven into the text of the movie, which is odd indeed, given its scene and subject. "Fame," alas, isn't an old-fashioned teen-age musical ("Say, listen, gang, doesn't Ziggy's dad have that old empty room up over the Ziegenfusses' drugstore we could use for *rehearsing*?") but, rather, one more implacably contemporary and confessional backstage drama, with music—an adolescents' "A Chorus Line," or an "All That Jazz, Jr." Watching it, we are nailed to our seats once again by our numb realization that it isn't just the brave-looking, hopeful kids up there on



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the screen who believe the abysmal, self-pitying dialogue and the mind-wrenching hokum they're required to deliver, as if from their innermost pubertal souls; it is also (almost surely) the director and the writer and everyone else connected with this florid enterprise. A lot of people in show business, it is my conviction, *do* view life and art in just these lugubrious, inch-deep matinée platitudes, and they can hardly wait to bring us the weepy news once again.

All this seems too bad, in both senses of the phrase—the other one because "Fame" has some bright, funny, and even affecting moments, especially in its first half, when the picture cuts quickly back and forth among the classrooms and rehearsal halls of P.A. and brings us its sizable cast (first and best of all during the aspirants' over-eager, goofed-up tryouts for admission to the school) in a colorful, upbeat mélange. There is also a cheerful, slightly cleaned-up portrayal of the weekly Saturday-midnight performance and group audience rituals at "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" at the 8th Street Playhouse, which suggests that it really is a lot of fun to be young and smart and in on things in the big city. Two of the young actresses in "Fame" (Laura Dean and Antonia Franceschi) are in fact present or recent students at the School of Performing Arts, and other of its graduates and undergraduates perform anonymously in the lively musical and dancing numbers. (The music—most of it, at least—is by Michael Gore.) Among the many endlessly energetic youngsters in the larger roles, I especially admired Maureen Teefy as the young heroine Doris, Gene Anthony Ray as Leroy, Paul McCrane as Montgomery, and Irene Cara as a black singer named Coco, while Jim Moody is subdued and forceful as a drama teacher named Farrell. The faculty members in the movie keep telling the students that their difficult art will demand the utmost discipline of them, but Mr. Moody is the only person in "Fame" who seems to have listened to that wonderful advice.

—ROGER ANGELL

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Homage to Catalonia," by George Orwell, 1938*]

All Spaniards, we discovered, knew two English expressions. One was "O.K., baby," the other was a word used by the Barcelona whores in their dealings with English sailors, and I am afraid the compositors would not print it.

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A GENTLE OCCUPATION, by Dirk Bogarde (Knopf; $10.95). The Second World War has just officially ended, but a handsome young R.A.F. captain finds his release postponed and himself posted to an island in the Dutch East Indies, where the British are attempting to repatriate the survivors of the savage Japanese Occupation. A cunning woman soon comes to his attention; now the mistress of the presiding British general, she is despised by other ex-prisoners of war for having operated a brothel for the Japanese officers and for having betrayed four Australian soldiers to save her own neck—matters of which the general knows nothing, but which, should they come to light, could ruin his career. This is a grim matter, but Mr. Bogarde makes room in his story for a good dozen characters who manifest great courage and kindness, among them a young Dutch-Javanese woman who has come through the three years of the Occupation (spending a good portion of it imprisoned in a stair closet) with her beauty and wits undamaged, and an anomalous intelligence officer who fancies the length of leg that the captain's shorter-than-regulation shorts expose and who helps him win the relatively cushy job of aide-de-camp to the general. Mr. Bogarde, who devoted only a few paragraphs of his autobiography ("Snakes and Ladders") to his experiences as an A.D.C. on Java, has conjured from that experience a splendid first novel.

GENERAL

KENNEDY AND ROOSEVELT: THE UNEASY ALLIANCE, by Michael R. Beschloss, with a foreword by James MacGregor Burns (Norton; $14.95). This brisk dip into the American past contrasts Economic Man (Joseph P. Kennedy, a self-made millionaire who rallied to the New Deal and served as the first chairman of the S.E.C. and as our Ambassador to Great Britain) with Political Man (Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whose four Administrations remade this country and, in the Second World War, reshaped the world). The author traces both men's ancestry and early training, seeing in Kennedy's immigrant heritage the source of his pessimistic, family-centered opportunism, and in Roosevelt's more secure background the origin of his idealism and optimism. The men met during the First World War, and remained in intermittent touch thereafter; Kennedy's political involvement was partly a search for distinction to adorn his wealth and partly an effort to protect that wealth, but, shrewd as he was about money, he was out of his depth in dealing with this century's master politician. Mr. Beschloss describes the widening policy divergences between his subjects, and is able to convey the emotional confusions of Kennedy as the personal and political distances grew; F.D.R., on the other hand, was infinitely more reticent, though a few occasions reveal his feelings. This is an absorbing book about many kinds of reality—how, for example, one friend may outgrow another, and how fear distorts judgment. The only caveat is that it may exaggerate Kennedy's historical importance, since Roosevelt employed battalions of men whose influence was greater and more durable.

MAYBE, by Lillian Hellman (Little, Brown; $7.95). Who was the elegant and incoherent woman whom Lillian Hellman recalls encountering several times in several countries over the course of several decades? No doubt she existed; maybe her stories of American racketeers and English aristocrats were true; probably she was an inveterate liar. Miss Hellman readily admits that her own heavy drinking, together with her chronic eye trouble, may account for some of her more startling recollections, and she seems content to use the matter of the mysterious woman as a starting point for a series of amusing digressions, including an elaborate account of her own habit, which took years to break, of bathing three times a day. Devotees of Hellmaniana will savor this slim volume for Miss Hellman's inimitable tough-guy retorts and for glimpses of her elderly aunts and of Dashiell Hammett, but others will find that, compared with her previous memoirs, it is a cup of thin broth.

ROBERT PENN WARREN TALKING: INTERVIEWS 1950-78, edited by Floyd C. Watkins and John T.

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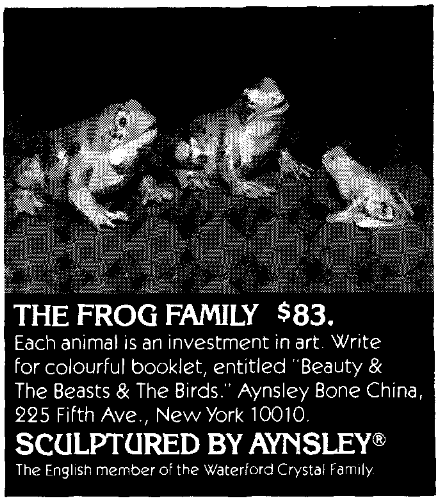

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Hiers (Random House; $12.95). Eighteen interviews in which Warren took part, either alone or with other writers. Warren is an excellent interviewee: he is serious without being stuffy, his answers to questions about his work are clearly thought out and honestly given, and he doesn't attitudinize in any way. These talks, which range over a period of twenty-eight years and were presided over by people as varied as the editors of the *Paris Review* and Dick Cavett, were bound to overlap here and there, but that is not too important, since a pretty fair portrait of one of our most interesting and self-effacing writers emerges. Warren has said that he means to write no autobiography. This book, in which we glimpse his Southern background, his development, and his philosophy of his work and art, may be as close to one as we will get.

THE PALESTINIANS, by Jonathan Dimbleby, with photographs by Donald McCullin (Quartet/Horizon; $25). A history of the people, in text and pictures, and a depiction of their present condition by a prominent British television reporter. His aim, he says, is "to redress our balance of perception" (he quotes Golda Meir's statement that "there was no such thing as a Palestinian people . . . they did not exist"), and in pursuing it he describes the Arab people who lived in Palestine before the war of 1948 (and who thought of themselves as Palestinians) and tells the story of their diaspora. He deals with the resistance movement that has grown over the past thirty years and with the P.L.O., which, he says, has become "by any yardstick, the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people." He is aware that his work puts him in danger of being called an enemy of Israel, and even anti-Semitic, but he has nevertheless given us a calm and objective portrayal of a people who most certainly exist and most certainly are not going to go away.

•

Oval pastry barquettes filled with spinach and topped with poached mussels were set adrift in a sublime sea of a tomato-pink cream sauce briny with mussel essence. Crab bisque was a triumph—crackling with shellfish flavor caught in a velvet-smooth pink cream base and accented by almost crisp julienne wisps of vegetables.

A slightly skittish hand was exhibited in some of the main courses.—*Mimi Sheraton in the Times.*

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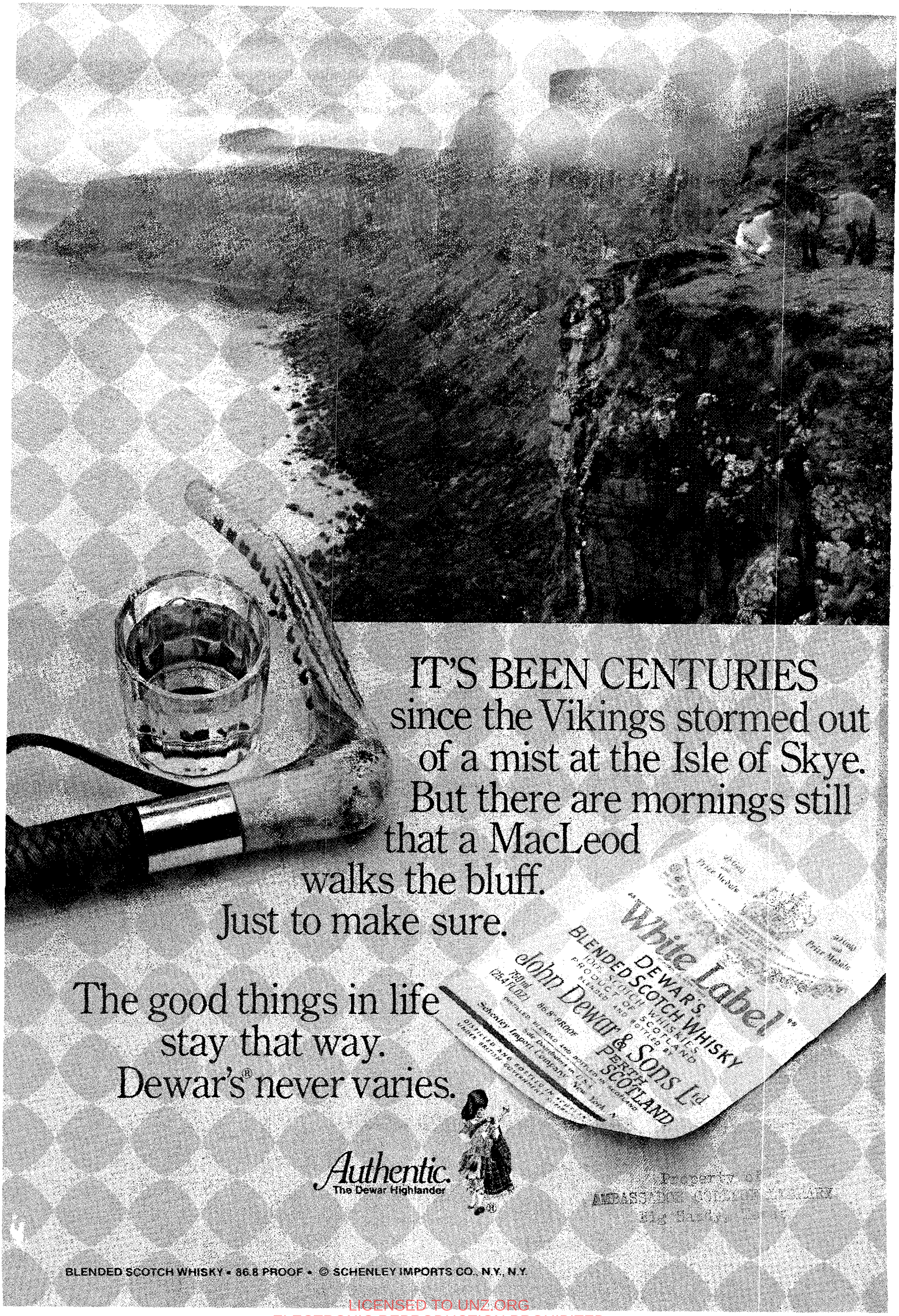
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